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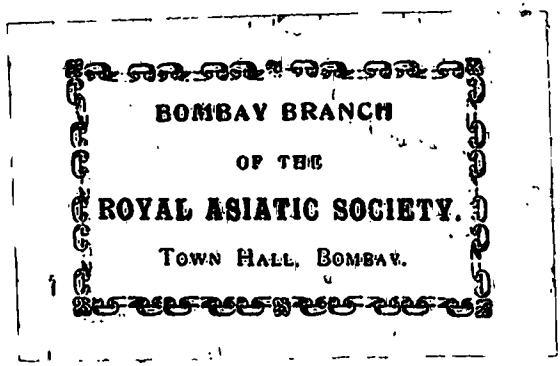

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THE HIGHLANDS AND WESTERN ISLES OF SCOTLAND,

CONTAINING

DESCRIPTIONS OF THEIR SCENERY AND ANTIQUITIES,

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE

POLITICAL HISTORY AND ANCIENT MANNERS,

AND OF THE

ORIGIN, LANGUAGE, AGRICULTURE, ECONOMY, MUSIC, PRESENT CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE, &c. &c. &c.

FOUNDED ON A

SERIES OF ANNUAL JOURNEYS BETWEEN THE YEARS 1811 AND 1821,

AND FORMING AN UNIVERSAL GUIDE TO THAT COUNTRY,

IN LETTERS TO

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

BY

JOHN MACCULLOCH, M.D. F.R.S. L.S. G.S.
&c. &c. &c.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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ERRATA.

Vol. I. Page 175 last line but one *for* maze *read* mazes.
179 line 23 *for* trouser *read* trousser
187 —— 15 *after* plate *add* or
271 title *for* Bengenium *read* Berigonium
416 line 12 *for* character *read* characters
422 —— 4 from bottom *for* side *read* ride

Vol. II. Page 85 line 1 *for* appar *read* appear
217 —— 8 *after* some one *add* probably
383 —— 10 from bottom *for* toher *read* other

Vol. III. Page 29 line 3 from bottom *erase* I
73 —— 9 from bottom *erase* yet
116 —— 19 *for* whom *read* which
149 —— 15 *for* Tesca *read* Tecsa
240 —— 6 from bottom *for* om *read* atom
273 —— 3 *after* on *add* indiscriminate

Vol. IV. Page 88 line 3 from bottom *for* ræciprocæ *read* reciprocæ
108 —— 23 *for* tales *read* tale
321 —— 14 *for* seems *read* seem
349 —— 9 *for* feasts *read* feast
350 —— 8 *for* drank *read* drunk
374 —— 1 *for* judical *read* judicial
402 —— 4 *for* Cestrus *read* Oestrus

The severe illness under which this work was written, and which often also prevented the author from superintending the press, is the only apology for the following oversights, as for some repetitions and errors which cannot now be amended, arising from the printing of passages in the MS. which had been erased.

Vol. I. Page 460 line 14 *for* Purcell *read* Dryden
—— II. 330 —— 7 *for* Ephori *read* Reguli
447 —— 11 *for* Gygen *read* Gyan
—— III. 286 —— 7 from bottom *for* Parnell *read* Pomfret
251 —— 13 from bottom *for* Elianus *read* Ælius
—— IV. 326 —— 16 *for* Amrad *read* Agib

Bromton—His literary character is misstated, and the word O Duihne has been somewhere printed by mistake for Clan Colla.

LETTER I.

MY DEAR SCOTT,

More years than either you or I are fond of remembering, have elapsed, since first, on the borders of Sydenham common, we compared a few of our observations on the subject of the Highlands, since we discussed their wonderful scenery, and since we lamented together, how imperfectly that country, all that belongs, and all that ever did belong to it, was known, even to its immediate neighbours, even, I may fairly say, to its own inhabitants. These days can return no more. You are still delighting the world, and so is Campbell; but our excellent friend Lord Selkirk is gone to receive the reward of his benevolence and his virtues. My own tenure has long been precarious; the foot of time is stealing on, but not noiseless and inaudible; and as I feel that the night is coming when it will be too late to do what I then neither intended nor thought to have done, and too late to repent of it unperformed, I have at length undertaken to collect all that has not been forgotten, and much that you will now hear of for the first time. It is but another consequence of the same train of unforeseen circumstances that led to my intimacy with this country, which has thus caused the record of what those unexpected events forced on my observation.

From whatever causes these recollections have assumed their present form, under whatever circumstances that which was about to vanish has been embodied, to disappear now, only with the paper on which it is written, I know not to whom these letters could better have been addressed than to him who has so often stepped forward in this very career; to the Poet of the Highlands, to him who has revived the rapidly diminishing interest of a country as singular in its romantic beauties as its people are in their history, in their position in society, and in their manners and feelings.

The world knows much of the interest which you have taken in this people, and of the illustration which you have bestowed on them: it knows what you have acknowledged, and it believes what you have not confessed. Had I been acquainted with the author of Waverley, of Montrose, and of Rob Roy, I might have balanced in my choice between him and the poet of the Lord of the Isles and of the Lady of the Lake. But the Poet is a substance, and the Novelist is a shadow. To that I could not have addressed myself; yet, as we judge of the presence of the sun by the shade which it casts, and as the midnight robber is detected by his image on the wall, I must trust that, in laying hold of the substance, I have secured the shadow also. More dexterous, however, than the noted Greek litigant, you have contrived, like the German magician, to separate your shadow from yourself, to give it a local habitation and a name, and to erect it into your own rival; eclipsing, like the moon in its darkness, the very luminary on which it depends. Thus I have gained as my correspondent, him whom I should, above all mankind, have chosen; for by whom could I hope to have been so well understood as by him who, while he is the poet of the Isles and of the mountains, of Macdonald and

Clan Alpin, is, at the same time, the poet of Waverley, and Montrose, and Rob Roy, of the Cearnach and the Clans, of Highland chivalry and Highland feelings.

If, however, you expect much order in what follows, you will expect what I never intended, and what, if I had even desired it, I could not have accomplished. Many years, a fearful period of retrospect, have elapsed since first I was enchanted with Loch Lomond and Loch Cateran, since first my heart used to beat at the name of Macdonald and Campbell, since I wandered an enthusiast among the visions of Ossian, since no melodies had charms like the melodies of Lochaber and Strathspey. After a long interval, I returned to find beauties never forgotten, in every blue hill and bright lake, in the wild woodlands and foaming torrents: to see a friend in every tartan, and once more to feel the joy that was wafted in every mountain breeze. Chance, necessity, duty, each, all, I need not now say what, compelled me to cultivate, for many successive years, an acquaintance thus unexpectedly renewed; and the same necessity compelled me to visit more of the country, and that more minutely, than it has fallen to the lot of any person existing to do.

Knowing therefore, as you do, that what follows was the result of many successive journies, the recollections of what had passed before me while occupied in far other and graver pursuits, pursuits which did not often leave me a choice of plan or of time, you will not expect either geographical or chronological consistency. Such order would have incurred the double evil of prolixity and of repetition; while the necessity of enormous elisions and changes from what was seen and remembered, during various seasons, without the hope or promise that the observations of one summer would be completed or

amended in the next, has inevitably interfered in many places with that simpler form and far different manner which would have attended the records of a journey made with the design of relating what is here related. But we are all the slaves of circumstances: what we intend is not often fulfilled, and much comes to pass which we had never expected. And, after all, since chance has so much to do in the affairs of this under world, I know not why it may not produce an author and a book. It operates stranger things every day. If I foresaw not that the boyish wanderings of my college holidays were to lead to a future intimacy that should become the cause of an occupation, as little did I expect that the hours of rain and storm, the days of imprisonment in ships and in Highland cottages, and the far other imprisonment of many weary and painful months, should ever conspire to produce a book. But we sow the seed and forget it; we are surprised at its increase, we water and trim the plant, with little thought and less design, because we have commenced, and are at length surprised to find that it is grown into a goodly bower, and that we can shelter ourselves beneath its branches. Yet it is irregular and wild and imperfect; and, when too late, we regret that we had not originally designed to plant the arbour under which we are now compelled to sit, as best we can.

If these letters owe something in accuracy and extent of detail to the intimacy of long experience, I know not but that the advantages are counterpoised by the very failings which flow from the same source. There is a vividness in the first impressions of objects, which vanishes by repetition. It is not only to female beauty that familiarity is death. Admiration, wonder, are transitory feelings; and well has Nature so ordained it. Peculiarities, also, cease to be peculiar by use: and he, therefore, who

neglects to record what he imperfectly knows, in the hope that he will one day know it better, who waits for the fulness of information, will find too late that he has forfeited advantages for which no accuracy of knowledge can compensate; that he is attempting to describe or examine, with blunted feelings, that which owes its all to the very imperfection of his knowledge. These are the magical clouds of gold and crimson that vanish in the glare of noon, the images of beauty which flit before the fancy in the twilight of evening, and are dispersed at the rising of the sun. But we cannot cull at once the flower and the fruit, and must learn to be content with what Nature allows us.

The picturesque beauties of the Highlands have now for some time been acknowledged; and, without the necessity of forming comparisons with other parts of the world, we know that this country has much to boast of, that we have much to admire. It produces examples of every style of scenery: mountains, lakes, rivers, cascades, woods, rocks, sea-coasts, all the elements of landscape are here displayed, and under every form of grandeur and of beauty. All which wild cliffs, and mountain bays, and rocks, and islands, and open and cultivated shores, can yield, are found on the western coast: in the interior, innumerable lakes of every possible character, the placid and the bold, the rude and the ornamented, are scattered in unsparing profusion. The deep ravine and the wild and rocky alpine glen are succeeded by the rich and open valley, splendent with wood and cultivation; and the cascade which thunders down the mountain side, becomes the lovely river forcing its way amid rocks and trees, chafing through its obstructed channel, and at length meandering through the spacious vale or the wide-spread and wooded plain. While the fading tints of the blue

mountains, grouped in a thousand forms of wildness and magnificence, occupy the distant landscape, their woodland declivities, their deep precipices, their lofty summits, and all the profusion of trees, and rocks, and chasms, and water courses, and torrents, which vary and ornament their sides, are the unceasing sources of endless scenes of beauty and of variety, of grandeur and of sublimity.

But if much of this is known, there is far more which has remained unseen and unrecorded; much which human foot has scarcely trod. It has been my chief object to bring these scenes to light, to render that justice to the country which it has yet but sparingly and partially received; and to point out to others much that demands their admiration. No accessible part of the country has been untrodden: the islands and the mainland, all that lies within the Highland borders, has been visited, and much too has been examined that is little likely to be visited again. On such unknown and unappreciated objects, the chief attention has been bestowed; as it was less necessary to dwell on that which has long been familiar. But, even in these places, I have endeavoured to guide the traveller or the artist to such points as are most easily overlooked by cursory observers, and which could only have been discovered after much intimacy and by much study. If I have not dwelt on them in greater detail, it has been chiefly from the interminable length to which such an attempt would have led, but partly from consciousness of the insufficiency of mere description, and of the fatigue which attends the reading of such continuous details of visible objects. It is a deep source of regret, that I have not been able to accompany them by engravings from the innumerable drawings that were made for their illustration. On this point alone, the public cannot partake of that which, on all others, belongs

alike to you and to them. To yourself alone, or to the few to whom they can be opened, must these illustrations remain confined.

If the local antiquities are neither numerous nor splendid, they are still interesting; and nothing of this nature has been omitted on which I could hope to throw any light. If much has been done by former observers, there is much also which has been overlooked or omitted. That they involve many points of doubt, and some of controversy, are circumstances inseparable from the very nature of this pursuit; but, like others, I would fain imagine that, in these cases, I have had only one object; truth.

The historical antiquities are often much more obscure, and have, still more, been subjects of hypothesis and of controversy. They have a wide bearing, since they involve the antient political condition of the country. Hence they are intimately entwined with many prejudices and many feelings. To have avoided collision on some of these points, was therefore more than could have been expected. I must, however, trust, that being anxious only to ascertain the truth, my own Highland prejudices and attachments have not materially influenced my judgment; and that, on the other hand, where I have differed from those who have engaged in the same subjects, with a laudable, though injudicious, warmth of feeling, and with a partiality to a fictitious and imaginary state of things, I have been only desirous to rest these claims, such as they are, on an unimpeached and immutable basis, and thus to give them a firmness and a support, which will be sought in vain in misplaced enthusiasm and in unfounded tradition and belief.

In attempting to form a distinct idea of the present state of the country, whether as to the manners of the

people or their political and agricultural condition, it has been still more necessary to separate from what is actually existing, an order of things long since passed away, and which, though supposed still to survive, by those who derive their notions from former accounts or from romantic tales, has so long vanished as to have become matter of history. I need not tell you how truly this is the case, nor how much the readers, not only of the tales to which I have already alluded, but of many other popular works, and of many recent books of travels, will be disappointed, if they expect to meet a Helen Mac Gregor, a Dugald, or a Captain Knockdunder, at every corner; to be greeted, in Iona or Sky, by a gifted Seer, or to find every cottage and every stream and hill, resounding with the songs of Ossian or the heroic deeds of Fingal. The day is now some time past since these delusions should have subsided: it is impossible to maintain them longer without an unpardonable sacrifice of truth; but, to reasonable minds, these peculiarities will not have lost their interest, though they are now but the recollections of former days; and truth demands that the past should now at length be separated from the present, and that things should be exhibited as they really are, not as we have fondly dreamed of them. I am aware that readers will find it difficult to persuade themselves that such is the present state of the country: for it is very difficult, even for us, as you have doubtless felt no less than myself, to avoid seeing things through the delusive mists of our early and historical impressions, and to avoid imagining what our reason tells us is no longer true.

Time has already produced, or is fast completing, those changes on the Highlands which were unavoidable; and which, considering their situation as a portion of one of

the most improved political societies of the world, it is surprising that they should so long have resisted. If, among these, there is somewhat to regret, there is also much to approve: but whatever the balance for good and evil may appear to different minds, all may alike console themselves with the reflection, that they were, and are, inevitable. To unite the manners and actions of youth with those of manhood or of decrepitude, belongs neither to society nor to man: we must submit to what nature has ordained, and learn to be content with such advantages, and to suffer such evils, as she has allotted to each state. To lament that they neither possess the peculiar virtues, nor enjoy the peculiar happiness, which belong to a low or early stage of civilization, is to regret the progress of civilization. To desire that, to these, they should unite all the virtues and blessings which arise from improvement, is to wish for what the world never yet saw; to grieve that we cannot at the same instant possess the promise of spring and the performance of autumn.

This general reflection applies equally to their political condition as to their manners and feelings. That has been hurried along by an irresistible torrent, by circumstances which could not be controuled. Yet superficial observers see only, in this, the immediate agencies, the proximate actors. Unable, therefore, to comprehend the superior force by which these are directed and urged, they attribute to these intermediate causes, those contingent evils, which, among much good, have been the inevitable consequence of the uncontroulable progress of events. Nor has it been unusual to see, or to imagine, fictitious evils in addition to the real ones: while, by the union of these imperfect views with unreasonable regrets, and with a state of feeling, always in excitement, and often additionally stimulated to anger by controversy, the most

simple propositions and the most obvious reasonings have been obscured and perverted. If, where these questions have forced themselves on my attention, I have not succeeded in extricating them from the confusion in which they have been involved, I would still flatter myself that they have been examined without passion or prejudice.

I will not however deny that my prejudices are in favour of this people, and that I have often laboured hard to reconcile my wishes to my conviction. I could weep with all my heart over such distresses as I have witnessed; but I know, at the same time, that these will not be remedied by making the people discontented with their superiors or with their condition. I know also that they will neither be diminished nor removed by attempts to flatter or restore ancient feelings or ancient prejudices. If even that were practicable, we ought to remember that these are of a very visionary nature; and that, in indulging them ourselves, we are in the situation of spectators, not actors; contemplating, through the mists of distance and of poetry, all that is beautiful or sublime, and unable to see the ruggedness and asperities and barrenness of the mountain which fades in the far distant horizon beneath all the softness and beauty of an evening sun. Thus also we attribute to the people of past days, feelings which exist only in our own imaginations; feelings which they never knew, and happiness which they never enjoyed; as, in contemplating the heroic ages of Greece, or the fancifully bright periods of Gothic chivalry, we forget the mass of suffering and misery that filled the times which produced, as a gleam through the night, an Achilles or a Leonidas, a Richard or a Bayard.

To the people as they now are, I do not scruple to

acknowledge an attachment which may possibly have influenced my judgment in their favour. That very attachment has also made me more anxious to point out such faults in their character as are capable of amendment. To be without faults, is not the lot of humanity; to overlook or suppress them where they exist, is either wilfully to lose sight of truth, or is a proof of slender regard and of a low estimate of merit, as well in the case of a people as of an individual. It is the faults of those whom we esteem that are the subjects of our notice and regret: and to point them out, is at least the act of a friend, and the first step towards a remedy. I am well aware of the folly and difficulty of generalizing on national character; yet I cannot think that I am far wrong, when I say that it has hitherto been the lot and the praise of the Highlanders to have lost the vices which belong to a rude and infant state of society, without acquiring those which are the produce of civilization. If, on the other hand, they have lost many of the virtues peculiar to the early stages of political society, they have only lost what it was impossible to retain; while they have, in return, acquired those which belong to its advanced condition. Exceptions, of course, there are, because there must be: as no national character can also be the character of every individual. To have noticed these, is to inspire confidence in the general truth of the observations: to have omitted them, would be in itself, a condemnation of the fidelity or of the discernment of the observer. Such as these faults are, they are neither numerous nor important. It will also be seen how all those which are the relics of a former state of things, have originated and been preserved, and how they must necessarily vanish at some future day; while those which are of recent introduction, are merely the

result of novelty, of new opportunities acting on new wants; evils which must subside as the new and the old state of things shall acquire a more uniform level.

Nor, in thus estimating the mass of the people, would it be just to withhold similar praise from their superiors. I have already noticed the obloquy which, from a narrow view of the progress of events, has been thrown on them. That censure is unfounded: nor, were it otherwise, is there good policy in exciting mutual discontent between the upper and the lower classes, in loosening, by force and violence, those bonds of union which have, unfortunately, a natural tendency already to dissolution. The same species of attachment which existed centuries ago, can exist no longer, because circumstances have changed. It is, simply, impossible; and it is therefore folly to regret the loss, and injustice to blame the individuals. These censures, however, such as they are, have been passed by these persons themselves, on each other, and in the warmth of excited feelings. It is Highlander who is armed against Highlander; and an independent spectator who can see and appreciate the merits and faults on both sides, is not only the fittest umpire, but will be found the truest friend to both. I should be happy indeed could any thing that I have said, tend to make the contending parties better satisfied with each other, could it make them learn to discover and value their mutual virtues, and forget those faults which, not themselves, but the tyranny of uncontroulable events has produced.

Among the high and the low, in the baronial castle and in the dark hut, I have found many estimable friends; persons whom I should have esteemed in any country and in any place. To that esteem, there has been inseparably united a warmer and a more romantic feeling,

generated and fostered by ancient tales and recollections, by early associations, and by the wild beauties of this wonderful and lovely country. Never yet have I quitted its bright lakes and blue mountains without regret, nor returned to them without delight, though I quitted them for comparative repose, to return again to labour and fatigue; and it is not a small source of regret, that I can no more hope to revisit those scenes where some of the happiest of my days have been passed. I am too sensible of the impropriety of introducing the names of individuals, to yield to a practice, too easy, and at the same time, too common; and peculiar, it has also been said, to our own countrymen: highly blameable when censure is to be passed, and, when praise is to be given, too vulgar, too suspicious, to be valued. Those whom it has been my happiness to know, will supply, from their recollections, what I have not thought proper to express: but it is not in my power to prevent the few who prefer pain to pleasure, who delight in finding causes of complaint, from extracting, out of the general mass of praise and admiration, such remarks as may gratify that unhappy turn of mind which delights in suffering and in complaining; which finds pleasure only where it thinks it has succeeded in proving that it has a right to be offended, a reason for feeling pain and displaying indignation. I shall always, at least, have the consolation of knowing that no such feelings will enter the mind of him who, whether he be the parent of Bradwardine and Dalgetty, of Jarvie and Jenny Deans, or not, has shewn, in his acknowledged character, that his disposition is to look on the right and the bright side of every thing, to be slow in believing offence where no offence is designed; and who possesses that enviable

quality which represents, even vice and wrong, without inflicting unnecessary pain.

And now, my dear friend, I am about to give you an opportunity of exerting another virtue: patience. Arm yourself with as much as you may; for there are four octavos now lying uncut on your table. Read when you can, and stop when you list; but, be your labour what it may, it will be but a feeble shadow of that which was the cause that all this ink has flowed, which attended and carried your correspondent and friend through foul and fair, over the rude mountain and the rougher wave, during many a Highland summer.

I am your's, &c. &c.

DUNKELD, LOCHS OF THE LOWES, CLUNIE, BLAIRGOWRIE, GRAMPIAN HILLS, DUNNOTTER.

As there are many ends in the skein which I have undertaken to unravel, there is no one, of course, that will run the thread off to its termination. It is tolerably indifferent therefore at which I begin; for, begin where I may, I shall often be compelled to seek for a new one. It is a drama of many acts; and it is one too which does not admit of attention to the unities. Do not therefore be shocked if you find me occasionally annihilating both time and space, like the Winter's Tale or your friend Guy Mannering. I do not pretend to produce either a log book or a journal; and you will therefore not expect to read one. Thus, balancing the pen in my hand, looking now at the point, and now at the paper, and now and then trying whether the ink is dry, I have at last pitched on Dunkeld, for no better reason than that which is the best of all reasons, because, as the dear sex knows, it is a reason for every thing, and an unanswerable reason. Our Highland friends, who have adopted the same line of argument, state it with an enviable brevity. "Why did you do this?" "Because."

But I shall neither commence with Abbotsford nor with "your own romantic town;" nor need I tell you of the Queen's-ferry, nor of Loch Leven, nor of Perth: not because these are known to every driver of a stage coach,

but because my business, like my heart, is in the Highlands. I have made a convention; and though standing, myself, alone, as the two high contracting parties, I am bound to adhere to it. When therefore I introduce you first to the pass of Birnam, I am not, like the epic poet, plunging you in medias res, but placing you at the gate and portal whence bold Highland Caterans once issued in dirked and plaided hostility, sweeping our flocks and herds, and where (such are the changes of fashion) their Saxon foes now enter in peace, driving their barouches and gigs, and brandishing the pencil and the memorandum book.

"Birnam wood," says Pennant, "has never recovered the march its ancestors made to Dunsinane." That is odd enough: I do not mean the fact, but the remark. When I was a white-haired boy at college, I made a tour to Dunkeld, with a little red book in my pocket, and thought myself extremely witty to have entered this very remark in those very words. I had neither seen Pennant's book, nor ever heard the name of that worthy gentleman, and was surprised, some ten years afterwards, to find that he had stolen my good thing from me. Thus unwittingly do greater men become accused of plagiarisms, when they have only stumbled on coincidences.

There are few places, of which the effect is so striking, as Dunkeld, when first seen on emerging from the pass of Birnam; nor does it owe this more to the suddenness of the view, and to its contrast with the long preceding blank, than to its own intrinsic beauty; to its magnificent bridge, and its cathedral, nestling among its dark woody hills, to its noble river, and to its brilliant profusion of rich ornament. But it is seen in far greater perfection, in approaching from the Cupar road; presenting, at the same time, many distinct and perfect land-

scapes produced by the variations of the foregrounds. To the artist, indeed, these views of Dunkeld are preferable to all which the place affords; because, while they form many well-composed pictures, they are tractable subjects: a circumstance which is here rare; owing to the want of sufficient variety, and to that incessant repetition of trees, from the foreground even to the furthest distance, which often renders the whole a confused and adhering mass of unvaried wood. With many changes, arising from the winding of the road, from the trees by which it is skirted, from the broken and irregular ground, and from the differences of elevation for the point of sight, all of them producing foregrounds unusually rich and constantly changing, the leading object in this magnificent landscape, is the noble bridge striding high above the Tay, here a wide, tranquil, and majestic stream. The cathedral, seen above it, relieved by the dark woods on which it is embosomed, and the town, with its congregated and grey houses, add to the general mass of architecture, and thus enhance its effect in the landscape. Beyond, rise the round and rich swelling woods that skirt the river; stretching away in a long vista to the foot of Craig Vinean, which, with all its forests of fir, rises, a broad shadowy mass, against the sky. The varied outline of Craig-y-barns, one continuous range of darkly wooded hill, now swelling to the light, and again subsiding in deep shadowy recesses, forms the remainder of this splendid distance: the middle grounds on each hand being the no less rich and ornamented boundaries of the river, relieving, by their spaces of open green meadow and hill, the continuous wood of the distances; while the trees which, in profusion and in every mode of disposition, are scattered and grouped about the margin of the river and high up the hills, advance, till they blend,

without breach or interruption of character, with the equally rich foregrounds.

If I were thus to point out all the scenes which Dunkeld furnishes, I should write a book instead of a letter; and as the book is written already, why should it be written again? I never thought, when philosophy for my sins first dipped me in ink, to have become the rival of Margate Guides and of Guides to the beauties of Windermere; the West and Gilpin of Dunkeld and Blair. But when a man once gets astride of a pen, no one knows where he will stop. However that may be, I owed them both a heavy debt of gratitude; and far heavier ones are every day paid with words.

The Duke of Atholl's grounds, no one need be told, present a succession of walks and rides in every style of beauty that can be imagined; but they will not be seen in the few hours usually allotted to them, as the extent of the walks is fifty miles, and that of the rides thirty. It is the property of few places, perhaps of no one in all Britain, to admit, within such a space, of such a prolongation of lines of access; and, everywhere, with so much variety of character, such frequent changes of scene, and so much beauty. There are scarcely any two walks which do not differ in their character and in the objects which they afford; and indeed, so far from dispensing with any, numerous as they are, we could even wish to add more. Nor is there one which does not, almost at every step, present new objects or new sights, whether near or remote; so that the attention never flags, and, what is the strongest test of merit, in nature as in art, after years of intimacy, and days spent in succession in these grounds, they are always interesting and always new.

Though I have pointed out some exquisite landscapes,

admirably adapted for painting, and could easily point out many more, it is necessary to premise that the mere artist, who only contemplates Dunkeld as a prey from which he can fill his portfolio, will be a disappointed spectator; but he will probably be the only one. I know no place where it is so necessary to abandon this system of measuring all beauty by its capacity for painting, to forget all the jargon of the picturesque gentlemen, the cant of the Prices, and the Gilpins, and others of this sect. Few are aware how much is overlooked by persons of this class, how much natural beauty is wasted on those who have adopted this system, and even on those who, without any system, have accustomed themselves to form every thing into a distinct landscape, and to be solely on the watch for subjects of painting. If I have said, elsewhere, that no one who has not made art his study, will extract from nature all the beauty of which it furnishes the subjects or the materials, I am also bound to add, that even this power may be abused, and that he who would enjoy all that nature affords, must also learn to see and to appreciate a thousand things which defy imitation, and scorn to assimilate, even in the remotest manner, to any rules.

It is easy here to see, that the very circumstances which render Dunkeld the splendid collection of objects which it is, are those also which cause it to be generally unfitted to the painter's art. Intricate, and belonging more frequently to the character of close than of open scenery, the profusion of wood prevents that *keeping* in the landscape which is so essential in art; while there is also commonly wanting, the contrast arising from vacancy, so necessary, in painting, to relieve multiplicity of ornament; still more, that contrast of colour and of dis-

tance which requires variety of open ground, of bare green, and grey, and brown; and, above all, the haze of the vanishing woods and valleys, and the blue of the misty mountain. Still, in its own character, Dunkeld is perfect, even in the nearer grounds of its deep valley; nor, in its remote parts, is it wanting in all the circumstances that belong to other classes of landscape. Thus, when properly examined, it contains, even for the painter, stores of the most splendid scenery, in every style: the blue mountain distance, the wide and rich strath, the narrow and woody glen, the towering rock and precipice, the dark forest, the noble river, the ravine, the cascade, the wild mountain stream, the lake, and all which art and cultivation can add besides to embellish nature. If to this we join all the hourly sources of comfort and enjoyment produced by its sheltered and secluded walks, its river banks, its groves and gardens and alleys and bowers, its magnificent and various trees, its flowers and its shrubs, we may with justice say, that it has no rival in Scotland, nor, probably, in all Britain.

With respect to the disposition of the grounds, considered as an ornamented landscape, or an English garden, as the phrase is, it is necessary to say that it is disposed on no system; nor, with the exception of a few remains of the ancient formal arrangements, is there any trace of artifice, beyond that which is necessary for use and comfort, to be seen. Even the most formal fragments of art disappear in the predominance of careless nature; or such as are yet remaining, are ornaments instead of defects. It might not have been easy to deform nature here by artifice, and yet the inveteracy of system can do much mischief. Even Dunkeld might have been rendered absurd by the gardeners of King William's time; nay, Brown

could have ruined it. But it has fortunately escaped the fangs of the whole detestable tribe of capability men; and after art has done all that it can, and all, in truth, which has been done, we imagine that we see no other hand in the woods and the lawns than that hand which founded the mountains and taught the river to flow.

Within the home grounds, on the minute details of which I dare not here dwell, the cathedral deserves the attention of the antiquary as well as of the artist. Wanting only the roof, it wants nothing as a ruin; and, as a Scottish ecclesiastical ruin, it is a specimen of considerable merit. The choir has recently been converted into the parish church: but as the restorations, with very little exception, have been made from the original design, no injury to the building has followed; while much advantage to its preservation has been gained, by supporting with fresh masonry such parts as were falling to decay, and by removing such ruin as produced disorder without embellishment.

Though the early history of this ecclesiastical establishment is obscure, it is understood that there was here a monastery of Culdees. Kenneth Macalpine is said to have brought the bones of St. Columba hither from Iona. Mylne asserts that there was a religious foundation established here by Constantine the Pictish king in 729, and that David the first converted it into an episcopal see in 1127; Gregory, then abbot, having been made the first bishop. The death of Gregory took place in 1169; and as there are other traditions which say that Cormac was its bishop in the time of Alexander the First, there is yet a hopeless obscurity respecting the early history of Dunkeld. It appears, however, that it was once the primacy of Scotland, till that was transferred to St. Andrews.

After Gregory, or Cormac, there is a recorded succession of thirty-eight bishops, commencing with Gregory the Second, and terminating with Robert Crichton, in 1550. Among these, Gavin Douglas is a name not to be forgotten in Scottish literature, nor William Sinclair in the history of Scottish independence. The monument of the former is in his works; more imperishable than brass or marble; but the latter demands some better monument than the tablet of grey stone which was inscribed to his name. His spirit was worthy of his age; of the proud period of Bruce and Wallace. It was he who, collecting sixty men of his own people, joined a detachment of five hundred belonging to Duncan Earl of Fife; defeating a party of Edward the Second's troops at Dunnybirsel, and displaying a character alike fitted to command in the army and in the church.

Of the early building, nothing is known, but the records of the present have been preserved. The original church seems to have consisted of the choir alone, and was built by Bishop Sinclair in 1330. Bishop Cairney, the 18th, commenced the great aisle, and it was finished under Raulston, the 24th, in 1450. In 1469, the chapter house was built, and the foundation of the tower was laid by Lauder; the latter being completed by George Brown, the 29th bishop, in 1501. There are, besides these, marks of alterations, of which there are no records; particularly in the addition of a gateway at the western end. The church militant demolished all that it conveniently could, in 1599; and another set of reformers, who formed the garrison in 1698, destroyed its monuments, with the very few exceptions that remain. The history of Dunkeld, as well as those of Dornoch, Elgin, and St. Andrews, serve to prove that it is a matter of in-

difference whether the spirit of mischief is let loose under a red coat or a black one.

There is much more uniformity in the architecture of this cathedral than was usual in our Gothic ecclesiastical buildings. Nevertheless, like most of the Scottish specimens, it is compounded of several styles; including the Norman, together with every one of the varieties of the three periods of Gothic architecture which followed it. I have elsewhere remarked, that unity of style had seldom been preserved in the Scottish buildings of this nature, and have attempted to explain the reason: the present work is a proof of the truth of that statement. The arts, in this part of our island, had not made much progress, and the distinctions of styles were probably not understood; so that, in borrowing or imitating, the artists naturally copied from all which they knew, and thus introduced confusion. At the same time, following what was then become obsolete in England, we receive little or no assistance from the architecture of our churches, in determining their dates, where the records have been lost.

Omitting the choir, or present church, the length of the great aisle is 122 feet, and its breadth 62; that of each of the side ailes being 12, and the height of the walls 40. The tower, 90 feet high, on a base of 24 squared, is placed at one of the angles, and merely in contact. The body was divided from the choir by a lofty Gothic arch, now built up. The main aisle is separated from the side ones by six plain pillars of the Norman style, and two half columns; the height of the shafts being 10 feet, and the diameter four and a half. Their capitals are only plain mouldings, and they support Gothic arches of the second style, with fluted soffits. Above each is a plain semicircular window, of two bays, with a trefoil in the interval. In the third stage, and above

the roof of the side ailes, there is an acute window over each of these, also bisected, with two trefoils, and with a quatrefoil in the intervals. The great western window has lost all its mullions; but the remaining fragments which spring from the arch, shew that it was of a handsome and florid design, appertaining to the second period of the Gothic. It has a contrasted head-band terminating in a finial, so as to form a sort of canopy; while it is thrown on one side, with a strange but not unusual neglect of symmetry, to make room for a very beautiful circular spiral window; the gable terminating with a handsome florid cross. At the southern angle of this western gable, there is another anomaly, in the shape of an octagonal watch tower: but it forms a graceful ornament, terminating in an enlarged parapet, supported on a rose-carved moulding, and perforated on its eight faces by sunk, or impanelled, quatrefoils. A staircase within it, communicates with the tower, by an ambulatory through the wall. The corbel table, which runs along beneath the roof, still supports the remains of a handsome pinnacle, formed of clustered tabernacle-work, which may be taken as a proof of the former beauty of the whole. The principal door at the western end, is evidently an alteration: a sharp arch with a deeply fluted soffit, standing on clustered columns; while, near it, there is a smaller door in a similar style, together with a circular-headed and ornamental one which gives entrance to the tower. On the south face there is also a door with a porch, which appears to have been considerably ornamented, if we may judge by the remains of two crocketed pinnacles, a canopy which has covered some cognizance, and two niches for statues. The windows which light the side ailes below, are remarkable, as well for their beauty as the diversity of their designs; presenting eight or ten different patterns, of the second age

of Gothic, chiefly produced by the intersections and combinations of circles. The tower is plain, excepting an ornamental parapet of open trefoils standing on a corbel table, and three tiers of wrought windows; but it seems formerly to have had pinnacles at the angles. The chapter house, different from all the rest, is remarkable for four tall lancet windows with trefoil heads. Within the choir, there was recently a beautiful row of tabernacle-work wrought in the wall; but it has vexatiously and tastelessly been destroyed by the interior decorations of the new church; two or three specimens alone remaining to shew what it once was. Thus it must ever be, when every stone-mason and carpenter undertakes the business which belongs to the architect alone. Of the very few ancient tombs which remain, the most remarkable is that of Cumin, the celebrated Alister More-mac-an-righ, better known as the Wolf of Badenoch. It is a statue in armour, of somewhat rude workmanship, with a lion's head at the feet, and with the inscription, "Hic jacet Alexander Senescalus, filius Roberti regis Scotorum et Elizabethe More, Dominus de Buchan et Badenoch, qui obiit A. D. 1394." The reputation of this hero would not be soon forgotten, though this monument had never existed. The statue of a bishop in his full robes, lying under a crocketed canopy, is unknown; being assigned by some to Sinclair, and by others to Cairney. It is probably, however, that of the latter; as there was a tablet to Sinclair.

Beyond the home grounds of Dunkeld, the cascade at the Hermitage is far too well known to require more than a bare notice, as is the deep chasm through which the Braan runs higher up, beneath what is called the Rumbling Bridge. But near the summer-house, termed Ossian's Hall, there are some round cavities in the rock,

produced by the cascade of former ages, which are particularly worth notice in this place, because of their general connection with other similar appearances on the Tay, which I shall point out shortly, and which indicate the great revolutions these valleys have undergone. On this side of the water, it is, however, essential to notice the magnificent views up the vale of the Tay, as well as over the grounds towards Dunkeld House, which may be procured from the various romantic walks of Craig Vinean. No scenes more splendid can be imagined than the former, where the Tay is seen flowing deep below, amidst the noble oaks which skirt its banks; winding beneath the elegant wooded pyramid of Craig-y-barns on one side, and, on the other, under the prolonged and wild acclivities of Craig Vinean, which, varied with rocks and deep hollows, and ornamented by the woods of oak and fir that rise irregularly to its summit in magnificent intricacy from the valley below, conducts the eye to the rich open vale of the Tay, as, bounded by its lofty hills, and displaying the bright meanderings of its river, it terminates in the distant blue summits of the remote Highlands. Here too are scenes which do not refuse the painter's art; the compositions being as perfect as they are grand and full of fine detail, and nothing being wanting which can be required for this style of rich landscape. It is in these and similar wide landscapes, that Dunkeld shews itself the rival of the most picturesque Highland scenes; as, in its closer scenery, in such scenery as is not within the limits of art, it exceeds the whole. It is here too that the peculiar and excelling richness of the woods of Dunkeld is best seen; a richness produced, no less by the great variety and bold features of the ground, which bring all this wood within the scope of the eye, and under every possible

aspect, than by the separate variety and grandeur of the trees themselves, and by that intermixture which adds to their ornament without destroying their breadth of style and effect. If, in some places, different kinds of trees are intermingled in a manner not consistent with a correct taste, these parts are seldom very perceptible where the leading features are so properly disposed. One more view in this direction ought to be pointed out, to be obtained from the river side near the further lodge; peculiarly fitted for a picture, displaying the same vale from a lower level, with a foreground formed by ancient beeches rising high over the deep and bold banks, and of a style equally uncommon and grand.

But the most perfect and extensive view of the grounds of Dunkeld, will be found at an unnoticed station opposite to the village of Inver, and at a considerable elevation above the bridge of the Braan. Striking as is the character of Craig-y-barns from all points of view, no true conception of its magnificence and variety can be formed from any other place; the undulating and broken outline rising in a gradual succession of woody elevations, dark with trees and interspersed with precipices, till it terminates in the noble pyramid which impends high over the King's Pass; displaying there one broad bold face of lofty grey rock, variegated with the scattered firs that root themselves in its fissures. Eastward, this ridge is prolonged till its lines and its woods gradually blend with the distant blue mountains, while, continued westward, it unites to the long wooded ridge of Craig-Vinean; the whole presenting a huge and lofty barrier of unexampled wildness and ornament united: all the splendour of the grounds below being detailed, together with the course of the Tay, and the nearer wind-

ings of the Braan, as it holds its way among woods and trees by the little village of Inver.

The walks of Craig-y-barns present a class of landscape totally distinct, whether in the closer scenery or in the more distant views. The latter look towards the far remote south, to the Sidlaw and the Lomond hills, or eastward over the rich valley that extends towards Blairgowrie, and upon the bright lakes that ornament its surface. At hand, the towering precipices rise overhead with their crown of firs, or huge masses of rock impending over the paths, with their trees starting from the shelves and fissures, form the various and wild foregrounds to these pictures, or afford, in themselves, subjects for the pencil, resembling the alpine landscapes of Switzerland. No greater contrast can well exist than between the apparently native rudeness of this spot and the decorations of the lower grounds. But even here there is decoration: in the variety of the trees, in the huge fragments which are interspersed among them, covered with mosses and giving root to all the bright feathering ferns, and, lastly, in the plants and flowering shrubs which unexpectedly occur, and which art has naturalized from the garden and the shrubbery till they seem no longer strangers among the roses, the junipers, the honeysuckles, and the various wild flowers which cover the ground or trail along the summits of the grey rocks. Among the varieties of forest scenery, there is a singularity and a beauty in this, which can no where else be found, and which render these walks among the most enticing of those which belong to this place of endless walks and rides. The little lake, Pol-na-gates, lying just at the entrance of the King's Pass, cannot fail to attract attention; presenting, in its high towering and evergreen woods, its deeply secluded

and verdant recesses, and its water never ruffled by the breeze, a romantic scene of peace and solitude; and, even in winter, offering the aspect of never-dying summer. But I must leave the remainder of Dunkeld untold, and to the industry of him who has other objects in travelling than merely to hasten over a country because he has undertaken to travel; not to those who expect from the future what they will not seek in the present, or to whom it is enough that they are in motion, or that they are doing what others have done before them. To those who are satisfied with placing their important names in the porter's book, or in wearing out unoccupied time in a mode that is fashionable, what I have written and what I have omitted to write will be alike.

The valley which stretches away eastward from Dunkeld, gradually passes into Strathmore, and conducts us beyond the Highland boundary. On entering it, the transition from the scenery of that place is as complete as it is sudden; but it affords a succession of pleasing views, without much of decided landscapes, till it disappears in the wider expanse of the eastern lowlands. One extremely beautiful picture must however be pointed out: a lake scene, which, though on a small scale, is not often rivalled, while it is of a distinct character from that of any Highland lake. It is the usual fault of lake scenery, that, while beautiful in nature, it is very deceiving when we attempt to reduce it to painting; displaying too often a vacuum of sky and water, blue and faint mountains whose effect is lost on the canvas, and a meagreness of colour and composition for which its grander features cannot atone, because they are thin and unsupported. Such it almost always is when the water occupies too large a space in the picture, and when the boundary is remote; and this, from the generally great scale of High-

land scenery, is the common fault of our lakes. Here, there is water enough to decide the character of the landscape, and to give it that life and brilliancy which form the captivating part of this style. With this, there is here also a profusion of appropriate ornament: woods, in all the variety of colour and disposition, skirting its margin, covering its promontories, and edging its bays: rising up beyond this in irregular distribution, along the skirts of the rocky hills which bound the valley, and which afford an outline equally uncommon and graceful, till, in the further distance, one mountain, of a form no less elegant and appropriate, terminates the picture.

Three of these small lakes, called the Lochs of the Lowes, are here accumulated within a small space, unusually rich in wood and cultivation; and hence the valley continues to the small and picturesque Loch of Clunie: a scene of summer and repose which almost seems a work of art. The house, or castle, an ancient strong hold of the Ogilvies, appearing to float on the water upon its little woody island, is the reputed birthplace of that notorious personage the Admirable Crichton; the Cagliostro of his day, whose lucky fate it has been to scramble up to the temple of Fame, as the Brodums and the Katterfeltos might have done, had they lived in the same age and turned their attentions to logic and fencing, instead of to cordial drops and cups and balls. The Loch of Marlie follows this; less picturesque, but wooded and rich, and preserving that air of ancient opulence, in the cultivation around it, and in the hedgerow trees and roadside avenues which are so peculiar to all this valley even to Blairgowrie, and which render the whole space a remarkably pleasing ride, little known to travellers. It reminds us of many parts of the north of France; nor is it improbable that, like much of our Scottish

architecture, it is indebted for its character to French example or recollections. This conjecture receives some confirmation from the fact of there having been once five religious establishments in this neighbourhood: the memory of two being still preserved in the names of these lakes.

From Clunie or from Blairgowrie, the road into Braemar by Glen Shee, hereafter mentioned, is traced; being one of the ancient military branches. The situation of Blairgowrie, commanding one of the Highland passes, is very pleasing; while it is an opulent and a handsome village. The Erroch, which runs to join the Isla, forming one of its greater branches, here holds its course deep through a rocky ravine, affording some picturesque and some very striking scenes. I can only afford to notice that at Craig Hall: no less singular than romantic, from the enormous altitude and absolute perpendicularity of the sandstone cliffs, which rise at once from the deep and woody channel of the river; the house itself appearing perched aloft, like a crow's nest, on its very brink, forming an object which is absolutely fearful. Of this class of scenery, not unlike to that of Roslin, but on a far greater scale, there is much more which I cannot afford to particularize; as I must also pass over some scenes that occur near the junction of the Airdle with the Erroch.

Hence the road branches into Strath Airdle and into Glen Shee: the former conducting through the wild Glen Fernat to the Tarff, and also over the hills, to Edradour and Moulin, as I have remarked in another place. Though Strath Airdle is a pleasing valley, it scarcely offers any decided landscape scenery; and of its celebrated rocking stone I need take no further notice, though it is still considered here as a Druidical work.

Of the road into Braemar, there is little or nothing to be said; as it is one uniform scene of wildness and desertion, with little character of any kind, and with nothing to vary its wearisome prolongation, but the very excellent inn, the Spital of Glen Shee; a welcome sight in the desert, and justifying a name, of which, though common in Wales, this is, I believe, the only instance in Scotland. We may return to Blairgowrie.

But as the hills which extend hence to Stonehaven, are themselves the Highland boundary, I dare not trespass into Strathmore, and thus break my agreement; however willing to travel with you through this magnificent valley, the pride of the Scottish valleys, and among the strange and delicious solitudes of the Sidlaw hills, as little known as if they were situated in the moon. While we wander away to Inverness and Rossshire, for what, after all our trouble, does not always occur, we are ignorant or forgetful that, at our very doors, within a few miles of Perth itself, we may enjoy all the seclusion and wildness of alpine scenery, on the top of the Sidlaw and in its deep recesses; and that, from its summit on the one side, we can look down on the splendid magnificence of the Carse of Gowrie, and over the rich and wild hills of Fife, adding to our landscape the broad and brilliant Tay with its endless variety of shipping, and the noble houses of the opulent, that rise on its banks, or skirt the declivities of this beautiful line of hills. On the northern declivity of the same range, as we quit some wild scene of heath and rocks, or some unexpected picture of peace and fertility embosomed in the desert, and descend along the winding roads amidst enclosing trees, the whole vale of Strathmore breaks suddenly on us, in all its splendour of wood and cultivation; stretching away till it vanishes, and backed by the long range

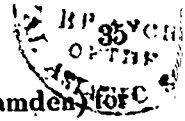
of hills to the northward, above which are seen, far retiring, the lofty, blue, and varied mountains of the Highlands. Of all these roads, that perhaps is the finest which descends on Glamis, amid the prolonged and broad sweep of woods, blending, as they reach the vale below, with its trees and its fields, and with the rich parks that surround the towers of this picturesque castle.

But I must return to the skirts of the Highland hills, my proper place: and, even on these I must be brief, for even there I am trespassing. The length of this continuous line, and the decided separation from Strathmore by which the hilly is here so easily distinguished from the low country, convey a stronger idea of the distinction between the Highlands and the Lowlands, than can easily be obtained any where to the westward; where the inferior ridges of the Ochils, the Campsie, the Kilpatrick, and others, render that boundary less obvious to an ordinary inspection. This line is therefore easily followed, from Stonehaven even to Blairgowrie, without interruption; but from this place, westward, to the pass of Birnam, nature has not so well marked the distinction, as the hills which branch hence to include the valley of the Lowes, interfere with its precision. But from Birnam even to Comrie, the boundary is again well marked; as it afterwards is, if somewhat less decidedly, to Callander, and thence, with similar or greater obscurity, even to Dumbarton, where, meeting the sea, its place can no longer be questioned. This therefore, towards the south, is the natural, as it is the artificial boundary of the Highlands, and as it once was the political one. To the east, their political limits were never very well defined; nor can any proper natural boundary be assigned, which will not somewhere interfere with any political one that we can fix. The capricious line here

drawn by the excise, was chosen because nothing more certain offered. But this is out of our present pursuit.

It is easy, in a geographical view, to perceive that the southern boundary now before us, which, to a person coming from the low country, appears a ridge of hills, is not a ridge, or a chain as it is commonly called, but the declivity of an irregular group, or of a kind of table land of mountains, which, with more or less continuity, occupies the whole north-western side of Scotland with part of the northern; advancing branches to the eastward in an irregular manner, and intersected by valleys which preserve no fixed or common direction. Yet, to this, there has been assigned the term Grampian mountains; and the people, even those who ought to know better, speak familiarly of a Grampian chain, which some describe as a continuous chain of hills reaching from Aberdeen or Stonehaven to the Clyde, and to which others have attached ideas much more vague, since they extend the term to the northward; no one knows whither. If there is no such thing as a Grampian chain, as little are there any Grampian mountains that are intelligible; since no one knows what or where they are, unless all the mountains of Scotland are Grampian mountains. The Grampian mountains are not, however, a very recent contrivance; though not much unlike Berigonium in reality, and probably very little heard of in modern times, till young gentlemen were taught to spout "My name is Norval."

The original blunder seems to lie with Richard of Cirencester. Tacitus says, that the battle with Galgacus was fought "ad montem Grampium;" and as that Mons Grampius is a mountain near Stonehaven, it can scarcely form even an integrant part of the mass of the Highland mountains. It may have been corrupted from Grans-ben,



or Grant-ben, or Garvh-ben, (Grant's bain in Camden) for aught that any one can prove to the contrary; but these are quite as likely to have been afterwards fitted to the Roman term: whether or not, the blunder certainly did not originate with the Highlanders, who are far too good natural geographers to have so misapplied any term. Richard, who seems the real sinner in this case, describes the Tay as dividing the province of Vespasiana into "two parts," and then he says again that the "horrendus Grampius jugus" divides it also into "two parts." In another place, he speaks of part of the Grampius Mons, as forming a promontory extending far into the German ocean, somewhere near the Dee. Then again, the Vacomagi to the west, or in Moray, are divided from these Dee men, the Taixali, by the "series" of the "Montes Grampii;" and, in the map belonging to his itinerary, these are represented as a chain extending from Fraserburgh to Loch Lomond: a chain that has no existence. It is utterly impossible to reconcile a confusion, at which we cannot nevertheless be surprised. It is tolerably plain that he had picked up the name from Tacitus, making it fit wherever he was in want of a term; and that he had, himself, no notion, of this part at least, of the geography of Scotland. But I might as well have spared this discussion; for a Grampian chain they will probably remain to the end, like all the chains which have no existence in any place but the map-makers' heads; since the name is now as firmly rooted as the hills themselves.

From Blairgowrie, or Alyth, to the road over the Cairney mount, this long acclivity is far too difficult of access to lie within the scope of ordinary travellers; nor indeed, excepting perhaps the Reekie Linn, does it produce much temptation to such persons. Though, at the foot of the declivity, the scenes are often fine,

these belong rather to the Vale of Strathmore than to the Highlands. Near Alyth is the ruin of the castle of Barry hill; about which Pennant has picked up a story, I know not where. It was the prison of Queen Gueniver the wife of Arthur; and her monument, as he also says, is to be seen in the church-yard of Glamis. It is certain that there are many monuments there in want of claimants; but Queen Gueniver must have had the ubiquity of Ossian himself, if she is buried at Glamis, because she lies also at Glastonbury. At least if ever there was an Arthur and a Gueniver; since Edward and Eleanor performed a journey to Glastonbury, and dug up the body of the presumed Arthur, where he was lying in peace by the side of his wife, that they might prevent the rebellious Welsh from thinking that he was still alive. That Pennant, a Taffy himself, should have known so little of his own kings and queens, makes it probable that Walpole was not very far wrong when he abused him for publishing the head of Rembrandt's wife as that of the Countess of Desmond; and for other matters.

But this is the scene of much heavier questions than Queen Gueniver or a Grampian chain. There is no stronger instance of the influence of a thing once said and once repeated, than the labour which has been used in vain to subvert the popular th- -y respecting the place of the battle of the Grampians. Some dreaming antiquary or random etymologist proposes something; and, often, not much knowing or caring what: another follows; the mob, which has always "a dampnable adherence unto authority," takes it all for granted, and it becomes a piece of philosophy or history which Archimedes himself could not afterwards move. Sibbald, who thought too much of frogs and butterflies to be very trust-worthy in weightier matters, first misled the pack; and I doubt if

Dr. Jamieson will easily set them right again.' I remember visiting all these places twenty years ago, and then wondering how such a question could ever have been agitated at all. If the merest schoolboy who had read his Tacitus had been asked the question, he would have said that such a battle could not have been fought near Ardoch; because that place is in the very teeth of a record, so pointed and so plain that it cannot be for a moment mistaken. That Sibbald had never read that work, seems tolerably clear; but why my most learned friend Chalmers, that giant in all Scottish antiquarian lore, should go on believing, is a question which none but himself can answer.

It is provoking that the blackness of a book should give it authority, or the antiquity of a folly render it wisdom. But thus I suppose it must always be. If so shallow an antiquary as Gordon, or Sibbald, was to come forth now, his book would find its way to the snuff shop in a week, and he himself would either be laughed at or forgotten. Now, there is a dingy folio, not to be procured but at a high price, and a man, of whom we know nothing but the name, looming high and large through the mists of age. For no better reasons, we venerate the one and believe the other; or go on discussing interminably whether they are wrong or right, and fabricating commentaries bigger than the originals, when the reasonable proceeding would be to toss the whole into the fire. Thus it is for our ancient history. Some drowsy monk, shut up in his cell, in Cumberland, or Shetland, or Paris, (for it is pretty much the same where,) ignorant alike of the world and of books, betakes himself to the writing of a chronicle, or a history, of people and lands which he never saw, and of ages that were past before he was born. And these become our histories, and our

chronicles; to be believed, or disputed about, or collated, or rectified, and finally, in some shape or other, to find their way into what is called history, and into what we believe to be belief. We never think of enquiring how such a person procured the births, names, parentages, deaths, and actions, of an hundred and forty British kings, from centuries when no one could write, or how he could describe motives, and characters, and battles, and treaties, even of his own times, when there was neither extended social communication nor printed documents circulating, and when he himself was alike a stranger to camps and cabinets. In our own times, when every one is every where, and every person knows every thing, and when there are fifty newspapers, and fifty more, printed every day, all over Europe, we are troubled enough to get at bare facts, and those who produce motives must invent them. And yet we believe in such a historian as this or the other ancient, because he happened to live five or ten centuries ago, and because his name is Boece, or Fordun, or Barry; often, much worse names than even these. If a monk of Mount Athos or Carmel were now to write such histories of Turkey or Arabia, we should turn them into winding sheets for fish; but who knows whether a posterity too will not be found hereafter, which shall buy them with gold, and swear to the truth of what their very authors produced as fiction.

But to come back to master, Sir Robert, Sibbald. Dealgin Ross is a moor near Comrie; and Sir Robert being somewhat deaf, and not comprehending Donald's mode of pronunciation in his nose and throat, imagined he heard Galgachan. This produced Galgacus; and Richard's Grampian chain, fortunately, suited any place; Fraserburgh, Stonehaven, Comrie, or Loch Lomond; or

Cape Rath, had it been in Sir Robert's way. Thus the battle of Agricola was fought at Comrie; and neither this learned personage himself, nor one of his hundred followers, ever thought of enquiring whether the Roman fleet was anchored in Loch Earn or upon the top of Drummond castle. Tacitus seems to have supposed that it must have sailed on the sea. He says, at least, that Agricola sent forward his navy to spread terror among the Caledonians, and that they were dismayed by the sight of this fleet, and that his camp contained seamen, as well as horse and foot. Lest he should have made a mistake, Agricola himself says that he crossed immense arms of the sea; in plain terms, the firths of Forth and Tay. As to Galgacus, since Tacitus speaks for him, it is of less moment that he says "the Roman fleet is hovering on our coasts." That Stonehaven must be the place, becomes therefore a simple case of dilemma; because none other will answer all the conditions. As to the positive class of proofs, from the prolongation of the Roman stations hither through Strathmore, and from the camp at Arduthy, I need not enter on them.

But I must take my leave of Agricola, Sir Robert Sibbald, and the Grampians; but not without naming Dunnotter, as that would be an absolute crime. If the buildings had any character, or bore any relation or proportion to the noble rock on which they stand, this would be the pride of Scottish castles. It is almost that now; for even the mean, confused fragments and walls, are almost overlooked in contemplating the magnificent dimensions and disposition of the lofty mass on which they stand. In some positions, indeed, they become grouped in such a manner as to unite well with the general outline. This is particularly true in the view from the cliffs near at hand, where the rock is seen below the horizontal

line of the sea; forming, in this position, one of the grandest and most romantic scenes in this class of landscape, which it is possible to imagine.

Were Dunnotter castle not commanded from the shore, it would not be easy to find a more impregnable fortress, even in present warfare. Its former importance is well known; but its history is much longer than I can here afford to trace. It is no small part of its reputation to have been taken by Wallace in 1296. Nearly half a century after, it was in Edward the Second's possession, and it appears that he added much building to it. Again it was taken by Sir Andrew Murray: and being besieged in the civil wars, the church was burnt. This was the commencement of its ruin; which was completed to nearly the state it now is, by the York Buildings Company, which purchased and pulled down many of its buildings in 1700. Thus have time, fanaticism, war, ignorance, and poverty, all combined to rob Scotland of most of its ancient records; while, respecting what remains, its negligence seems to have been not much less than its pride.

DUNKELD, STRATH TAY, FLEMISH ARCHITECTURE OF SCOTLAND, MONESS, ABERFELDIE, KENMORE.

We must return to Dunkeld, for the purpose of progressing, as the new barbarians call it, along the banks of the Tay. And he who does return hither from Stonehaven or from Montrose, whether by Fettercairn and the foot of the hills, or by Brechin and Forfar and Glamis and Coupar, or intersecting the country by Kirriemuir, or crossing it from Dundee, or from Dunsinnan castle, (which by the bye never could have been the castle of any Scottish king,) or in any other possible mode in which Strathmore can be traversed or visited, will have much occasion to congratulate himself in having made a tour in Scotland of which he never heard; nor any one else. I believe I shall be obliged to write a tour book myself for Strathmore too, some of these days; since I have set up as a champion for so much of Scotland already. The world seems scarcely to have heard that there was such a country as Strathmore, or such a river as the Isla; and, certainly, was never told that three yards of the Isla and its tributaries are worth all the Tweed put together, and that three miles of it are worth the whole of the Clyde and the Don; besides Esks, and Galas, and Etricks, and Avons, out of number, which have been sung and said to very weariness, and which have little other claim to notice than what they derive from an old song. There is much in an old song: a great deal too much; as

many other persons than poets and politicians know. Isla is unsung; while every one knows Gala water and bonny Doon: in song at least; as few would think of looking for them any where else. And thus too when the tuneful race thinks fit to sing of Tay, it must talk of the "pleasanter banks of the Tweed." If this is poetical justice, we cannot have too little of it. But this is not the fate of rivers alone; for more false maxims, false philosophy, and false morality, have been propagated and fixed by two or three pair of rhymes, than by as many swords, sermons, or syllogisms.

The same traveller, at the same time, cannot contrive to leave Dunkeld for Strath Tay by both its roads. He must manage that, however, in the best way he can; but I must do it at present. Speaking by the road book, the western is the road to Loch Tay, and the eastern leads to Blair; and both have their beauties. By the western, we see once more the beautiful scenery beneath Craig Vinean, its narrowest part presenting two or three landscapes of great magnificence, and the whole road being, for some miles, unusually rich. At Dalguise, there is a mountain cascade that well deserves a visit; but though the road itself abounds, even to the flexure of the valley, in much beautiful close scenery, the views of this splendid vale are far more perfect from the western, or the Blair road. Along this line, the spectator may trace a considerable part of the plantations formed here by the Duke of Atholl; but those who are interested in this department of rural economy, will find a wider scope for their observations beyond the summits of Craig-y-barns. The plantations of Scotch fir are very extensive; but this tree has long since been abandoned, in favour, first of larch exclusively, and, now, of larch and spruce together; the latter wood occupying those lower and moister

spots which are unfavourable to the growth of the other. The two larches, whence the taste for planting that wood first originated here, are still flourishing on the lawn at Dunkeld: noble trees, of ninety feet stature and of the same breadth, and with an extreme circumference of nearly fifteen feet. So little was this tree known when first introduced in 1738, that these two plants were first placed in the greenhouse. The total number of trees planted by this very active cultivator, amounts to about thirty millions; and the plantations of Dunkeld alone, which are still in progress, cover eleven thousand acres. How the country has been thus converted, in this place, from a brown rocky desert to what it now is, is too plain to be indicated; and what it is yet to effect, will be obvious to those who examine the young woods that are shooting up. It is something to have done this, were it only for beauty; but it is much more, thus to have added to the public and private resources of the country. The larch has already been used in ship-building, so that its value is ascertained: but it has been also discovered to possess an advantage that was unforeseen, in reducing the barren and brown hills to green pastures. Within twenty years, all the heaths, rushes, and former vegetation of the mountains disappear; and the ground among the woods thus becomes green, and applicable to the feeding of cattle, so as, from a former value of a few pence, to produce a rent of many shillings for the acre.

To return now to the western road, the first remarkable object is the narrow rocky pass, called the King's Pass, which opens suddenly on a view of this valley; producing at first a dazzling effect, and no part being more striking than the dark depth of wood through which the Tay winds, silent, black, and majestic, far below. The huge fragments of fallen rock, and the trees

that spring from their crevices, render the pass itself a scene of considerable interest; and, among these rocks, tradition still shews a fissure, said to have been the den of an ancient Highland Cacus, called Duncan Hogg. He is reputed to have dragged the cows which he *lifted*, to this hole; to devour them, like a hyæna, at his leisure. There is much virtue in a term: *lifting*, sanctifies the robberies of Duncan Hogg, as it did the whole breed of Cearnachs, when *stealing* would have destined them to a halter; the language changed, the matter still the same. Thus, it is said, that Duncan would not have taken a purse on the same road on which he would have lifted a cow, as being a dishonourable *term*; although we have never been informed where there were any purses to be taken in the Highlands, unless it were an empty spleuchan. To be portable and useful, formed the chief merit of the pecus; and the pecunia, it is likely, had it been to be lifted, would not have been much more sacred. It is very plain, that as Duncan could not possibly have dragged the whole carcase into his inconvenient lair, he must have had recourse to the delicate expedient of pulling it limb from limb. Doubtless, it is very proper and necessary that this practice should be revived, as well as the wearing of kilts; and as meetings and olympic games for the dismemberment of living cattle have been already founded, we must shortly look to see a new society established, under some triply-compounded Greek term, which I will not suggest, lest I should rob it of any portion of its rights.

There are matters in the King's Pass better worth examining than Duncan Hogg's Hole. It is easy to trace an excavation in the rock, which must have once formed a cascade in the Tay. At a somewhat lower level, on the other side of the small hill on the left called

the King's Seat, there is a similar mark no less distinct; and in the pass of Birnam, at Newtyle Quarries, there is a third, equally corresponding in elevation, and thus serving to prove that this general level once formed the course and bed of the Tay. These appearances are analogous to those before pointed out at the Hermitage, which equally indicate the former altitude of the Braan. Now, in examining the ground at Dunkeld, it will be seen, that, high above the town, there is a flat alluvial terrace, and that a similar set of terraces exists on the opposite side of the river. It will also be found that the levels of these correspond on both sides; indicating that they have been produced by the same causes and at the same time, and that they are the remains of a once continuous alluvial plain. Further investigation will shew, that similar terraces extend through the pass of Birnam; while, above the King's Pass also, they may be traced as far as Logierait, and even further, if it were necessary for the present purpose. Such interruptions as they undergo, can be explained by the passage of lateral streams from the hills, or by the peculiarities of the ground, or by the varying position of the Tay in shifting its place sideways and alternately, during the operation of sinking from its higher to its present level. Thus, having once flowed on a higher strath, it has at length sunk to its present stage; carrying before it all the land that has been removed, to form the Carse of Gowrie, and thus to convert sea into land.

That this is the true explanation is most evident. It has been thought that Strath Tay once formed a lake, which, breaking its barriers at the Pass of Birnam, left the river where we now see it: a supposed case resembling what is the true one in Glen Roy. But it is plain that, under such a supposition, the river could not have

left those traces in the rocks which I have just pointed out, as these imply its flowing at the higher level; while, as these marks correspond in elevation to the terraces, it follows that both are equally implicated in the present appearances.

The height of this ancient level may be taken at about 100 feet above the present bed of the river; and thus, while it is easy to see how far the Tay has sunk, it would not be very difficult to compute the quantity of land or earth that has been removed and carried forward towards the sea. When we look at this enormous waste, we need not be surprised at the formation of the Carse of Gowrie, nor at the deposits which are still augmenting it: shoaling the sea about Dundee, and laying the foundations of new meadows. For this operation is still going on, and must go on as long as the Tay shall continue to flow; though diminishing in rapidity, as the declivity, and consequent velocity, of the river itself diminish. If it is curious to speculate on the period when Perth, had it then existed, must have been a sea port, and when the narrow Tay, far above and below it, was a wide arm of the ocean, it is not less so to consider what the aspect of Strath Tay itself was, when the present place of Dunkeld was buried deep beneath the earth. Nor is it difficult, even to see what it must have been. By laying our eye on any of the terraces, it is easy to bring the opposed one in the same plane, and thus to exclude all the valley beneath: reducing it once more to what it was when the river was flowing above. These speculations, thus pursued, may interest the artist, as well as the geologist and the geographer: since, not only here, but in every deep valley of the Highlands, he would, in making such trials, be at a loss to recognize, in the original shallow and rude glen, the spacious and rich

valley which is now the seat of beauty and cultivation. Contemplating, in this manner, not only the Highland mountains and valleys, but those of the world at large, we are lost in the magnitude of the changes which have carried the ruins of the Himāla to the mouths of the Ganges, which, from the sediments of the Nile, have formed the land of Egypt, and which have created, out of the lofty ridges of America, the plains that now form so large a portion of its continent.

From the King's Pass, even to Moulinearn, the whole of this ride is one continued landscape, ever splendid in the distance, and equally rich and amusing in the closer ornaments of the road. If, to this space of ten miles, we add the ten which extend from Moulinearn to Blair, we may fairly say that no twenty miles in all Britain can be compared to it, for the variety, the continuity, and the magnificence of its scenery. While the lower portion, now under review, is scarcely equalled for beauty and richness by any of the Highland straths, it displays many general landscapes well adapted for painting, and so strongly marked with their own peculiar characters, as to be distinguished from all other analogous scenes. But the most complete general notion of this portion of Strath Tay, will be formed from a situation somewhat elevated, near the Duke of Atholl's farm, which also affords one of the most splendid landscapes upon this portion of the river. Indeed, with the exception of Stirling, there is scarcely a place in Scotland which presents a view of vale scenery, at once so spacious, so rich, so grand, and so easily admitting of being formed into a picture. The broadest part of the valley, for a space of about six miles, is here detailed before the eye so minutely, that every part of its various ornament is seen in the most advantageous manner; the Tay winding along from its

junction with the Tumel, through its bright meadows interspersed with trees, till it rolls along, deep among its wooded banks, a majestic and silent stream beneath our feet. On each hand rises a long screen of varied hills, covered with woods in every picturesque form; the whole vista terminating in the remoter mountains, which, equally rich and various, are softened by the blue haze of the distance, as they close in above the pass of Killicrankie.

This general view, varied in many ways by changes of level and of position, forms the basis of the landscape for some miles; but so great are the changes in the middle grounds, and so various the foregrounds, that although the same leading character is preserved, the separate scenes are always strongly distinguished. Many distinct pictures can thus be obtained, and each of them perfectly adapted for painting; so that Strath Tay is here an object to charm every class of spectator; him who desires to see every thing preserved in his portfolio, and him who seeks for nothing in Nature but beauty, come under what form it may. Nor must I forget to remark, that many minor landscapes, of narrow or close scenery, occur on the road side, among the infinitude of objects, ravines, bridges, rivers, mills, houses, farms, woods, and trees of the most luxuriant growth, which border it through all this space. The small village of Dowally, among other points, will particularly attract attention in this respect, independently of its two tall monumental stones, which are here imagined to be, as usual, Druidical. While on this subject, I may also mention, that there is a small circle in a field north of Pitlochrie, and that a larger one occurs in the western division of Strath Tay, not far from the road. In addition to the landscape scenery of this most engaging ride, it presents, in June, a spectacle of united

splendour and luxuriance which is unparalleled, in the brilliant profusion of broom which, then in full blossom, covers, like a dense grove of gold, all the sandy terraces which, beyond Dowally, hang over it. Nor is it a small pleasure, to witness, in the cottages of the swarm of tenants which crowds it, those marks of comparative opulence and of attention to comfort, which seem always connected, and which are so rarely seen in the remoter Highlands. Happiness may perhaps be equally distributed among both; but we cannot help imagining that where there is the aspect of negligence and poverty, there must be less; and we are at least the happier ourselves, in contemplating the presence of the elements of comfort and of comparative enjoyment. Such will the Highlands be more widely, as example shall spread; since there is nothing here but what the same industry might effect in many other places where it is yet unknown.

Logierait is the place which marks, alike, the junction of the Tay and the Tumel, and the divergence of their two valleys; and it is accessible by a ferry from the western road. As there is also a road to Loch Tay on the north side of the river, by the way of Weem, a traveller may make his election in this matter, and will probably, if he should try both, be unable to determine which is the most entertaining. The remains of the regality court of Atholl are still to be seen at Logierait; a building once so spacious as strongly to mark the feudal importance of this great family. It is said, I know not with what truth, that Robert the second once resided here, and also that it was an occasional residence of Alexander the third.

Though the western and upper branch of Strath Tay is not perhaps equal in splendour to the lower and southern one, it still maintains the same character of richness through-

out; while, instead of the flat extended meadows which mark the latter, it displays a considerable undulation of ground. Thus the vale of the Tay, from Dunkeld even to Kenmore, a space of twenty-five miles, is a continued scene of beauty; a majestic river winding through a highly wooded and cultivated country, with a lofty and somewhat parallel mountain boundary, which is itself cultivated as far as cultivation is admissible, and is everywhere covered with continuous woods, or trees, as high as wood can well grow. It contains, of course, much picturesque scenery; presenting not only landscapes of a partial nature, comprising reaches of the river, or transient views in the valley produced by the sinuosities of the road, but displaying the whole to its furthest visible extremity, under aspects which are varied by the casual variations of level or position, or by the accidental compositions of the fore and middle grounds. Where Ben Lawers is seen towering above all in the remotest distance, these views are peculiarly magnificent; nor is any thing ever wanting which the artist could require to give fulness and interest to the nearer parts of the landscape, where, after all, the chief interest must always lie. I must however remark, that as a picturesque ride, this line has suffered much by the change from the ancient military line to the new turnpike road; which, being conducted upon a lower and more uniform level, has deprived the traveller through this part of the valley, of many of the beauties which it formerly exhibited. Those who have it in their power, should therefore chuse the old road, which is still practicable, and which, in particular, opens those spacious and general views in which so much of the grandeur of Strath Tay consists.

I believe it is but just to say, that Strath Tay is, in point of splendour and richness, the first of the Scottish valleys. This remark, however, implies a comparison,

only with those which correspond with it in general character and extent, and it bears a reference, at the same time, to its dimensions. There are others which are equally brilliant, and more picturesque, for a short space; but there are none which, through so continuous an extent as twenty miles, preserve that character unimpeached. With Strathmore, it cannot be compared at all; because that is a district rather than a single valley. To the valley of the Forth, lying between Menteith and the sea, it is assuredly superior; although the comparison, in this case also, is not very easily or properly made. That of the Clyde, is out of the question. So is Strathspey; since its beauty lies in so very limited a space. The valley of the Tumel, from the junction of these great rivers to that of the Garry, is too narrow to admit of a just comparison; and the next five miles are a still narrower glen. That portion of this valley which contains the lake, is equally splendid perhaps, but then it is not more than five miles long; and the same may be said of the valley of Blair. The vale of the Dee at Invercauld, is unquestionably more grand, and, for a space, equally rich; but the splendour of this also, scarcely occupies one third of the length through which that of Strath Tay extends.

Thus as the Tay is the largest of our rivers, it is also their pride. This portion of its course alone, from Loch Tay to Dunkeld, would render it so, independently of the richness and brilliancy, of a far different character, which occur in some parts of its course from Birnam to Perth, which attend it at that beautifully situated town, and which accompany it hence to the sea. If we were to include with it, its tributary streams, even omitting the Tumel, the picturesque scenes which would thus belong to it, would be increased to an incalculable extent. We

may even exclude the Lyon and the Isla; and there would still be much remaining, in the smaller tributaries which join it in various parts of its course. If Loch Tay be considered, what it truly is, a collector of tributes to the Tay, the extent, and complication, and distance of its sources, will appear quite extraordinary. It is indeed the many-headed Tay; and it is from this cause that there is less inequality in its stream than in that of the Spey, or indeed of most of our rivers. This variety of origin affords a compensation of rain, by which, except in seasons of extreme drought, a sufficient altitude and bulk of water for beauty is always preserved: while the varying distances of these sources also, prevent its floods, however high, from being as sudden as those of the Spey or the Dee. The map will show the extent of country which it drains, from the north, the west, and the east; and also the variety and extent of the ground which it traverses by means of all its contributing branches. Thus we can see from what various and widely separated districts, the materials which are employed in shoaling the firth of Tay, and in laying the foundation of new lands, or in augmenting those already deposited, are collected: while, from the extent and bulk of these additions, we can also explain the rapidity of this process, which will probably, in no great number of centuries, produce effectual obstructions to the port of Dundee.

But what the map does not explain, I have examined on the ground itself; having traced every one of its branches, even in their remote ramifications, and many of them to their very springs. Thus, from the great variety of the rocks through which they flow, we can account for the multiplicity of substances found in the bed of the Tay towards Dunkeld and Perth; while, in a few marked instances, I have been able to name the very hill

from which some particular stone has travelled. In the same manner, having examined the scenery of all these rivers, I think I can say that the Tay, when all the waters that meet in its firth are included, contains a proportion of picturesque beauty equal to that of all the rest of the interior of Scotland. Besides many smaller lakes, it includes Loch Lydog, Loch Ericht, Loch Rannoch, Loch Tumel, Loch Tay, Loch Lyon, Loch Lochy, Loch Dochart, Loch Earn, and the three Lochs of the Lowes, with those of Clunie and Marlie; the whole presenting a great proportion of beautiful lake scenery, of which some has already been noticed. The scenery of its valleys is comprised chiefly in those of the Tilt, the Tumel, the Garry, the Isla, and of its two last tributaries, the Lyon, and the Earn; and in that of the Tay itself. Those of the Tumel, the Garry, and the Tilt, will hereafter be described; and that of the Isla and its tributaries, comprising part of Strathmore, was just noticed: those of the Lyon and the Earn are worthy of ranking with them, as well for richness as for picturesque beauty.

Besides this species of landscape, its various rivers, great and small, present beauties as various in character as they are remarkable; some belonging to the rivers themselves, some to the glens through which they run, and which are generally of too confined a nature to be included in what I have called vale scenery. A slender enumeration of these will convey a sufficient notion of them, to justify, in addition to what I have already said of the scenery of the lakes and valleys, the high rank which I assign to the Tay in the general landscape of Scotland. The beauties of the Tilt and the Garry, are augmented by innumerable lateral rivers and torrents of more or less note, comprising cascades, and what may be called ravine landscape, under a great variety of forms.

The Erochkie running through a pleasing and narrow valley, deserves to be included among these. The course of the Gowar from Loch Lydog, and that of the Ericht from Loch Ericht, both contributing to form the Tumel through the intervention of Loch Rannoch, are without beauty; but the Tumel itself receives numerous smaller streams throughout its whole course, displaying many picturesque scenes which it would be equally endless and fruitless to name. The remoter courses of the Dochart and the Lochy, which unite to form Loch Tay, have very little interest; but at Killin, where they meet, they atone, by their numerous and extraordinary landscapes, for much of the preceding blank. The chief part of the course of the Lyon is included in the enumeration of the vale scenery: but it receives many beautiful lateral streams, of which the Keltnie is scarcely exceeded for picturesque character, by any river of similar dimensions in Scotland. Of the minor waters which fall immediately into the Tay, the enumeration would be tedious; but those of Moness and Dalguise, though the first perhaps in rank, are but examples of a class of beauty which is found dispersed throughout the whole. The rivers which fall in the same manner into Loch Tay, deserve also a high place in this enumeration. Nor must the Braan and the Almond be forgotten; since, either on these, or on their smaller tributaries, much picturesque landscape in many different styles will be found. To the eastward, we have all the streams which feed the Airdle and the Erroch, together with these larger rivers, and those which, often in a far different style of beauty, join the Isla. The mountain torrents which form the higher part of the Isla, belong to a very different species of landscape from those which join it in Strathmore, of which the Dean and the Melgam are the chief; and the great cascade of the Reeky Linn, near

Alyth, among much more in this style, is a fine example, in this class, belonging to a set of waters which are collected from a great extent of alpine country. Lastly comes the Earn; the monarch of a thousand tributaries which it would be endless to enumerate, but of the beauties of which, examples may be taken from the wild course of the Lednach, the Ruchil, the water of Edinample, and others which I must now dismiss, as I must terminate this sketch altogether. Could I place before you one tenth of these landscapes, or even my own portfolios, not containing one hundredth of that tenth, I think you would not refuse to the Tay the title which it most justly deserves, of the king of all the rivers of Britain.

On the southern Strath Tay road, I must point out the singular house of Grandtully, as I cannot pretend to specify its various landscapes. As a specimen of the French, or Flemish, architecture of this country, since it may pass under either name, it is amusing and picturesque; though wanting consequence, because of its small scale. It cannot, however, be compared to the beautiful examples of this style in Aberdeenshire, nor, of course, to Glamis, to which, in point of size, it is a mere toy. It is to be regretted that when Scotland was copying or imitating this architecture, it did not always chuse good specimens; and that it should so often have chanced upon deformity instead of beauty, in applying its pepper boxes and extinguishers to its heavy square unmeaning masses of tower. The value, and the attainable beauty of this style, must have been understood somewhere, or we never should have possessed Heriot's hospital; but how the same people that built this, and which had it daily in view, could have done what it has done at Edinburgh, in twenty places that I need not name, surpasses comprehension. I shall spare you the enumeration of

hideous examples of this style, whether in Edinburgh or in the country, as there is no pleasure in dwelling on deformity. But, besides Heriot's hospital and Glamis, the three specimens which highly deserve to be selected for their beauty, are Fyvie, Clunie, and Castle Fraser; and that, in the order in which I have placed them. Fyvie is truly a magnificent as well as a picturesque specimen of this architecture; and had the design been completed, it would have exceeded Glamis in every respect. Even as it is, it excels it in grandeur and breadth of style, and in a mode of composition more uniformly consistent throughout. It is a considerable fault in Glamis, notwithstanding its picturesque beauty and interest, that the want of sufficient variety of projection in its walls, a defective ground plan in short, prevents it from taking such masses of light and shade as are required to support the ornaments above. This is particularly true of the back part of the building; which rises to a great and disagreeable height, a flat bare wall, carrying aloft a quantity of superstructure which almost appears incongruous, and which renders the nakedness of the body of the building more sensible. It is also a leading fault in Glamis, that the various turrets and crowning parts, are too numerous and crowded;" adding confusion to their picturesque effect, and forming a line on the sky, which, however irregular, is still too flat in the general bounding outline. The eye too is not well able to group the parts; nor do they support themselves more by a general shadow and light, than they do by the design and composition.

If the design of Clunie is far less grand than that of Fyvie, it is a much more picturesque building. It produces indeed a degree of surprise which I have scarcely ever seen equalled in architecture: and as all this is effected by the contrast and disposition of large masses

and great lines, the result is far from deficient, even in grandeur. Nothing here depends on petty ornaments; and the composition altogether marks a mind perfect in the higher departments of art, and an architectural conception formed on the principles of landscape. Vanbrugh appears to have had the same feelings respecting rural architecture; but he never conceived any thing half so good. Excellent as it is in the outline, it is even more so in that which is so general an object of neglect, and which is yet so important: the property of so receiving light and shade in almost every position of the sun, as to produce those effects so indispensable to landscape, and of so much value in architecture. The style of Castle Fraser is from the same architectural school; but the design is utterly different from those of all the preceding buildings. It is also of different periods; yet the additions have been made in so good a taste, that they do not injure that to which they do not absolutely belong. Its round tower, the principal part of the original building, offers a model, whether in its general design and proportion, or in its ornaments, which those who labour in and about a Gothic which they seldom comprehend, would do well to study.

It is in vain to say that this style, which has no proper name, is neither Greek, nor Gothic, nor Moorish, nor of any assignable manner, or to affect to despise it as Tudesque or Flandrikan. So much the greater is the merit of those who invented it; and name it as we may, it is sufficient that it is picturesque and appropriate. It is the merest pedantry to judge of architecture, or indeed of any thing else, in this manner. The object is beauty, after utility; and, not only abstract, but appropriate beauty. It is the merit of this manner, that though it may neither resemble Gothic, nor Greek, nor Palladian, nor any mode which has had a name, it is founded on the

general principles of beauty in art. Its lines are grand, its masses are broad, it admits of ornaments either large or minute, or it can dispense with them. It is tied to no rules as to their disposition, any more than it is in its general design; as its purpose is attained in many ways, and as its objects are general, not particular. Hence its variety is endless; a matter, in itself, of infinite merit, since nothing can be more wearisome, be its abstract beauty what it may, than the almost eternal identity of Greek and Roman, and the far too frequent sameness of Italian architecture. The same columns, the same pediments, the same porticos, the same windows, the same roof: every thing is the same, vary it as we may within the allowed limits, and every one house is too often but a copy or a translation of another. Whatever may be the merits of the Elizabethan architecture, or of Vanbrugh's, this style may be allowed to exceed them in every one of those points which form their chief boast. As applicable to the country, or as contributing objects to landscape, it excels them in every way, as it does equally the several classical styles: no less from its endless variety, than its intrinsic picturesque effects, and the power of adapting it to any position, or to any character or composition of landscape. As far as we can judge from the current applications of the Gothic to buildings of this class, it is even preferable to that system for these purposes. In this style we may build churches and abbeys, or castles; or, if we please, we may intermix them, as is the case with an hundred barbarisms which we see every day; or else, like Taymouth, build a church on the top of a castle. But all this is bad when the object is a dwelling house. It is often incongruous, generally inconvenient, and always expensive. Nor indeed does the Gothic style offer any models for dwelling houses. Its dwelling houses were its abbeys or its castles, and

these were on a large scale. When we attempt to reduce them to a small size, they become mean. The turrets of the castle, which were meant to contain men, will scarcely hold a cat, the towers will hardly admit staircases, much less chambers, the battlements are like the ornaments in an escutcheon, and, instead of the machicolations, we have a paltry pretence which we hate or despise. But any scale will receive the style under review, and its resources, on all scales, are endless. But my dissertation will become endless too; and I must recollect that my business is with Strath Tay, not with architecture. In the mean time, I hope that our architects are beginning to comprehend the value of this system, because I perceive that Wilkins has been taking measurements of some of these very buildings. It is quite time that we should cast off all our trammels in art; in architecture, as in every thing else. There was a time when all but the classical styles were equally despised; and had not another race sprung up, in contempt even of Wren, not only should we have remained ignorant of our splendid and wonderful Gothic architecture, but, like old St. Paul's, all these magnificent remains of the art, the science, the invention, the taste, the splendour, and the piety of our ancestors, would probably have been ere this converted into stone quarries, or have become heaps of undistinguishable ruins.

The falls of Moness, near Aberfeldie, stand, very properly, in the list of sights to be seen, like those of the Bruar, and that of the Braan. Those who die of raptures at the former, and to whom a waterfall is simply the falling of water, will be delighted equally, at the three cascades of Moness. It is equally easy to know those to whom the upper fall will be the finest, and also the chosen few who will turn alike from that and from the lowest, to pass half a day at the

intermediate one. I do not pretend to have seen every cascade in Scotland, but I have seen the far greater number, all that any other two-legged animal ever saw, and many more than were ever seen, or possibly ever will be, by one person. And thus, erecting myself, as travelled gentlemen commonly do, into a judge from whom there cannot be any appeal, I pronounce and decide that Moness is the most beautiful cascade in Scotland; just as I have asserted the same elsewhere, of Tumel, and Fyers, and Urrard. So that there are four firsts. And that too may very well be; since they are all as different from each other, as are the views from Stirling Castle, Loch Coruisk, Ailsa, and Castle Campbell; each of which is, in the same manner, first, each in its several way. If Fyers is characterized by the depth, the magnitude, the style, and the ornament of its magnificent abyss, Tumel depends chiefly on the bulk and the beauty of its falling water, and on a landscape which is both romantic and appropriate. Urrard can no more be compared with these than the Choragic monument of Lysicrates with the Parthenon and the Coliseum. While it is, comparatively, a toy, it owes something, like Tumel, to the beauty of the water, which falls in a similar form and proportion; but more, like Fyers, to the beautiful disposition and ornament of the including chasm. Moness is still more a toy; but it is the miniature of a great style: the cascade and the chasm alike might belong to Fyers, and it is sometimes difficult to imagine that we are not contemplating an object of overpowering dimensions through an inverted telescope.

The water at Moness is a narrow stream, but it has great beauty in itself, from the intricate manner in which it falls; while it is always sufficient, even when most scanty, to give to the landscape that which is essen-

tial; life; and, in every state, it answers that purpose, without gaining much when unusually full. This is the principle, after all, which forms the real attraction, the soul, I may truly say, of cascade scenery; although the cause of its peculiar interest seems to be seldom understood. I do not mean by this, the bustle and the noise, the whiteness and the spray and the roaring, which are the ordinary sources of attraction to the vulgar. These form a separate character, and belong to a far different shade of feeling, to surprise, or wonder, or fear. It is a more delicate principle of life to which I allude, which may exist almost without foam and without sound, with little perceptible motion, and without producing either surprise or amazement. It is a principle which seems to diffuse its soul through all the surrounding scenery, to animate every stone, and bush, and flower, to pervade them all with a community of feeling, and to give them a joint and living interest in the scene. We use the term animation on physical subjects every day, without being always conscious of its meaning or of its value. But animation, which forms the essence of the cascade, is also the essence, if in a far less degree, of much more in landscape than we are accustomed to reflect on. Nor is its operation obscure: since, of physical beauty, it is universally true, that it acts chiefly as it affects our moral feelings, though few are used to trace that connection. It is the presence of a living principle which confers on the flat, objectless, vacant ocean, a perpetual charm, which renders the clouds and the sky a picture which we are never weary of contemplating: it is this which forms the attraction of the lake, the river, and the tree; it is its absence which chills us where these are wanting, and which makes us search for with avidity, and dwell with interest, on even the lowliest hut or the merest ruin that

seems to speak of its existence. Even the rushing of the mountain breeze over the bare and barren surface of the hill, and the hissing of the storm against the naked and dreary precipice, give them an interest before unknown, as if they, like ourselves, were conscious of the gale. It is this delicate and evanescent property of the cascade, which renders that class of landscape unfitted for painting. It is not that, in the picture, we listen for the noise, or desire to see the motion; for, even in nature, we can admire and enjoy the waterfall, when the sound is inaudible, and the motion is scarcely perceptible. But the soul which animated it is wanting, and its charm is gone.

The symmetry of the cavity at the cascade of Moness, and the remoteness of the water, form its chief distinctions. The fall is seen, scarcely as if it was a natural object, but rather like an optical illusion: as something vacillating between art and nature, from which, as I have often had occasion to remark, so much, and so peculiar an effect is produced in landscape. While the elegant form of this deep hollow cannot be exceeded in beauty, its ornaments of rocks, and stones, and trees, and bushes, and ferns, and wild flowers, are all disposed, as if by the hand of exquisite taste, but with all the inimitable grace and ease of nature. The rays of the sun do not penetrate it, but every object is illuminated by a general subdued light, and by the reflections proceeding from the water, and reverberated in succession from rock to rock. Under these lights, whose value are well known to artists, are seen all the rich browns of the dripping stones, the deep black chasms and fissures, the broad grey faces of the rocks, the brilliant golden mosses that cushion every projection, and the light airy green of the ferns, and of the tender foliage of a thousand shrubs, feathering from above; while, aloft, the trees

throw their branches across, tinging with green the transmitted light, and adding to that general effect of tranquillity and peace, which distinguishes this cascade from all others. Here also is experienced, very peculiarly, that effect of harmony of colouring and of artifice united, which so often occurs in cascades of this character, and which seems to have almost brought them already under the hands of the painter. It is a compound effect, intermediate between the artificial colouring of landscape, and that which is produced by the camera obscura. While the subdued tones of reflected light cause it to resemble that of the latter, the watery vapour of the fall diffusing itself over the objects, generates that atmospheric colouring which, in painting, is too often a conventional artifice, and which is the true source of the harmony of colouring peculiar to these cascades. It is particularly remarkable in this one, from the form and space of the cavity, and it is one of the great causes of its effect: producing an appearance of distance in the nearer objects, and thus, while it gives unity to the scene, conferring on it imaginary dimensions, and an air of greatness and magnitude which its measurements would not justify.

But it must not be supposed that all the beauties of Aberfeldie are limited to the falls of Moness. If the tour books have forgotten that this is one of the finest situations on the Tay for landscape scenery, it will justify my hostility to them for their neglect; a hostility which seems likely to remain. The chief of these scenes will be found at different points on the declivity of the very hill which leads to the cascades; and they consist chiefly of views looking across towards Castle Menzies. It is a species of vale scenery, yet utterly distinct from all else which is found in Strath Tay. It is closer, if I may use such a term, and presents middle

grounds of greater space and importance; while the distances do not bear the same undue proportion which, along the greatest portion of this valley, renders its landscapes unfit for painting. The rocky hill which rises above Castle Menzies, forms a striking object, sufficiently near to the eye; and all the hill boundary is equally grand. The richness and variety of the middle and foregrounds, could not well be exceeded; and the bridge of the Tay forms an object in the flatter grounds, which is alike romantic and characteristic. But I must not enter into these endless details.

I suppose it is very well known by whom this bridge was designed; but it is a piece of knowledge which I have not acquired. The fame belongs to Marshal Wade, of course; and with the same justice that the botanist, and an endless race besides, found their reputation on works, the whole merit of which belongs to artists, whose names, if they are known, are never mentioned. It is Mr. Somebody's magnificent Opusculum on the Genus Pinus, and so on, not Mr. Bauer's: and the gentleman author who, in a similar way, produces a splendid volume of ancient architecture, or of tygers or butterflies, and who speaks of "my draughtsman," forgets, as do the public, that, but for his draughtsman, he might as well have reposed in peace. Here we have the "solertia" of Marshal Wade; and the "auspices" of George the second,—good man,—who knew as much about art as one of his own drum-majors. I know not that Tay bridge has a very pure claim to originality; because the hint of the obelisks, from which it derives its chief character, seems to have been borrowed from the bridge at Stirling. But the artist, be he who he may, has improved the idea so much, as to deserve even more praise than the mere invention could have conferred; while, for aught I know, even

Stirling may be but the copy of something unknown to me. Whether that be so or not, the obelisks on Stirling bridge would not be missed were they removed; while, here, they form an essential part of the architecture. To imagine four obelisks placed on the parapet of a bridge, is to imagine a heterogeneous incongruity; ornaments irrelevant to the general form of such a structure, and a fantastical effect. But the artist has avoided all this, by the congruity of the general design, and by the admirable proportions which are preserved throughout, not only in the exterior lines of the bridge, but in the relative dimensions and disposition of the arches. While, from each end, the parapets sweep up in a graceful curve to the bases of these obelisks, the eye is conducted to their summits, as to the natural and necessary termination; the judicious place which they occupy, and the justness of their distances and proportions, producing also a pyramidal general composition, which is as graceful as it is free of affectation. Nothing can well be imagined more picturesque as a landscape object, than Tay bridge; while it is no less unexpected, and even romantic; leading the imagination to an age, and to scenes, which, we feel, are not our own, but which we know not where to fix. As a merely architectural object, it is no less picturesque; affording many striking subjects for painting, according to the different points whence it is viewed. I care not though I pass for a Goth, in admiring what is amenable to none of the former supposed receipts for bridge building; for I still think that, to be picturesque, is an essential quality of architecture, and particularly of rural architecture, and that novelty and variety are as essential to beauty as to pleasure in this art as in any other. We are wearied with the incessant repetition of the same style, and almost of the same objects, at least in that

architecture which we choose to consider classical. The freemasons took a different and better view of this matter; but there is much to be done yet, before we shall get rid of the pedantry of art and the servility of imitation. Though Tay bridge had failed of its effect, it is no small merit to have dared such a work. Being what it is, it offers an example of what may yet be done in a line of architecture which seemed to have been particularly exhausted; and if what I have been scribbling about it, shall make it better known and more esteemed, I shall not, as the boastful say, have written in vain. I cannot help thinking that it has a strong savour of Gibbs or Hawksmoor; whom, with many barbarisms and failures, it would be as well if we sometimes thought a little more of imitating. But I shall be travelling out of the record if I proceed.

As in the tablet at Dalwhinnie, and in many other places, there is here a long and operose Latin inscription from the pen of Dr. Friend, which relates how the military roads were extended, over bogs and rocks, through a space of two hundred and fifty "M. passuum;" and how this bridge was built over the indignant Tay, "indignanti Tavo insultantem," with a courtly compliment to his Majesty at the end: "Ecce quantum valeant Georgii secundi auspicia." "Ultra Romanos terminos" too. The Tay does not feel the least indignation at the matter, for it is here remarkably tranquil; and to say that the military roads were carried so far beyond the Roman boundaries, is not true. A thousand years hence, when half the letters shall be obliterated, some antiquary will be puzzled to ascertain the name of the Legion and the Præfectus viarum; and may probably conclude that Georgius was only a translation of Agricola; while, improving on Sibbald and Chalmers, he will show that the

battle of the Grampians was fought at Aberfeldie. Why could not all this have been told in plain English? If we must be pedants, why not rather borrow from the ancient than from the modern Babylon, and give the record to the world in nail-head characters. It would have the greater advantage of being still less intelligible; and the only difference would be, that instead of applying to Dr. Friend, we must apply to Professor Grotefund. If the Highland Tay was to be insulted with a bridge at all, it might as well have been insulted in the language of its conquerors: for it was left to England to do what Rome had attempted in vain. The very fact, that a whole nation could not tell posterity that it had built a bridge, without applying to the master of Westminster school, renders the record as ridiculous as it is pedantic.

Imagine yourself now at Kenmore: but imagine too that you have now entered a narrow pass, among bold hills and rich woods, that you are amid new scenery, and that Loch Tay lies before you, stretching away broad and bright, far towards the western sun.

GLEN LYON, FORTINGAL, MILITARY USAGES OF THE HIGHLANDERS.

I MUST diverge again from Kenmore, and from the hackneyed track, to conduct you to scenery, which it is peculiarly a disgrace to the herd of writers to have forgotten, because it is as accessible from this place, or from Aberfeldie, as it is beautiful and various. I have already named Glen Lyon as one of our finest valleys; but it is as little known as the Tumel; much less indeed, and has never, I believe, been yet visited by any traveller, or even by any native unconnected with it. Though, to the upper or proper valley of the Lyon, there is access beyond Fortingal, from the Killin road, this mode of proceeding would omit some of its principal beauties, which lie between its exit from that valley and its junction with the Tay. It is also accessible by the military road from Tumel bridge, but it is preferable to enter by Tay bridge or from Kenmore; each of these roads leading through the rich scenery which attends the junction of the two rivers, and each displaying this very ornamental country under different views.

The ancient and ruined castle of Combra is only a vulgar house, of the very worst style, and is rather a deformity than an ornament; but higher up, at Coshiville, is a station where a day may be spent, and where it will seldom be spent to more purpose by an artist. Nor is it interesting to an artist alone; since there are few places more uniformly beautiful in this particular style, than the space contained between Garth castle on the

one hand, and Fortingal on the other; even independently of the various landscapes which it affords. Though the general character is that of a narrow alpine valley, traversed by a deep and rocky stream of small dimensions, the Keltnie burn, there are also some splendid views of widely extended scenery, as well as much river landscape, on a close but larger scale, upon this portion of the course of the Lyon.

Garth castle is the object which will naturally attract most attention, nor will it easily attract more than it deserves. The building is, in itself, nothing, in an architectural view; as it is merely a ruined square tower, without appendages or variety. But it is an important object in the picture, in many positions, merely as an object; while its interest in this respect, is much increased by the romantic singularity of its position, and by the moral interests and recollections that are always attached to these buildings. It occupies what may be called a lofty and acute promontory, at the confluence of two streams running in deep rocky channels; so that, almost from its very base, on each hand, we look down a perilous and perpendicular chasm, on waters so remote that we do not hear them roaring below. Noble and ancient ash trees spring up all around; in many places, hanging from these lofty cliffs, and throwing their branches and their drooping foliage high across the dark abyss. Around, the hills sweep up on each side, wooded and cultivated as far as wood and cultivation can reach; and, behind, stretching far away into the lofty and wild moorlands that decline from Schihallien. But this station, more open in front, presents one of the most noble landscapes in the Highlands; extending down the ravine, and over the valley, which declines rapidly from the eye, carrying along its rocky and foaming stream amid trees

and precipices, till it disappears in the still richer course of the Lyon. On each hand, the hills continue to rise in the same bold sweep, but more wooded and more rich; while, in front, the fine woody hill which separates the Lyon from the Tay, partly terminates the picture; but, yielding on one side, opens also to a distant sight of the rich valley of the Tay, and of the ridge, no less rich and various, which conveys the cascades of Moness. This view will easily recall to mind that from Castle Campbell; as the position of the castle of Garth will also remind us of that splendid place. It would be too great praise however, to say that it ranks with that, amongst the most sublime of Scottish landscapes; yet it is second to it, in this particular style; resembling it in variety and richness, but with far less magnificence, as well as with very inferior dimensions in the essential parts: in the castle itself, in the scale of the ground on which it stands, and in the scenery within which it is more immediately included.

Each of the small streams now mentioned, but the Keltnie in particular, after the junction, is the seat of much beautiful scenery. After seeing so many hundreds of rivers, I might have supposed their possibilities exhausted, had I not known that the resources of nature are unbounded. The character of the landscapes on this little river, differs from all others in the same class; and I know not how better to explain it, than by reminding you, if you have chanced to see them, of a celebrated picture of Rubens representing the termination of the deluge, and of one of Titian, containing a single conspicuous figure of a sleeping nymph. These are lofty objects of reference; but the landscapes which may be found in this spot will justify it. The deep rocky bed of the stream itself, offers numerous examples of close river

scenery, such as belongs to cascades: the water being rapid, and often beautifully broken by stones and insulated rocks, the including precipices being infinitely varied, and the fractures broad and graceful; while all the ornament and richness which trees can confer, are given by the beautiful ashes, which spring from them, or tower and close in from the banks and hills above. In the deeper parts of the chasm, and most remarkably near the castle, and in the rivers before their junction, the narrowness of the ravine and the height of the sides, rising perpendicularly, but irregularly, to the height of an hundred feet, produce scenery of a still different character; resembling that of the celebrated rumbling bridge over the Devon, and the equally well known one of the same name near Dunkeld. But these views do not exhaust the scenery on this entertaining river: as, from various points, its peculiar landscapes become combined with those of the glen through which it flows, so as to produce many pictures of a wider scope and of a distinct character. Garth castle thus forms a very principal object, in various modes and from many points; but to detail these would be useless labour. My object is attained if I can induce you, or any one else, to add this place to the general list of Scottish landscapes; and as one which, from its facility of access, as well as its beauty, ought to find a place in every Highland tour.

The course of the Lyon between the junction of the Keltnie and Fortingal, is also very beautiful, if not easily amenable to the rules of landscape painting. The profusion of wood all through this valley, the narrowness of the glen, the height of the hills, and the beauty of the river itself, with the noble trees that hang over it, render the whole space, short as it is, one which has not many rivals in this country. There is also throughout it, a sin-

gular and unexpected air of seclusion, which adds much to its charm; as if it were, in itself, a little world, unknowing and unknown. If these are things that can produce happiness, I know not many places where a man might be happier than at Garth; and if all the scenery which I have described belongs to its possessor, he may well be proud of his dominions.

I have elsewhere mentioned, or, if I have not, I have intended to do so, the accurate, and often minute and extensive, geographical knowledge of the common Highlanders. This, in a people who are assuredly acute in general, gives them an additional air of acuteness, to travellers who may chance to require such information. It is peculiarly striking to the mere inhabitant of towns, who finds the ordinary lower classes, and often the higher ones, utterly ignorant, even of the roads about their own dwellings, and of the places to which they lead. I chanced to be sitting on a limestone rock in the Keltnie, part of an extensive bed here traversing the country, and had observed formerly that the people fetched this commodity from a quarry many miles off; being unaware, as is not uncommon, of its existence so near them. A flock of little boys and girls happened to be coming from their school, and I called to the biggest of them, a creature of ten years old, to shew it him, and to ask him where his father obtained his lime for his farm. He not only described to me the quarry whence I knew it to come, but every known bed of limestone in the country, for many miles round; some of which I then knew to be truly indicated, and others which I was thus led to examine. But this was a philosopher in an egg shell, in many more shapes. His school was one where English was taught, and where it was prohibited to speak Gaelic. He explained to me the whole discipline, and spoke of the re-

puted policy of this measure, and of general education, as if he had been a reader of Reviews. I had a quantity of pence in my pocket, and as pence are shillings at this age, I gave them to him to divide among his followers, who seemed all to hold him in reverence, and were all silent whenever he spoke or appeared about to speak. Unluckily there were fourteen children, and only thirteen pennies; and as he was about to retain the last for himself, he saw one little girl who was so small that she had been overlooked. He immediately gave her his own, and seemed happier than the rest when he had done it. Such a hero as this might become a Rennel, or a Malthus, or a Bayard: but he will flourish and fade unseen, at the plough or the mattock, unless Lord Breadalbane or Colonel Stewart should discover in him the germ of a Simpson, a Ferguson, or a Burns.

After all, it is only thus that we can learn the nature of a people: as the author of Waverley and his host well knows. It is vain to travel in barouches, and to act up to the reputed character of a gentleman. Hence the comparative advantages of the pedestrian system. Not that I pretend to this latter bold character: but I should have known much less than I do of the Highlanders, though you may possibly think that little enough, had I not made bosom friends of the boatmen, acted King Pippin among the children, driven cattle with the drovers, listened to interminable stories about stots, and sheep, and farms, partaken of a sneeshing with the beggar, drank whisky with the retired veteran, sat in the peat reek with the old crones, given ribbons to the lassies and pills to the wives, and fiddled to balls in Rum. And as the conclusion of all is, that I should be very well pleased to do the same every summer, I know not what other or better proof I can give of my esteem for Donald and all

his race. In indiscriminate praise, however, there is no value; because unmixed merit is not the lot even of Highland life. Non melius de laudato, pejus de laudante. Universal approbation is suspicious, when it is not false: marks of merited censure are the shadows which give truth as well as brilliancy to the lights of the landscape. As to the miseries of the Highlanders, I should rejoice if all that I have said and written would lighten them but by one grain. But I can never teach myself to weep with the haberdashers of the pathetic, because they do not now see ghosts and tell long-winded stories about Fingal; nor because "the happy vassal" can no longer "sit under a tree" or a stone, and "chant his poems to the mountain breeze." The happiness of vassalage is a new discovery; and there is something else necessary in this life than lying in the rain all day, dreaming about ghosts, or singing songs; nor will these occupations fill the Highlander's belly, or augment his comforts. Nor can I grieve over the loss of that chivalrous fidelity of which we have heard so much; because I have long ceased to lament at what is inevitable.

The celebrated yew tree in the church-yard of Fortingal is going fast to decay. Besides that it is a rare tree in Scotland, this specimen is remarkable for its size, as well as for its marks of high antiquity; resembling those which still exist about the English lakes. The original circumference is said to have been 56 feet. It is supposed, of course, to have been planted for the purpose of furnishing wood for bows, at the time when this weapon was in use. That it was an object of attention to the legislature, in the Lowlands, is well known. It is remarkable, however, that no specimen of the bow and arrow has been preserved in the Highlands, among the other arms still treasured up, and that none were found

during the execution of the disarming act; insomuch that some persons have doubted whether those arms were ever used by the Highland clans. There is no doubt however of this fact, as it can be proved by the most positive testimony; although it does not appear that this, or other missiles, were ever much in request among the northern nations, any more than among the Highlanders, or that they were very expert in the use of them. This defect may perhaps be accounted for by the laborious training which the bow required: so laborious, that, even in England when its reputation was fully established, it was always falling into disuse or neglect, and required successive statutes, directed to enforce the practice of archery. In that country, the bow seems to have been little used for many years after the invasion and settlements of the northern nations; and it was at a comparative late period that the English archers acquired that dexterity in the management of this weapon, in which they were acknowledged to excel all nations, and the destructive effects of which induced the Scottish crown to cultivate its use among the Lowlanders. It was from the event of Cressy, that its reputation was established: and thus it was not till the time of Edward the third, that it came into general use in England. It seems to have been established in France long before, as there was a King's Bowyer; and it was there called artillery, yet never seems to have acquired much reputation. The frequent discovery of arrow heads made of flint, proves that the bow was known to many nations, long before they became acquainted with the working of metals. It is remarkable that these have been found all over the world, even in Hindostan; and wherever they do occur, they exactly resemble the various stone utensils of war that are manufactured, even at this day, by the islanders of the South

Seas. In Shetland and Orkney, as in the Western Islands, where they are frequently picked up, that superstition is scarcely yet expired among the common people, which considers them as the arrows of fairies, and as the causes of diseases among the cattle. Animals thus injured, are cured by touching them with the elfshot, as it is called, or by sprinkling them with water in which it has been dipped. But it is only the gifted few who can discover the cause of the disease; who can discern the undiscernible mark which this fairy weapon leaves on the skin; and who, should the animal die, can follow it to its lodgment in the pineal gland or the os coccygis; or, probably, in default of that, to their own pockets.

Although certainly known to the Saxons and Danes, the bow and arrow do not seem to have been much used in war, as I have already said. But their use is rendered unquestionable by their being among the sculptures in the Stone of Forres, commonly called Sueno's Stone; the date of which is probably not more recent than the ninth or tenth century. It appears also, from the tapestry of Bayeux, in which they are represented, that William employed archers at the battle of Hastings. This weapon does not seem however to have been common till after the time of the crusades; when its value appears to have become better known, from the intercourse of the European armies with the East; where it seems, from the testimony of ancient writers, to have been in great request from a period of high antiquity.

The earliest evidence that I have been able to trace of its use among the Highlanders, if that indeed be Highland evidence, is in the sculptures on some of the gravestones in Beaulieu Abbey, the date of which is about the year 1300. In Ayrshire, there is a charge in the Sheriff's accounts, for bows required at the battle of Largs, nearly

half a century before. In Henry VIIth's time, according to Polydore Virgil, the Highlanders also fought with bows and arrows. Much later, in the time of Cromwell, as we find in the life of Sir Ewen Cameron, archery was also in use among the Highlanders; although it does not appear that, even at this late period, the bow and arrow was a general weapon. The last instance on record is in 1665, in the time of Charles IId; and here the archers seem to have been of considerable importance. In a dispute between Cameron of Lochiel and the Macintosh, about some lands in Lochaber, the latter chief, aided by Macpherson, raised 1500 men, and Cameron, with the Mac Gregors, met him with 1200, of whom 300 were archers. Another action of a similar nature, however, I must remark, took place, about the same time, between Glenco and some Breadalbane men, at Killin. These were the last archers that ever were seen in a body in the Highlands; and, from that time, this weapon seems to have disappeared; its fall being acccelerated, doubtless, by the increasing use of fire arms.

There seems little doubt that, before this time, the bow and arrow had been occasionally employed by small parties, as by the proscribed banditti of the clan Mac Gregor and others; and if Martin's authority is valid on such a point as this, it continued to be used in the same manner even down to his day, in 1700. Yet that it was never much resorted to, might almost be proved from an examination of the ancient castles, which are rarely supplied with loop holes for defence, and which seem to have relied for their security chiefly on the strength of their walls.

Having thus far become entangled in war, we may as well fight the battle out, and see what has really been left us respecting this first of all arts in the ancient Highlands. It is one thing to examine evidence, and another to be-

lieve and repeat whatever has been imagined and told, of a state of things, and of times, respecting which national reporters know no more than the rest of the world, and about which they are far less likely to form a correct judgment.

The warfare of the Highlands was necessarily that of all early nations, if the term savage may not also be properly applied to their early condition. To believe otherwise, is to believe that human nature differed there from what it has been ever since the creation everywhere, or that the progress of society from barbarism to civilization has not always been the same. It is to believe that Fingal was a Dunois or a Tirante, as we have been ordered to think. Idleness, division, revenge, destruction; these are the leading points, (cause and consequence,) in the features of all early nations. It is folly to think otherwise, or to wince at such reflections; as if it was not once alike true of all Europe. We have been what America and Polynesia are now. Our splendid continent, the seat of arts and the focus of light, consisted once of a thousand wandering nations, without towns, arts, or agriculture. Hunting and wild fruits, the acorns of the golden age, supplied the food of England and Italy, as they do now that of the Iroquois and the Crees. Inroads, conquest, destruction, were their business and their amusement alike: war was even the religion of the north. Cruelty and injustice are features of savage life everywhere; idleness produces disquiet, and thence war and rapine. The fear of death is no restraint, because life, having no comforts, is not worth retaining; and it was by rendering life miserable in Sparta, that Lycurgus produced that contempt of death which marked the odious savages of this barbarous government. There can be no stronger proof of unhappiness than that carelessness of life which is

found invariably, whether there be a government or not, where the people are miserable.

That all this, and much more, should be true of the Highlands, and at a date not extremely remote, is no cause for wonder or anger: the singularity consists in the period, not in the condition. All Europe had, for some considerable time, emerged from that state, when it still continued in a narrow region among ourselves; offering a political phenomenon not a little singular, and speaking little in praise of that government which could so long endure it. We, ourselves, have scarcely seen it: but that of which our fathers had read, as of ages long past, was here embalmed for their inspection; on a narrow scale it is true, but not the less a picture of former days. It has been the leading error of the Highlanders to forget this: to imagine themselves distinguished for their peculiarities; for good, themselves, as their antagonists have for evil, from all the world at all periods; when the only essential distinction is the period. They outlived the system. We have heard more of their virtues, and more too of their vices, than we have read of those of the parallel people who have long past away. That is the main difference. But they are at length alike past away. That which it required a long lapse of time to effect for Europe at large, was here performed, comparatively, in a moment. The change was a work of time, when all were alike and no one could proceed much faster than its neighbour. But the Highlands were suddenly found surrounded by an overwhelming majority; the universal light broke on them at once, and, in an infinitely short time, they experienced that change which it had required ages before that, to effect for others. Let those who have misled themselves with romantic notions respecting the Highlands, whether for good or evil, reflect

on this. If it is a mortification to this people that they only share the praise of the former days of general Europe, it is a consolation that they divide the blame: each alike was incidental to their political condition.

But, to return to the narrow subject of war, its general nature among the clans is already sufficiently understood. That every man able to bear arms was a soldier, and that the Highlanders were therefore a military people, was only a necessary consequence of their political state. At the same period of civilization, all nations are alike military. Such a force, however, is not an army; because it cannot have the discipline of one: nor was it ever pretended that the discipline of the clans was what we should respect; unless in some instances, and towards their last warfares, when engaged with the government, whether as allies or enemies. Even to the last, however, it could not have been much; since they were not easily rallied, and could not be prevented from returning home when wearied of the campaign. I cannot help thinking, that the military condition of the Highlands under the Lords of the Isles, must have been superior to what it was afterwards among the divided clans. An ordinary clan militia was little more than a guerilla party, perhaps sometimes a rabble; but Alexander and Donald could not have led armies amounting to 10,000 men, without discipline; nor could the battle of Hara law have been fought by a mob, even though the Highlanders were defeated; if indeed both parties did not suffer alike. No system, properly military, could, in fact, subsist in that state of minute subdivision which marked the smaller clans; while it was equally incompatible with that predatory kind of warfare which was waged by them. Plunder, nocturnal incursions, and robbery, never yet were united to regular military discipline; even where, as

among the Pandours and Cossacs, the system has been far better organized, the commands more extensive, and the officers possessed of more power.

The personal courage of the Highlanders seems to have been accompanied by great ardour; a remarkable circumstance in a people who, though keen and acute, are not lively, or mercurial, as the French, who are noted for the same quality of military spirit, are. Steadiness, to impel or bear, in action, and in bodies, are rarely united to this quality; and this inseparable defect appears to have been that of the clan Highlanders. The Highland soldier was a thinking being who acted for himself, and who felt as if the event of the action lay in his own sword: and this feeling, it is unnecessary to say, is fostered by the use of weapons with which men meet hand to hand, and when a man's life is in his own keeping. To what valuable uses troops of this character may be turned, is well known to military men. Whether it remains yet among this people, it is for them to decide; and, if so, to ask themselves whether, in the modern system, every advantage has been taken of it that might have been, or whether the Highlanders have not been too often confounded with a class of men who are rather the integrant parts of one valuable and steady body, than possessed of any personal individuality. From this cause arose the irregularity of the Highland charge, so often described: each man advancing according to his own mental energy or personal strength, as happens now in the charges of the Cossac cavalry.

If the bow was not in general use among the Highlanders before the introduction of fire arms, they appear to have had, for their regular arms, only the sword, the dirk, and the target; at least in the times best known to us. The latter seems to have been sometimes armed with

a pike in the centre. The Celtic and Gothic nations both had spears, and that weapon figures in the Ossianic poetry; yet no record is preserved of its use among the clan Highlanders. The axe is mentioned as a weapon of ancient times; and the Lochaber axe seems also to have been occasionally employed. The former, at least, we know to have been a Norwegian weapon, and it was in use in Ireland. It appears also that the Irish anciently used slings; but I have never heard that this weapon was known in the Highlands. A dagger, or knife, called a skian, was sometimes worn under the garter of the stocking, or in other parts, as an instrument of reserve: and this fashion seems to have prevailed also among the ancient Irish. The Clymore is, literally, the long or two-handed sword, specimens of which are yet preserved in some Highland families. It is a weapon, however, that could scarcely have been in general use, and was probably limited to officers of peculiar strength or prowess, as we know that it actually was sometimes worn by these.

This two-handed sword was a Norwegian weapon, and probably reached the Highlands from that source; as, among the English, it seems to have been derived from the Gothic warriors. It is probable, also, that it was invented after plate armour, against which a lighter weapon was of little avail. Its power and effect in the hands of the mounted knights of the days of chivalry, are well known; but it was also used on foot with similar consequences. Giraldus tells us that it would cut off a man's thigh through his armour, "so that one part of the man fell on one side of the horse, and the remainder on the other." In the affair of Largs, this very feat was performed by one of the Norwegian captains, Andrew Nicolson, upon the body of a Scottish warrior whom the Norwegian historians call Perus, and Ferash; and who,

according to Wintoun, was a certain Peter de Currie; an unfortunate dandy, apparently, who was armed and bedizened in the very pink of the mode, with a belt, in particular, which the poet Sturla has celebrated in his ode, and who rode up and down along the Norwegian line, in defiance, or to display his new armour.

The term has now long been applied to the well-known sword in common use. Though the people appear never to have had any other defensive armour than the target, the chiefs or officers must have occasionally been better protected; as we find proofs of that in the sculptures on some of their tombstones. Some relics of common plate mail have also been preserved as further evidence. Monipennie indeed says that the Highlanders had iron bonnets, and habergeons to their heels. But he is a very fabulous writer; and if such armour had existed, so as to have been in general use, it must have been remembered and preserved. In the more modern times of the clans, the Highland charge is described as being impetuous: the men, after the first fire, throwing away their muskets and plaids, and advancing with their swords. Even so recently, it is said that they could not be rallied when beaten, but that they dispersed and returned home; as they did when the action was over, for the purpose of securing their plunder. When it is remarked that they made an orderly retreat at Pinkie, it seems to be quoted as a special instance. It is remarked also, that they often fell on the ground to avoid the effect of the enemies' fire. Before action, if possible, they took up the higher ground; either to gain a command for fire, or to render their charge more weighty. Like many other mountaineers, they were used, when in possession of fire arms, to act as riflemen; but it never has been said that they were celebrated as marksmen. It has

been asserted that they gave no quarter, and that they shed blood without necessity, even down to the beginning of the last century. Their reputation for cruelty, like many other faults, has, however, passed away, as I have elsewhere more particularly remarked; and it is also denied, and with justice, that the accusation was generally true.

It is understood that where the clan was small, or of a moderate size, it was formed into a single regiment; but that when large, as was the case with the troops brought forward by Atholl and Argyll, it was subdivided into battalions. The chief was the Colonel, and the gentlemen of the clan formed the officers. It seems also to be perfectly known, that, although the discipline of these troops, in the circumstances just mentioned, was not such as to meet our modern military ideas, the moral discipline, on a march, or in an enemy's country, was always excellent; as was indeed proved, both in the wars against the Cameronians and in 1745. At the same time, the people always displayed great alacrity in receiving such discipline as was taught: and even now, I have often, myself, witnessed the surprising rapidity with which Highland recruits are drilled. The carriage of a soldier, which generally demands some time to be acquired, is to them but the work of a day.

They were always remarked for being afraid of cavalry, and to a degree which is sometimes described as absolutely ludicrous; as if the animal itself was to devour them. It is remarkable that they themselves were never mounted. Of the Highlands, it is true, we may say what was said of Ithaca; yet the whole country was not so impracticable, but that there were many situations where they might have used irregular cavalry and derived great advantages from them. It is easy to ima-

gine a Highlander, with one of his mountain ponies, forming a very effective Cossac; always abstracting the kilt, and substituting something better in its place. But it seems as if they had never even thought of the possibility of such a thing: a circumstance which is the more remarkable, as it might be imagined that horses might have been rendered of great use on their plundering expeditions. But they are not even now a riding people; although, almost till this day, the horses have been nearly as numerous as the men, sometimes more so. A Highlander walks sixty or seventy miles in a day, without seeming to recollect that he has, perhaps, half a dozen ponies running wild about his hill, doing nothing. It would be a curious speculation to enquire whether the kilt itself was not the cause of this: as little causes have produced even greater effects.

I think, however, that the use of cavalry could not always have been unknown in this country. The evidence stands on Sueno's stone, at Forres: unless, indeed, the action there represented was fought between the Danes and the Picts. This will never be further settled; but the question of chariots is still more obscure. I shall not quote the Ossianic poems as evidence of any thing; but that the ancient Caledonians, who resisted the Roman armies, had chariots, is matter of Roman history. It is probable, however, that this was a Gothic people, as Pinkerton imagines. What these chariots were, and how they were driven in a country without roads, if indeed it was without roads, is never likely to be accurately known, though their construction has been conjectured. If there could be a moment's doubt respecting the existence of chariots, and these with wheels, even as far back as the sixth century, it is removed by a remark in Adomnan, quoted here on another occasion, who relates it as a mi-

racle, that Columba had travelled a whole day without a linch-pin. That, however, must have been in the more civilized and flatter parts of the then Pictish dominions. It is equally plain, that if the Caledonians who impeded the progress of the Roman army had chariots, they could not have been mountaineers or Highlanders; and that these, therefore, have no reason to boast of that resistance. It is perfectly visionary to imagine the possibility of any carriage with two wheels, be its construction ever so simple and strong, travelling, even for a mile, in any part of the Highlands, unless where the modern roads have been made. What difficulties this throws in the way of some points relating to the Ossianic poems, I need not now enquire; that being done elsewhere.

While the singular activity of the Highlanders must have rendered them admirable light troops and partizans, their endurance and strength wonderfully qualified them for long marches. It is said that Montrose's troops sometimes marched sixty miles in a day. Their mode of life is not yet so far changed, but that they retain this valuable military quality in perfection; but it is rendered of little comparative value, where, as has been too much the case, men of different countries or powers are united in the same regiment, and when armies made of many discordant materials must move in large masses together.

Martin relates that, on an expedition, it was the practice to slay the first animal they met on the enemies' ground, and to sprinkle the colours for good luck. This, if I mistake not, was also a Norwegian superstition. Another modification of this superstition is rather ludicrous than cruel. It was a good omen to meet with a woman on setting out, provided they could succeed in drawing blood from her above the arm-pit. When I say ludicrous, however, I only allude to some recent in-

stances, where the ceremony was performed in a regular manner, by drawing a few drops of blood, according to scientific rules, from the temple or jugular vein. In the olden time, it is likely that they were not so scrupulous: and that the unfortunate biped intruder sometimes shared the fate of the goat or the cow.

Each clan had its war cry, as each had its badge; the latter being a necessary expedient where there were no uniforms or regimental colours; as it is not even pretended that the common men wore those differently coloured tartans by which the clans were supposed to be distinguished; and as even some of these would have been undistinguishable in the confusion of a fight. What the badges and what the cries were, has been preserved for some and conjectured for others; nor need I enumerate either the one or the other. Of the former, only, it has been said by Lowland critics, that it would have been prudent to have always named such plants as were natives of the country, instead of exotics scarcely yet known in its gardens. The field equipage of the Highlanders is known to have been their plaids; nor will any one question that they were, in truth, a hardy as they were a bold race. Yet we must not forget that the power of taking and keeping the field in this manner, has been demonstrated by all species of troops during the last two wars; nor can even the wars of Montrose produce any instance of Highlanders keeping the field so long, and during a season so inclement, as that which occurred during the unfortunate expedition to the Helder, and with as little means of covering. We may surely grant the Highlanders all the praise they merit, without robbing all the rest of mankind of its just dues. In the facility of living on little food, they, however, far exceeded all the troops of present civilized Europe. The Swedes and

Russians of Charles the twelfth's time, might, however, probably have competed for the palm of abstinence with them; it is likely that many of the latter would still. Meal mixed with water appears to have been the regular food of the campaign; but we must also recollect, that the low country Scots were formerly satisfied with the same diet, and showed equal abstinence.

It appears to have been the usage of the northern nations, to communicate their signal of war by means of beacon lights. We do not hear of this practice among the clans; and perhaps it was not often applicable, on account of the nature of the ground and the mode in which the people were dispersed. But the practice of sending the fiery cross, or Crosh Tarie, as it has been called, belonged also to their northern progenitors. In some cases, this was a mere stick, burnt at one end and bloody at the other, or provided with a piece of cloth dipped in blood, denouncing fire and sword against the disobedient; in others, the cross of shame was attached to one extremity; and the place of meeting was communicated by a word. If, as is stated, it is true, that this password and signal were circulated through Breadalbane, and over a space of thirty-two miles, in three hours, no one certainly, to whom they were in succession committed, allowed the grass to grow under his feet. Antiquaries who love to fish in troubled waters, may enquire whether the Christmas game of Jack's alive, is not derived from the transit of the fiery cross.

And thus, in the concatenation of things, we have brought the war to a conclusion, and returned to antiquities, and thence to Fortingal, once more. The circular stone works called Danish, are very numerous in this neighbourhood; reaching into Glen Lyon on one side, and to Edradour and Blair in Atholl, and even beyond

the latter, on the other; being further found even as far south as Dunkeld. This must always have been an opulent country, because it is a fertile one; and this offers a much easier solution of the matter than any of the imaginary causes for these works which have been suggested. Strath Tay must always have been populous: it had wealth to defend and people to defend it with. Roman coins, and urns, said also to be Roman, have been dug up in this neighbourhood; and it is pretended to point out the traces of a Roman camp.

GLEN LYON, TAYMOUTH, GARDENING, LOCH TAY, BEN LAWERS, KILLIN, GLEN DOCHART.

AFTER passing Fortingal, there is a short space, of no peculiar interest; but the Lyon is then seen forcing its way through a deep and narrow pass, quitting that long and spacious valley which is, more properly, called Glen Lyon. The character of this valley is quite distinct from that of any in the Highlands; uniting the appearances of a glen and a strath, being prolonged for a distance of about twelve miles, almost in a straight line from this pass to Meggarnie, where its beauty ceases, and being bounded, on both sides, by continuous and almost unbroken ridges of mountain, of a very steep acclivity. It is also a green glen and a wooded one, and is highly peopled; and although this general description might imply uniformity, it presents considerable variety of character throughout. If its landscapes do not resemble those of the valleys formerly described, they have a character as decided as it is purely their own. There is not here that succession of distant trees in perpetual diminution, and that consequent intricacy and minuteness of ornament, which belong to Strath Tay, or even to the valley of Blair; nor are the outlines and forms of the hills so varied by the successive appearance of distant ranges and summits, as in most of the glens which I have described on other occasions. But to compensate that, there is a simplicity and breadth in the general

forms, together with strong markings in the shape of the ground and in the sky line, from which the leading characters of this landscape are chiefly derived; while, in place of the dazzling minuteness of successive and diminishing trees, the woods and the groups, and even the rows and single trees, which skirt the river, or are scattered on the sides of the hills and in the bottom of the valley, are all marked by the same character of distinctness and simplicity which belong to the ground itself; thus maintaining a harmony of style in every part. To this I must add, that not only is Glen Lyon thus beautiful, almost throughout a large portion of its extent, with little more of blank perhaps than suffices for contrast, but that it presents, for the artist's use, many distinct and striking landscapes, in different modes of composition; always rendered peculiarly rich in the middle and foregrounds, and hence also differing from those of most of the valleys formerly described, where so much depends on the middle distances and on the outlines upon the sky. The want of variety and of space in the extreme distances, might indeed almost seem a defect in this place; were it not that the landscape does not materially depend on these for its character: which may almost be considered as appertaining to close scenery, if such a term can be applied to so spacious a valley.

The steep descent into Glen Lyon, amid dark and dense woods, is very striking; and we immediately enter on a narrow part of it, giving room to little more than the road, and to the river, which rolls majestically along beneath lofty overhanging mountains and amid trees of noble growth. These, with all the freedom of nature, are nevertheless so disposed on its banks, skirting it as with an avenue, that we almost imagine we are entering on some pleasure grounds, and naturally look for the

house to which they may belong. It is all a splendid park scene, where every thing is already done, but where all is deserted and all in the hands of nature. To the artist, it affords many fine subjects for drawing, in a peculiar style of river scenery, where the trees, each of which might form studies, as well for their magnitude as for their beauty, variety, and distinctness, form even a more important part of the landscape than the hills, which rise suddenly up, high and rocky towards the sky; adding, to the ornaments of the river, the support and contrast which confer on it an alpine character. I ought to have said before, that where the Tay and the Lyon join, the latter is scarcely inferior in consequence, so that its importance in the scenery, as a mere body of water, is easily comprehended; while, in different places, it presents the different characters of a river forcing its turbulent way through a rocky channel, of a deep and smooth stream gliding majestically beneath its high banks, and of a meandering water whose bright and distant glimpses are occasionally seen as they break out among the trees which adorn it, or among the intricacies of the ground.

As the valley expands beyond this part, the scenery changes its character in various ways, so as to display, in some places, new modes of river landscape, in others, the wide and prolonged strath, bounded by its lofty hills and stretching away with a succession of irregular ground and of scattered trees and woods; offering a class of vale scenery as distinct from all that we had before seen, as it is grand and picturesque. I dare not attempt to specify these, but may observe that some of the most remarkable will be found about the middle of the valley; one of which, in particular, cannot fail to attract notice, from combining, with the richness that

arises from the repetition of trees along a river in a distant and intricate succession, that grandeur and simplicity in their forms and disposition which I have already pointed out as peculiar to this place. It is an additional source of variety in these landscapes, that, in many parts, the bottom of the valley is exceedingly irregular; being marked with deep and frequent undulations of the ground, or with transverse hills and depressions, instead of that continuous level so common in most glens and straths in the Highlands. If the long and high terraces which mark the former levels of the river, add nothing to the beauty of the scenery, they are at least interesting objects; from their great continuity and distinctness, and from their enabling us to trace, with perhaps more ease than in any other spot, the great series of changes which the bottom of this valley has undergone.

For some space before reaching Meggarnie, there is no longer any distinct landscape, but the valley still continues pleasing, though wild, and wooded as far as the domain of this remote and strangely selected country-seat; after which all beauty ceases, and the whole is a rude mountain glen, with little decision of feature, even to the source of the river. From this point, there is a road over the ridge of Ben Lawers to Killin, forming a communicating branch of the military roads; wild and arduous, and if without picturesque beauty, not without interest. On the further declivity, however, as it descends on Loch Tay, it affords some magnificent views of the upper part of this lake, and of Killin: superior indeed to those which are obtained, further south, from the immediate ascent of Ben Lawers. I have rarely met with such effects among the clouds of these mountainous

regions, as I here experienced the last time I crossed it: effects, the occasional splendour of which is well known to those who have had similar opportunities. There was a dense mist with rain, unusually dense and dark, and it was my chance to reach the rude obelisk which marks the summit, at the very middle of an eclipse of the sun. Had it been a total one, the darkness could scarcely have been greater than it was here. I was alone on this wild ridge, all, of the few objects which I could discern, appeared vast and formless, shadowy, and vague, and uncertain; and all was fearfully silent, except the whistling of the wind, which seemed to sound mysteriously among the whirling and entangling clouds. The obelisk itself, dimly seen among the gray mists by the doubtful light, appeared a huge spectre; the genius of the night and the storm. I could not help pausing to consider this strange chaos of half-embodied vacancy, an abyss of darkness and mist and doubt and silence, a day of night more solemn than the night itself, a darkness more tremendous than the utmost gloom of midnight. We have all felt the force of Milton's expression; but there was here more than the merely visible forms of darkness, more than that conjectural and appalling gloom which we meet in the deep cavern, or in the twilight wood, or on the stormy and midnight sea shore, displaying the doubtful shapes of things unknown. As the mists and the showers drove along before the gale, now rising up as from an unknown abyss below, and then descending as from above, at one moment every object vanished, and all was one blank; all empty, around, above, below. Again as they passed away, huge and shadowy forms seemed to appear for an instant, and, in a moment again, all was gone; adding, by the semblance of motion, to

the ghostly and fearful images that seemed flitting and floating among the dark twisting vapours, and whose voices almost seemed to be sounding hollow in the storm.

Had I not been alone, half the effect of this scene, event I should rather call it, would have been lost. Had I not known, or supposed, whither the road was conducting me, and believed that I might trust myself to it, I might have added anxiety or fear, and have related or feigned, like Will Marvel, a tale of terrors. Had I not recollected the eclipse, I might have chosen to imagine that the millenium was at hand; and, as it is, I have forfeited a noble opportunity of "splendid falsehood," of surprising the audience with the history of my heroism. But the dark moon passed off as I descended the mountain; and as I attained the edge of the cloud, a wild and strange vision of Loch Tay appeared at intervals among the rolling and curling mists, gleaming bright in the sun. Higher and higher the curtain rose, becoming silvery and bright as its lower edge still showed, faintly glittering through its tender vapour, the rich vale of Killin, appearing itself to move, like a magical illusion; a fairy landscape in the clouds. Closing again, the whole gay vision vanished; till, at length, rolling off on all hands in huge curling folds, I thought of Harlequin and Columbine, and all my poetical ideas were dissipated. They would have been effectually dissipated at any rate, when I found myself dripping and shivering on the edge of the long ravine which leads down the mountain side.

Like the whirligig which returns to your hand when it has got to the utmost length of its chain, I must come back to Kenmore, to take thence a new flight: "forcing whole regions, in despite of geography, to change their

site." But I know not that I can say aught of Kenmore and Taymouth which has not been said by others, and which was never said by any one worse than by Burns; who, whenever he attempted to describe natural scenery unconnected with his own peculiar moral views and situations, sank, the lowest of the low. But the verses on Taymouth are quoted as often as the cotter's Saturday night; and thus do the multitude discriminate what they imagine they admire. There is a charm at first sight, and an air of importance at the same time, about this little village, as if it was the capital of a region and the sea port of a mountain land, which cannot fail to be soon dissipated. But its real merits remain: space, order, neatness, and a situation not easily paralleled, in a mountainous country, for commodiousness and beauty. In England, such a village might have become a large town: the resort of the semi-opulent, unemployed, and retired people in which that country abounds. Scotland is far differently situated in this respect; while the increase of Kenmore is naturally checked by the monopolizing property which surrounds it, and by its long-established rival, Aberfeldie. We must grieve here over the wretched architectural pretensions of its tower; which, without an additional foot of stone, might have been rendered as beautiful as it is now paltry. But the dæmon of bad taste seems to have taken the whole surrounding spot under his especial protection: marring what it could not destroy. The architect of Inverara probably supposed that he had performed a mighty act when he placed a casino, I ought to say, casino upon casino, on the top of a baronial Gothic keep: but he of Taymouth, resolved to outwit him, has surmounted his castle with a church. If the effect was good, the incongruity might be pardoned; but the illegitimate produce is, at

the same time, ponderous and airy, fantastical and dull: "a house which this, of cards might build."

It is a remarkable circumstance about Taymouth, that although it appears to possess all the elements of landscape, in its bright lake, its noble river, its rich valley, its woods, and its lofty hills, it affords no subject for painting. It wants variety also: since, once seen, it is all seen. It must nevertheless be allowed the praise of grandeur and beauty; yet the former is diminished, as the latter is materially impaired, by the artificial manner in which the grounds have been laid out and the hills planted. It is plain that it is the base offspring of a capability-man; who, unable to comprehend the character of the scene, has done all he could to reduce it, by the clump and the cabbage line, to the standard receipt for beauty. Whether deformed by Brown or not, it is of his school. The hills are dotted and spotted with dry and formal lumps of trees, and the more extensive plantations are all similarly bounded by lines of iron; filling the whole so completely, as to reduce it all to the appearance of artifice and stiffness, and utterly marring its natural freedom and grandeur of character. It is like Lude, but on a far other scale; so that while this is but a patch in a wide and splendid natural landscape, too small to cause much evil, and, in some respects, even advantageous, every thing at Taymouth, hills, water, valley, and even the sky, cut by ignoble regiments and platoons, is an artificial and drilled scene that seems to have been modelled in a toyshop and transplanted hither by a chain and a theodolite.

The system of Brown has been defended, because, as it is said, his conceptions were correct and in good taste, and that the dryness and artifice of the produce were to be remedied by time. Admitting that time might do

much in removing the immediate formality, it never yet has given, and never will, give ease and grace to his plans; nor can it ever destroy the appearance of art, and of an ugly art. It is not to art, as such, that we ought to object in these cases; for where man is the obvious master, where he is seeking for convenience and comfort as well as for beauty, he is justified in using it. There is also a congruity in the artificial arrangement of our domestic landscape, because it is related to our architecture. It is proper that the domain should form a portion of that artifice which determines the form and position of the house; and particularly where that domain is immediately subservient to our comforts and our uses. That portion, however, is limited to certain bounds; and there art may appear with propriety, and ought to appear. But it may be magnificent or graceful art, and it admits of propriety and congruity; of adaptation to the nature without, as to the architecture within. It is thus that the noble stretch of the avenue is justified; and there are few avenues finer than the well-known lime-tree avenue of Taymouth: it is thus that we justify the shaved lawn, the trimmed walks, and even the architectural garden, which, modern fashion, always in extremes, has abolished. But in the system to which I am here objecting, the art offends, because it is an attempt to imitate nature, and because it is a failure. It professes one thing and has performed another. As nature, it would be ugly, because it is stiff and graceless; and, as art, it is ugly, because it is careless and clumsy art. It is a kind of enormous topiary work. It has no relation or resemblance to natural landscape; and it has not the decision or the grandeur which evince the conceptions of man and prove his power over nature. Such, not to dwell on this subject, are the leading faults of this system. But it is

even a greater one, that it holds no regard to previous nature. It is an universal receipt which reduces every thing to one face and aspect. It is in vain, after this, to talk of the genius of its inventor. All scenes, the wide plain, the spacious vale, the narrow valley, the undulating hills, and the lofty mountain, become the same landscape. There is no invention: and it is evident that its promulgator never could have formed the slightest conception of the nature of that landscape which he pretended to produce or to embellish. The receipt is infallible: it is universal and invariable, and may be applied by any one. It is said that Brown was a gardener. That may be: but we might have imagined him a cook; for his hors d'œuvres and entrèes resemble fully as much a well ordered table as they do the sausages and patty pans of a flower garden. The belted and clumped park is, at best, but a huge flower garden; and the obvious imitation is one source of its meanness, though we do not always reflect on the cause.

If we could be surprised at any thing of this kind, knowing how fashion prevails over taste, how rare the latter quality is, and how mankind follows him who makes bold and high pretensions, we should be surprised at the wide adoption and long prevalence of this system, and at the consequent enormous expense which has been bestowed on these imaginary improvements. There is much, even yet, to excite our wonder, when we see the facility with which the opulent still yield up their purses and their lands to the guidance of any new and upstart pretender to taste in these matters. It is *im*possible that persons of such narrow views and *me*chanical habits, can succeed in an undertaking which requires, alike, much taste and much education. It is not too much to say that it is the highest department of landscape paint-

ing; implying the most perfect and universal intimacy with Nature under every one of her possible forms, and an acquaintance with the general rules and practical principles of art, no less perfect.

I do not mean to follow a party which exclaims about the picturesque, which cants about roughness and wildness, and which would make every scene the subject of a painting. This is a mistaken extreme, were the practice possible, which it is not. The landscape gardener, using that term in its best sense, has no such power over his materials and his tools as the painter. Neither can he hope, nor ought he to desire, to convert the ground which he has undertaken, into a picture or a series of pictures. It is his business to study the natural character and tendency of the peculiar beauties or circumstances with which he has to deal; to follow and embellish nature where he can, not to force her to conform to a system. Thus he will ensure alike, congruity and variety. An improver of this class will not attempt to reduce the mountain and the plain, the wide sweeping hills and the narrow valley, to the same aspect. He will study the native physiognomy of the lake, the river, the glen, or the acclivity; and he will study also the peculiar features of each river, and of every hill or plain that may come under his command. To these he will apply his plantations, (for he has little else to work with) as the principles of beauty, and congruity, and effect, in nature and in art, direct; and from these also he will remove what may interfere with the character or the composition of the scenes which he may have the means of thus extricating and improving.

Nor can all this be done as it ought, except by him who is familiar with nature in all her endless forms, whose eye is ever open to seize the most delicate and

evanescent beauties, who can discover where a peculiar feature of grace is suffocated or where it is imperfect, who can see where nature tends, what she might have done, and what obstructions a variety of accidents, in defect or in excess, or in casual misarrangement, has thrown in the way of her attempts. It is he whose eye is ever open to natural landscape, who has studied it as a painter does, and as none but a painter can do, who is the true landscape gardener; and it is thus, but thus only, that this occupation belongs exclusively to the landscape painter, and can, as a trade, properly belong to no one else. It is among the Turners, and the Wards, and the Martins, that we should choose our professional landscape gardeners; not among the Loudons and the Reptons. These are not the architects of landscape; they are the stone-masons of this branch of art. It is he too, who to the intimate and wide study of nature has added an acquaintance equally intimate with the works of painters, who can alone extricate, from wild nature, the several characters under which she often conceals, rather than displays, her forms and her beauties. With the eye of Claude, he sees the landscape that Salvator might have overlooked; and thus too he discovers, by the aid of Hobbima and Ruysdael, what, if his studies had been limited to Wilson, he might have passed unnoticed. But, more than this, the landscape painter is not called on to do; and more than this, the judicious improver will never attempt. To endeavour to manufacture landscapes fitted for painting, is to exceed the legitimate bounds of improvement, and to become a pedant instead of an improver. To such I would as little commit power as to the capability-man.

It is another advantage which the judicious landscape painter possesses over the common improver, that his

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alterations contemplate equally the smaller and the greater features. He is accustomed to trace the separate beauties required for every point of his landscape; he sees where all the elements with which he has been accustomed to operate are true, and where they are false, where they are marked by grace and where by deformity, where and how they may be modified or suppressed, brought to light or excluded, or improved by addition or retrenchment. Every bank, and stone, and tree, has been to him a study, as much as the general composition, the colouring, and the greater features; and from all these he will produce beauty, of which the system-monger has no conception. And it is in the smaller parts that such alterations are most easily made; in those very parts which do not enter into the contemplation of the common capability-man. Our powers over the general landscape are very limited; but we can modify the separate portions to beauty, with little comparative labour and expense. To these we look, as to the middle grounds and foregrounds of the painted landscape; and thus, often, by means of a single tree planted or removed, a few bushes added to conceal a defect, or a few cut down to display a beauty, or by trivial removals of earth from a river bank, or of similar additions to change a line or a form, the artist of taste will produce, and often at a trivial expense, that which the trading improver is unable to see, or, possibly, destroys, with much labour and much money.

I have said elsewhere, when on the subject of architecture, that it is one of the great merits of taste to be an economical quality. Nor can this one of its properties be any where more successfully demonstrated than in landscape gardening. When we contemplate the enormous sums of money that have been lavished in raising or

lowering ground, in forming canals and lakes, and in injudicious plantations, and when we see what the effects are; and when we reflect, on the other hand, with what slender efforts beauty might often have been obtained in judicious hands, we may fairly conclude that something more than money is required in this line of art, and that extravagance and failure are generally allied. The ancient painter who could not make his Venus beautiful, made her fine. I have remarked elsewhere, that the art of seeing landscape in nature is limited to few, and is the result of study and education. Had it been more generally diffused, there would have scarcely been such a trade as an improver of grounds, or it would have fallen into far other hands. We should not then have seen throughout the country, those artificial grounds which we now see; nor is there now any reason why he who has a taste for nature, and who has cultivated it by the study of art, should not be his own improver, and thus rescue alike his lands and his purse from the fangs of an ignorant class of pretenders. It is a cowardly and an indolent spirit that suffers taste to become a trade, that crouches to the bold assertions and pretension of those who are to profit by this timidity. This is a branch of the commercial system, and of the system of division of labour, which tends to reduce every man to a twister of pin's heads; which divides, in every thing, as in watch-making and cotton-spinning, the whole community into the separate and unthinking parts of one great machine; a division under which the higher faculties of the mind must vanish, whatever dexterity may be acquired by the fingers. Were I a possessor of lands, which I shall never be, I should as soon consent to place my wife as my estate under the direction of a capability-man.

Yet a word on the garden, before we part with this sub-

ject. In the ancient system, the garden formed an integrant part of the house; but the honours of "the flower and the lefe" are no more. It is not now the resort of the proprietors, the scene of the morning airing, the shelter from the blaze of noon, and the seat of the evening festivity, of the rural supper, the promenade, or the conversation. Because the term gardening has changed its meaning, the garden has been abolished, or is consigned to the gardener and his myrmidons, the nursery of cabbages and leeks. It was not sufficient to send back the leaden host of Heathen Gods to the foundery, to break the sheers, and once more to suffer the topiary box and yew to wander back to their native freedom; but all has been swept away alike, fountain and terrace, and flowery walk, and shaded arbour, and alley green. All is vanished together; and the house is now a cold dry specimen of architecture, placed on a cold, dry, shaven, and polished lawn, where not even a daisy is suffered to raise its head; resembling the elevation in the builder's office; a mushroom that seems to have sprung up, like an exhalation, we know not why or whence. If we wish for a sheltered or a shrubbery walk, we must seek it far away amidst the damps and dews, or under a burning sun. If there is a flower garden, it must be attained with so much labour, that, like the books of our upper shelves, we never become intimate with it. It is connected with nothing, and it is left to the taste of a nurseryman, or of his pupils, to choose, and form, and direct. It is as if we had entered into a conspiracy against our own comforts. Nor is it against our comforts only, but against our interests. The fruit and the vegetable garden are removed from our sight and reach, the gardener looks on our visit with as jealous an eye as the coachman or cook if we trespass on their departments; and

that, over which we have no check of acquaintance, and which we seldom see, finds its way to a distant market instead of to our own tables.

It is a new refinement in elegance to have discovered that the garden is a disgusting or an ugly object; but it is the interest of the gardener that it should be so, as it is for his interest also that it should be remote from the house. It was not always thus; nor need it be so now. Even the hot-bed department is not necessarily disagreeable; nor is there any difficulty in concealing the very little in a garden, which is confused, or which cannot be kept neat. There is scarcely a plant, or a shrub, or a tree, cultivated for use, which has not some beauty; and there are many which are peculiarly beautiful in themselves. In many also, there are two seasons of beauty; the period of the flower and that of the fruit; when our ornamental shrubs and trees and flowers have but one. The raspberry and the currant, the apple and the pear, have their spring and their summer and their autumn; of sweetness and ornament, of promise and performance: the snow white of the strawberry is succeeded by its brilliant scarlet, the Jerusalem artichoke is the rival of the sunflower, and the bean emulates in its odour the produce of the sweetest flower garden. We have variety of form and colour, of plants and shrubs and trees, in our kitchen and fruit gardens; and what more is essential to beauty? It never can take from their ornament, that they are useful; and it is a miserable affectation which pretends to despise them, because we choose to call them onions and cabbages and gooseberries, and to attach false notions of vulgarity to the term kitchen garden. If it is injudiciously disposed for beauty, if formality and nakedness are studied in the arrangements, these are neither necessary nor useful. We are limited to no such dispositions,

and may intermix and unite the several parts, flowers, plants, shrubs, and trees, so as to produce the same ornament as from our flower gardens and shrubberies. We may even make them as irregular and picturesque as would satisfy the greatest stickler for roughness and rudeness, without incommoding the workmen or impeding the cultivation. The shrubs and trees for use may be grouped, or they may conceal any part which is judged offensive.

Nor are we limited, either to merely useful trees or to merely useful plants, nor even to uniformly level ground. If the ancient terraces and inequalities are to be rejected for ever, as they have been, the ground may undulate in any manner that nature may have made it, or art may choose. So may mere ornament be intermixed with utility. It is by no means necessary that the shrubbery and the flower garden should be utterly distinguished from the garden of use. They may form its ornaments, in any mode and on any scale. They may be used, even for concealment. We may have a dressed and an ornamented kitchen garden; or we may have a flower garden and shrubbery containing fruit-bearing trees and vegetables. Thus pleasure and utility may be combined; nor does it require any vast effort of taste to render such a garden a fit companion for the house; the hourly and commodious, as well as the pleasurable, resort of its inhabitants. If the sight of onions offends, it may be counteracted by sweet pease and carnations. Rose bushes may conceal the cabbage bed; and even the potagerie of aromatic herbs may aid in ornamenting the borders, instead of being pushed and heaped into a remote corner, unseen and unknown. The lily of the valley, and the violet, lavender, pinks, sunflowers, larkspurs, asters, a thousand flowers succeeding from spring to autumn, may

deck and grace the beds, as the lilac, the laburnum, and the barberry, may be used to group the forms, and to produce sweetness and effect united. Nor would any great exertion of taste or ingenuity be required to render our gardens the most attractive objects and the most hourly and convenient sources of amusement in our pleasure grounds. Let us hope that common sense will at length resume its sway, and that fashion may be confined where it is comparatively inoffensive, to the taylor's shopboard and the milliner's secret room.

Though Loch Tay is a spacious and a splendid piece of water, and though its hills are lofty and its margins are wooded and cultivated and enlivened by houses, it scarcely affords one landscape from Kenmore to near Killin; nor do I know any place in Scotland which, with so much promise, produces so much disappointment. Nor is this disappointment limited to the artist, or to him who is dissatisfied unless he can mark and define the composition of a specific landscape; as, to all, though pleasing, it equally palls by the want of variety; leaving, after a transit of nearly fourteen miles, with a bright lake bounded by mountains on one side, and a continued range of wood and cultivation on the other, no recollections on which we can dwell, and affording no one picture which we can readily distinguish from another.

This remark must, however, be confined to the northern bank, the ordinary rout of travellers. It would have been far otherwise had the road been conducted at a lower level; at the level which the engineer (any engineer but Marshal Wade's) and the man of taste would have chosen, along the margin of the lake, and among the intricate and beautiful promontories and bays by which it is bounded. But the Marshal's law was the rule of the Norwegian crabs: and certainly neither the

Medes and Persians, nor this inveterately mathematical army of mailed chivalry, ever stuck more religiously to their edicts, than the Field Marshal's soldiers when they spent a week in removing that hundred tons of stone, called Ossian's tomb, in Glen Almond, lest they should diverge one yard from the true line laid down by the canon law of this Præfectus viarum and rival of Hannibal. At present, the artist and man of taste who is condemned to travel the dull up and down of the north Loch Tay road, will find another powerful ally in the unlucky post-horse: and even the innkeeper forgets to "bless Marshal Wade," when he recollects that, but for his inveterate rectilinearity, the present fifteen miles might have been twenty.

It is far otherwise on the southern shore; since few roads offer greater temptations, or are more productive of a succession of picturesque landscapes. Nor is the cause of this difference difficult to be seen. While the northern road is continued on a nearly uniform, though undulating, level, high above the margin of the water, the southern frequently runs near the shore, and follows all the inequalities of the ground. It happens also that the declivity of the northern hills is not marked by much variety; while that of the southern is very intricate. Besides this, the bold outlines of the northern hills, including Ben Lawers, form the extreme distance of the views from the south side; while, to those from the northern bank, the southern hills present an uninteresting distance. It is the character of the landscapes on the southern side of Loch Tay, to be rich, and full, and various in the middle grounds, and to present also a great variety of foreground. The lake thus becomes rather a portion of the picture than the picture itself; and thus these views escape that appearance of vacuity which forms the leading fault of our lake scenery. As these middle

and foregrounds are produced, partly by the irregularity of the shore line, broken into bays and promontories of various character, and partly by the undulations of hills containing much irregular wood and many fine and independent trees, there is a frequent change of scene, and as much variety as could well be, where the distance undergoes no very conspicuous alterations. I need not attempt to specify any particular landscape, where the whole is a succession of landscapes.

Of the few objects on the northern side, the wooded island containing the remains of a priory, naturally attracts the first attention. This was an establishment dependent on Scone, founded in 1722 by Alexander I, whose queen Sybilla, the daughter of Henry I, is buried here. It possesses another kind of celebrity, from having afforded a retreat to the Campbells in Montrose's wars. It was taken, and surrendered to General Monk in 1654. Being a picturesque object, it adds much to the beauty of this part of the lake.

The most interesting part of Loch Tay, however, is Ben Lawers, one of our highest mountains, since it is supposed to exceed 4000 feet. It is often a fine object at a distance, particularly from Killin; but it is much more interesting as a mountain to ascend. It has the additional advantage, to travellers, that the ascent is so easy as to permit riding to the summit. I have ascended almost every principal mountain in Scotland, since I have made almost as many ascensions as Monsieur Garnerin, and have no hesitation in giving the palm to Ben Lawers. Ben Lomond alone can compete with it for the view from the summit; but there is a much greater variety of country seen from this hill, and the range is also greater. It is also a great advantage in this case, that Ben Lawers towers over all the hills immediately near it, by more

than a thousand feet, and that it has no competitor in altitude nearer than Ben More, which, while it is also inferior, is so remote as not to obstruct the view. It is impossible to describe the variety and splendour of this, the most magnificent of our mountain views; but a conception of it may, perhaps, be formed from the geography which it embraces. To the south, we look down on the lake, with all its miniature ornament of woods and fields, terminating westward in the rich vale of Killin, and uniting eastward with the splendour of Strath Tay, stretching away till its ornaments almost vanish among the hills and in the fading tints of the atmosphere. Beyond the lake, the successive ridges of hills lead the eye over Strathearn, which is l ever invisible, to the Ochills, and the Campsie, and hence, even to Edinburgh; the details of this quarter, from Perth, being unexpectedly perfect and minute, and at the same time well indicated by the marked characters of the Lowmont hills. The place of Dunkeld, and the peculiar style of its scenery, are also distinctly visible; and it is equally easy to make out the bright estuary of the Tay, the long ridge of the Sidlaw, and the plain of Strathmore. Westward, we trace, without difficulty, the hills of Loch Lomond and Loch Cateran; and, in the same manner, every marked mountain, even to Oban; Cruachan and Buachaille Etive being particularly conspicuous. To the north, Glen Lyon is entirely excluded; the first objects, in this direction, being Schihallien and its accompanying mountains, leading us to the vale of the Tumel and Loch Rannoch, and even to Loch Laggan, seen as a bright narrow line: and thus, on one hand, to Glenco and Ben Nevis, and, on the other, to Ben-y-gloe, lifting its complicated summit above the head of Ferrogon; beyond which the mountains at the head of Dee, of Marr and Cairngorm, marked with perpetual snow, were the last

objects which I could satisfactorily determine. So great a range of view, with so many and such marked objects, is unexampled in any other spot in Scotland. From almost every other mountain, there is some obstruction in the neighbouring hills, which cuts off a portion of the horizon; and, from Ben Nevis, where the view around is quite open, the objects are so little marked, and so uninteresting, that no advantages for the view are derived from its great elevation.

On the summit of Ben Lawers, the rare Lichen crocatus abounds; but this mountain indeed, is, to the botanist, a perfect botanical garden of alpine plants. Lochan-na-chat, a small lake on its north eastern declivity, is the chief place for these treasures; but I need not give you a catalogue of my discoveries, as they are probably well known to every Scottish gardener: at least I ought to conclude so; as I met two missionaries from the Edinburgh garden, with huge tin boxes slung over their shoulders, who seemed to be in a perfect ecstacy of happiness. The whole of this ridge is also remarkable, hence even to Killin, for producing large quantities of a metallic mineral, which, though it occurs in many parts of Scotland, is, every where else, scantily found. This is Rutile, an ore of Titanium; the specimens being also no less beautiful than abundant.

Whenever you may be tempted to ascend Ben Lawers, I recommend you to Peter Mac Naughton's inn. Not merely because it is convenient, but because of Peter himself, who is a pattern Highlander, whatever his house may be. Yet that is a pattern house too: for it is a pattern of what is here called a "kind of a white house;" a species, of which I remember another, performing the same office, in Glen Roy. I have had occasion to notice the generic

difference between a black house and a white house, elsewhere: but the former has its species. The genuine, pure black house is built entirely of turf; walls and roof: it is a "good black house" when the roof is of thatch. The true white house consists of masonry and slate, as all the world knows; but the heteroclite, "kind of white house," is covered with thatch, and, what is much more essential, possesses a chimney. But Peter's house was decorated with a cognizance of Breadalbane, which had suffered as severely from the blasts of Ben Lawers as the great Sir Colin's could possibly have done in the holy wars. What was of more value, it contained excellent port wine. We reconcile ourselves to our fate, and nestle, without grumbling, in a "good black house," or even in the worst black house that ever was flead off the common, when we are travelling in a land of black houses: and there we hail the "sclate house" as we should the house of that very civil gentleman at Newark, of whom honourable mention is made in Kenilworth. But, in a land of white, slate houses, Peter Mac Naughton's house did look very black indeed. Still blacker looked the truly Augean stable, in which cows and horses had been indiscriminately sojourning together, without even a hint from shovel or broom, since immemorial time. Was there any hay—yes, rushes. Corn—yes, in the sheaf, or growing in the field. Any ropes, to tether the cows, and to prevent them from tickling the Saxon horse with the ends of their sharp Highland horns. But what were all these wants when balanced against the good humour, and activity, and contrivance of Peter Mac Naughton and his wife and his two tall daughters. In a trice they "shooled the gruip" as clean as ever did Hercules; and Mrs. Mac Naughton produced her best blankets and whitest sheets,

and every body did every thing that could possibly be done for the stranger's accommodation. I declare I would have slept, like the bride in the song, without blankets or sheets either, and my gallant chesnut should have lain in the embraces of the Highland cows, rather than I would have left Peter's house, to have insulted its blackness and his poverty. It was his only fault; and if I was my Lord Breadalbane, he should have a better house to manage to-morrow. He seemed ashamed, both of it and of himself, and looked surprised when I had settled myself to remain. Nor did I take my leave of it and him, till I had convinced him that, as his poverty but not his will consented, so it was my time and not my repugnance to his house that drove me from him.

English travellers are apt to complain that they do not meet with this species of Highlander; and it cannot be denied that a different one is somewhat more prominent; as is always the case where merit and demerit compete for notice. But he may be found by those who choose to seek him: and I fear that, if he is often spoiled, we have only ourselves to blame, and that, in more ways than one. In ascending Ben Lawers, I had met with a young shepherd boy, who eventually proved to be Peter's son. I asked him to accompany me, for the sake of conversation, and, when about to part, offered him a shilling. This he refused: but it was forced on him, and, in so doing, I am sure I did wrong; for it is likely that he will never refuse one again, and will possibly end by demanding five. Certainly he will never ascend the hill again with a stranger without expecting a reward: and if he does not receive it, he will be disappointed. I have probably taught him to sell the civility which he was accustomed to give. It is thus that Englishmen assist in corrupting the Highlanders, as they have

long since corrupted each other: by an ostentatious display of that wealth which, to a genuine Englishman, is the substitute for all the virtues; nay, is virtue itself. The condition of society is wrong where every thing has its price; when even the common charities of life, the friendly intercourse of man with man, is matter of barter and sale.

The finest view on the north side of Loch Tay, occurs at its upper extremity, where Killin first comes distinctly in sight; this rich valley being displayed in a continuation of the lake, and a noble sheet of solid and ancient oak forest sweeping down the deep declivity in one dark mass, from the road to the water, which is stretched out far below. A little industry and attention will also discover, hence to Killin, many beautiful landscapes, and many of them well adapted for painting, of a closer character; particularly when we first become entangled in the valley of the Lochy. Here too we first meet the extensive and ancient woods of Finlarig, itself a ruin; one of the seven castles of these Lairds of Lochow, whose present estate has the merit, often told, of being the longest in Scotland. Finlarig was built by Sir Colin in 1520; and it was a Sir Colin also, but I know not if the same, (Douglas not being at my elbow,) who originally built Taymouth, in 1580.

If you know Killin, you also know that it is the most extraordinary collection of extraordinary scenery in Scotland, unlike every thing else in the country, and perhaps on earth, and a perfect picture gallery in itself, since you cannot move three yards without meeting a new landscape. A busy artist might draw here for a month and not exhaust it. If you do not know this already, I may now tell you so. You will not be disappointed when you come; as my friend, whom I must not name,

was. This discerning personage, a man of reputed education and, by grace, a philosopher, and, as he doubtless flattered himself, a man of taste, since he was travelling in pursuit of the picturesque, came up to me at the inn-door, after having spent the preceding day there, in great indignation and wrath. "He had been told that Killin was a beautiful place"—"he had come out of his way to see it"—"he never saw an uglier place in his life"—"he knew that I was a person of taste and understood these things, and he wished I would shew him what there was to look at." I might have said, Circumspice; but to what purpose. I might have said, shall I lend you my fiddle-stick; but to what purpose; to him who could not see the fiddle. So I even consoled him in the best way I could, by telling him that his friends had been hoaxing him. And these are the people who travel and write tours, and tell the world what they have—what they have not seen, I should say. The first art to be learnt is the art of seeing: not landscapes only, but many other things besides. Unless the Doctor found a cascade, or a cave, or an echo, I dare say he returned from his Highland tour as well informed on all points as he was on the subject of Killin. But this will not prevent his travels from being written and published: and thus the world jogs on.

Mac Nab's burying ground might have attracted even this Doctor's eyes; for it is surely remarkable enough, and there has been enough written and said about it. It is a central object amid this extraordinary scenery; but there is a congruity among all these strange things, which is no less admirable than the novelty of the whole. It is scarcely possible to conceive so many distinct and marked objects collected within so small a space, and all so adapted to each other as always to preserve one character, and, at the same time, to produce so endless a number of

distinct and beautiful landscapes. To find, however, all that Killin has to give of this nature, it is necessary to pry about into corners, like a cat; as the separate scenes are produced by very slight changes of position, and are often found in very unexpected places. Fir trees, rocks, torrents, mills, bridges, houses, these produce the great bulk of the middle landscape, under endless combinations; while the distances, more constant, are found in the surrounding hills, in their varied woods, in the bright expanse of the lake and the minute ornaments of the distant valley, in the rocky and bold summit of Craig Cailleach, and in the lofty vision of Ben Lawers, which towers, like a huge giant, to the clouds, the monarch of the scene.

These pictures are perhaps most remarkable where this mountain and the lake form the distance, and where the burying place, with its fir trees, occupies the further middle ground. The three bridges which, in succession, cross different branches of this wild and rocky river, are objects no less conspicuous than ornamental: but, from one point, five bridges are thus visible in a line; removed but a few yards from each other, and all in some way distinguished by their variety of form or position. You have seen the bridges of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and must often have been struck by their picturesque beauty, and by their adaptation to the character of the surrounding scenery. This is frequently the result of the angular outline of the parapet; but it is also often the consequence of a certain carelessness, or rudeness, of workmanship and design, and of an adaptation of the work to the ravine or the river, arising from the attempts of the workmen to gain their ends in the most economical manner. Thus congruity and harmony of character are attained, as if taste instead of convenience had guided

the artist's hand; and thus also there is produced a variety of aspect and design, that we could scarcely have expected to find in an architectural form, so simple, and which is, too commonly, so uniform. The same remarks are generally true of the Highland bridges; unless where engineers have had the direction, or where some pert contractor has attempted to display his taste and science. The worthy and plodding Donalds, who think no more about the result than their trowels, turn and vary their arches as if they themselves had been generated of an ellipse or a curve of equilibration; producing, at the same time, beauty which might teach useful lessons to architects. Of so much moment in art, are that congruity and that variety, to which convenience and accident lead them, and from which there is no artificial system or fashion to direct them. I could easily point out to you examples of good and bad, in illustration of these remarks; and no where better than about Blair in Atholl, where, with specimens of beauty and fitness every where at hand, in the ancient Highland bridges that abound in this neighbourhood, a detestable Lowland Pontifex has lately destroyed the beauty of the Tilt and of the Banavie in the very middle of these splendid grounds. If I were to point out more important instances of this nature, I should offend more of our irritable countrymen; and I dare say I have made enemies enough already.

As I cannot pretend to detail the innumerable landscapes on the Dochart at this place, or even to mark the points of sight, I shall content myself with naming one only, because it might be overlooked, and because it is among the most splendid landscapes which Killin affords. The station is near a wooded ravine crossing the road into Glen Dochart, which forms a noble foreground; displaying all the details of this extraordinary village in the

middle grounds, and succeeded by a magnificent vista of the valley and the lake, terminated by the blue and towering form of Ben Lawers. But all the beauty of Killin is not comprised in the scenery of the Dochart; as the Lochy, which here joins to produce Loch Tay, presents also many landscapes, equally various and attractive. Nor can any two rivers be more strongly contrasted; and that contrast is the more striking from their proximity. While the Dochart is a boisterous torrent, roaring among its wild rocks, forming almost a continuous cascade, and split into various parts by its islands and irregularities, the Lochy flows without a ripple, placid as a lake, and reflecting every leaf of the beautiful trees which overhang its lovely green banks. From the meadows near the inn, it affords one river landscape in a style no less uncommon than beautiful. Where the mysterious course of the stream is concealed by the bend of the valley, the mountain towers up, as if overhanging it; varied by woods and rocks and deep precipices, and terminating in one bold and broad cliff. On the left hand rises another wooded hill, descending suddenly to the water, where it meets the green meadows and farms adorned by trees of luxuriant growth, which skirt the river banks; while, on the right, the rich woods of Finlarig constitute the boundary, broken by intervening glades; ash trees of picturesque and varied forms advancing to the very edge of the water, and hanging their branches over its tranquil surface. Nothing could be imagined capable of adding to this picture of seclusion and repose; the pastoral sweetness of which is the more striking, from its contrast with the lofty and rude alpine scenery by which it is enclosed.

Various beautiful pictures are found on this stream; marked in the same manner, by their richness, and by

the height and the sudden ascent of the including hills, which give to the whole of them a peculiarity of character unknown in any of the river scenery of the Highlands. The declivity of Craig Cailleach also presents much beauty in a different style: a mixture of noble and ancient firs, skirting the ravines, the torrents, and the cascades, which channel its wild and rocky surface, and, with the deep hollows and the lofty precipices, producing a species of mountain landscape not unlike that which is found among the hills of Mar. But I must leave to the pencil that which the pen is inadequate to describe.

Glen Dochart and Strathfillan, forming one valley, scarcely admit of a remark. Loch Dochart is quite uninteresting, as is the whole of this nearly naked tract to Tyndrum; the lofty cone of Ben More, and the castle situated on its island in the lake, being almost the only objects capable of attracting attention. Dochart castle like many others in this line, belonged to the Campbells of Lochow; and there is a little port on the shore, which appears to have formed their landing place. It is a ruin without any picturesque features. I believe that the reputation of St. Fillan's well as a cure for maniacs, still continues. By Crien-larich is the road which all should take who desire to see Loch Lomond as it deserves to be seen; unless they should choose to ascend from Tarbet or Luss as far as Glen Falloch, and thus return again.

LOCH EARN, DUNIRA, COMRIE, GLEN LEDNACH, GLEN ALMOND, LOCH LUBNAIG.

SHOULD you by this time have cast your eye over all the perilous geography of these volumes, over the quantity and extent of strange flood and field that has been traversed, and have computed how many times I and the sun passed the Highland solstice together, you will wonder, perhaps, what I was doing in this country so long and so often; why I explored the unexplored, why I risked my neck every day on mountain and precipice, and my whole carcase on flood and in ford; why I walked and rode and ferried and sailed and hungered and watched, day after day and summer after summer. Not for the purpose of writing such writing as this, you may be assured. Not to amuse myself; unless it be amusement to toil, and to hunger, and to thirst; to be drenched in the rains of heaven and in the salt sea wave; to wake uneasy nights and spend laborious days; to live the life of a Shetland seal at sea, and that of a Highland stot on shore.

It was Geology, my dear friend; Geology, divine maid. Did I not look with eyes of anticipation to the day when all my toils were to be rewarded by the display of the map of Scotland, with all its bright array of blues and greens and carnations and browns: all, all, my own handy work: when every granite and every gneiss and every porphyry, coal, lime, lead, gold, what not, was to be spread out like a Turkey carpet before the wondering

eyes of Scottish mortals; of all geological mortals from the polar basin to the Himāla. And did I not flatter myself that I was to rank with the meritorious worthies who occupy one of the sunny nooks, as we are told, of Pluto's domain. And did I not foresee that my labours were to bring to light the treasures of the unknown world; hidden wealth to Highland lairds and Scottish heritors; nay, to the very empire itself; exploring, like Garth's delegate, those profound regions "where metals ripen in vast cakes of ore." Thus vain mortals foresee what is not to happen. Dîs aliter visum: and instead of writing about all such knowledge as was never known, knowledge by which the child that is unborn should profit, here I am, calling to mind all that I had marked for forgetting: the idle visions of my lost and wasted hours, the toys and trifles that had crossed my path, uncared for as the grouse that rose before me while I was extracting the square root of a mountain with my hammer. The pen that should have sung of graywacké, must, like Anacreon's lyre, now sing of cascades and antres vast and anthropophagi.

I could lament over this too: but what on earth was ever mended by lamentation. To be sure, I might console myself by the reflection that my stars were in fault: but, verily, c'est se moquer, de vouloir adoucir un mal, par la considération que l'on est né unlucky. Well, what will you have: I have sunk my hammer, like Prospero, ten fathoms deep: ten fathoms! where line never yet sounded. "Now take it up, quoth he, if any list." Whoever does, will find it no small weight; and he will stand a fair chance of cracking his knuckles, or his brains perhaps, with it before he has done.

The philosopher whom I met at Killin, seemed to think it an ornament and an honour; like a red ribband

or a blue garter. By what innate property is it that when a man is a fool, he discovers it even before he speaks; nay, before he is seen. And, secondly, why does he take so much more trouble to display his folly, than a wise man to shew his knowledge. Is it the only gem worth wearing; is it the only quality of which we ought to be vain. While at breakfast, I received a message from a "gentleman with a hammer," as mine host announced him, requesting the honour of a conference, as he was in search of knowledge, and expected much illumination from so celebrated a personage; as well known through all the Highlands as Jack Pudding himself. The hammer was bright from the anvil: raw as the philosopher that bore it; but was displayed in great state, as if to gain consequence, as well in my eyes as in those of Mr. Cameron, and of all the waiters and ostlers, of Killin, and Tyndrum, and Loch Earn, and Callander. The folly and the hammer were equally visible: for he wore both on the outside of his coat: the more prudent conceal them in their pockets. When it was the fashion for gentlemen to be "angry," and to fight, every tailor carried his sword by his side. Now, every blockhead who has cracked a stone at Salisbury craig, must display a hammer about the country, to the astonishment of innocent people and his own vast inconvenience. The world will never be the wiser for all their hammers. My philosopher requested to know what the opposite mountain was "made of"—I answered, neglectingly, I know not what; but the word was not very long. He looked as much confounded as if I had spoken in heathen Greek: and thus, with one little word, not half an inch in length, I fathomed the depth and bottom of his mineralogical understanding. Yet he will write a book. And, what is worse, he will tell the world his name. It is not for me

to gibbet him: every man has a right to perform this ceremony on his own person if he pleases.

This, however, has nothing to do with Loch Earn; and I need not say that this lake is most advantageously visited from Perth, through a line of country scarcely exceeded in Scotland for wealth and beauty and splendour; equalled only by Strathmore, but, in one respect, superior to it, from the dense succession of the highly ornamented seats of the opulent, and from that incessant repetition of artificial planting, which, from many points of view, seems to render the whole northern side of Strathearn one immense park and pleasure ground. Much of this, however, lies out of our appointed limits; and as I have also brought you to Killin, the examination will be better conducted from that point.

The short ride from this place to Loch Earn head, is not without beauty in the midst of its wildness; yet it offers no very striking character till the latter spot comes into view, when a landscape occurs, well deserving of more than a passing notice. To the advantages of an inn, which, whenever I have visited it, I have found, like that of Killin, one of the best in the Highlands, this place presents, in addition, a scene of retirement and comfort not often excelled; although unmarked by any very striking features in its landscape, and therefore apt to be underrated, after leaving the brilliant confusion of pictures which distinguishes that singular spot. Though the high road follows the northern bank of the lake, and is of course the limit of most travellers, the beauties of Loch Earn will be ill estimated by those who are content to do what alone is conveniently done. It has been a misfortune to this beautiful little lake, as it has been to Strath Tay, that the new road, conducted on a convenient and low level, has superseded the old one, which,

in the usual ancient fashion, held its undeviating straight course over all obstructions, contemptuous alike of nature and convenience. The difference in the appearance of the landscape, produced by following the one or the other, is such as could scarcely be credited, particularly towards the eastern extremity of the lake. Many years ago, I had passed the better part of a day here; and, returning some time afterwards, I was surprised to find that it was no longer the same place, and could scarcely help feeling as in a dream, as if I had mistaken some other lake for Loch Earn; not at first perceiving the change. Let the artist, at least, profit by this hint; as the ancient road is still accessible. For similar reasons, let him follow the southern shore as far as he can; not only on account of the cascade of Edinample, which stands in the list of objects to be visited, but because of much more beautiful scenery which he will otherwise lose.

Limited as are the dimensions of Loch Earn, it is exceeded in beauty by few of our lakes, as far as it is possible for many beauties to exist in so small a space. I will not say that it presents a great number of distinct landscapes adapted for the pencil: but such as it does possess, are remarkable for their consistency of character, and for a combination of sweetness and simplicity with a grandeur of manner scarcely to be expected within such narrow bounds. Its style is that of a lake of far greater dimensions; the hills which bound it being lofty and bold and rugged; with a variety of character not found in many, of even far greater magnitude and extent. It is a miniature and a model of scenery that might well occupy ten times the space. Yet the eye does not feel this. There is nothing trifling or small in the details; nothing to diminish its grandeur of style, to tell us that we are contemplating a reduced copy. On the contrary,

there is a perpetual contest between our impressions and our reasonings: we know that a few short miles comprehend the whole, and yet we feel as if it was a landscape of many miles, a lake to be ranked among those of the first order and dimensions.

While its mountains thus rise in majestic simplicity to the sky, terminating in those bold and various and rocky outlines which belong to so much of this geological line, from Dunkeld and Killicrankie even to Loch Cateran, the surfaces of the declivities are equally various and bold; enriched with precipices and masses of protruding rock, with deep hollows and ravines, and with the courses of innumerable torrents which pour from above, and, as they descend, become skirted with trees till they lose themselves in the waters of the lake. Wild woods also ascend along their surface, in all that irregularity of distribution so peculiar to these rocky mountains; less solid and continuous than at Loch Lomond, less scattered and less romantic than at Loch Cateran; but, from these very causes, aiding to confer on Loch Earn a character entirely its own.

If the shores of the lake are not deeply marked by bays and promontories, still they are sufficiently varied; nor is there one point where the hills reach the water in that meagre and insipid manner which is the fault of so many of our lakes, and which is the case throughout the far greater part, even of Loch Cateran. Loch Earn has no blank. Such as its beauty is, it is always consistent and complete. Its shores too are almost every where accessible, and almost every where so wooded as to produce those foregrounds which the spectator so much desires; while, from the same cause, they present much of that species of shore scenery which is independent of the mountain boundary. Elegant ash trees, springing from

the very water and drooping their branches over it, green and cultivated banks, rocky points divided by gravelly beaches which are washed by the bright curling waves of the lake, the brawling stream, descending along its rocky and wooded channel, and the cascade tumbling along the precipice which rises from the deep and still water below, these, and the richly cultivated and green margin, with the houses and traces of art that ornament its banks, produce, in themselves, pictures of great variety, marked by a character of rural sweetness and repose not commonly found among scenery of this class. Thus also the style of Loch Earn varies as we assume different points of elevation for our views, and perhaps in a greater degree than any of the Highland lakes: assuredly more than in any one of similar dimensions. At the lower levels, and perhaps most of all at the western extremity, where the banks are lowest, and at the eastern, where the beautifully wooded island forms a leading object in the picture, every landscape is marked by tranquillity and gentleness of character: a character adapted to glassy waters and summer suns, to the verdure of spring and the repose of evening. High up on the hills, the grandeur of the bold alpine landscape succeeds to the tranquillity of the rural one; and amid the wild mountain forms and the rude magnificence of aspiring rocks and precipices, enhanced and embellished by the gleaming lights of a troubled sky and the passage of clouds, we almost forget the placid and cultivated scenes we have just quitted, and imagine ourselves transported to some remote spot of the distant Highlands.

Every one is bound to notice the new village of St. Fillan's, situated at the eastern extremity of this lake, as an instance of what may be done by good sense and exertion, in reforming the comfortless and dirty habits of

the rural population of this country. The inhabitants are now as fond of their roses and honeysuckles as they formerly were of their dunghills and gutters; a sufficient proof that the people are tractable when properly managed, and that many of the faults of the lower classes in the Highlands which arise from carelessness of comfort and cleanlines., and from a want of that petty industry and ambition which soon extends itself to more important concerns, ought to be attributed to their superiors, who, themselves, unjustly complain of what they never attempt to remedy. St. Fillan's indeed is near the Lowland border, and might, in the progress of time, have acquired that polish which it now displays: but the reform has been as sudden as it is complete: the consequence of regulations rigidly enforced at first, but which are now no longer wanted. Every proprietor in the country has the same power; and, unquestionably, the facility is the same for all: and it is really incredible, that men of rank and education, even without Lord Gwydir's example before their eyes, should suffer, on their estates, and even at their very doors, those disgraceful sights of neglect, and dirt, and of the apparent extremity of poverty and misery, which, without oppression, rather to the benefit of their poor tenants as of themselves, they might remedy by the most simple and justifiable regulations.

But it would be unjust to censure the Highlanders for their inattention to cleanliness, as if it was exclusively the fault of this portion of Scotland. Where Mrs. Hamilton's Glenburnie lies, no one knows; but we need not be very anxious; as we can find a Glenburnie every where, and, assuredly, as easily in the Lowlands as in the Highlands. The Maclartys are an ancient and a powerful family; I wish I could add that it was an antiquated one also; but I fear that it is still a thriving race. If it was

but possible to prevail on this family to have one thing, but one thing, clean about them, the rest would follow of course. If it was their persons, then their houses would soon become clean, as a necessary consequence: or if it was their houses, their persons would probably follow, for the sake of uniformity. If but the water or the salt was clean, if there was a clean spoon, a knife, a plate, if there was even a clean surface on a looking glass, it would detect the vices of the rest so effectually, that, like one sturdy honest man in a parish, it would in time reform, or at least shame, the whole. But, unfortunately, in this family of the Maclartys, every thing is so consistently, constantly, uniformly, perenially, dirty in every part, inside, outside, top, bottom, middle, sides, longitudinally, transversely, and diagonally, that no article, nor any part of any article, is left to tell the tale on another, or to blush it into reform. Were I the Dey of Algiers, or a Highland Laird, I would enhance even on Lord Gwydir, and keep an officer of health, with power to wash Mr. and Mrs. Maclarty and all their family by force, or to fumigate them like rats, and, in default of ultimate reformation, to burn them out.

I sometimes fear that you will not believe me when I bestow, as I have so often done, praise, and praise too that may seem extravagant, on scenery which lies at our own doors, which is visited by hundreds, and yet which no one describes or even mentions. I premise this remark here, because I am again about to do the same, in pointing out the tract which lies between the end of Loch Earn and Comrie. But I must not be deterred by such a fear. If you doubt me, come and see; and then say, what is rather the truth, that I have failed, not exceeded. Why others have not been equally struck by these scenes, it is not for me to explain.

The space in question is the narrow valley which attends the course of the Earn from the lake to near Comrie, exceeded in romantic beauty, as it appears to me, by few places of equal dimensions in Scotland, and dissimilar to every other; except inasmuch as the style reminds us of the best parts of the extremity of Loch Cateran. But it is a subject for painting, not for verbal description: abounding also in landscapes, almost beyond the power of reckoning; as distinct, as perfect in composition, and as consistent in their own peculiar character, as they are distinguished from all other scenes, except those to which I have just compared them. Nor, omitting the lake, do they often fall short of the landscapes of Loch Cateran, either in beauty, in variety, or in their fairy-like and romantic characters; uniting similar grandeur and breadth of manner to all that delicacy and multiplicity of ornament which form the leading features of that well-known spot.

Though the river and the road hold a parallel course, in a general sense, the meanderings of the former are such that they are often widely separated, so as to add much to the variety of the scenery, as far as that depends on the river's banks. Where they approach, or when we choose to follow the wanderings of the stream, we gain access to a species of river landscape not less various and rich than that of the finest of the Perthshire rivers; but which, with the exception of the best parts of the Tumel, maintains a character more consistently alpine and wild than any. Though, in some parts, the Earn here holds a sinuous course through flat meadows, it is never tame nor naked; nor is it ever wanting in those marked accompaniments which are formed by the rocky declivities of the southern mountains. These give a wildness of character to its course, even where the flow of the water

is tardy; and it is every where attended by trees, often in great and splendid profusion, which, while they add ornament to the general landscape, serve to break the continuity of its reaches, and to give value to its bright glimpses as they are seen glittering among the dark green and under the shadows of the impending mountains.

But the greater part of its course is of a far other character; rapid, and wild, forcing its way among rocks and trees, a truly alpine river. In some places, having cut its own passage where the mountains meet from opposite sides, it struggles among promontories and cliffs and overhanging rocks, foaming along its deep and shadowy bed: in others, it is seen dividing to surround islands which it seems to have detached from the skirts of the mountains, and which, rising in the middle of its wandering and intricate channels, wooded and wild with dark firs and with the more graceful forms of the pendent and silvery birch, conceal its mysterious course, and cause it to appear as if springing from some unknown recesses of the mountain. The bridges, of stone, and of rude trees, which cross it, add much to its beauty in different places: nor does its picturesque character cease, even when, escaping from this narrow pass, it opens into the wider plain at Comrie, to wander now at liberty through its own Strathearn.

But even this river scenery, beautiful as it is, forms but a small part of the attractions of this romantic valley. On each side, in some places, the continuous mountain declivities descend rapidly and suddenly, so as nearly to meet below, and to give room to little more than the river and the road; in others, leaving a space occupied by flat but wooded meadows, yet varied by undulating ground. The northern side contains the ornamented

grounds of Dunira, rich with planted and natural wood; but it is by the southern boundary that the brilliant landscapes of this singular spot are chiefly produced. This consists of the skirts of Ben Vorlich, extending in one continued and lofty wall from the southern side of Loch Earn, till it terminates at the junction of the Earn and the Ruchil. With the exception of Ben Venu, the leading feature of Loch Cateran, no mountain in Scotland presents a declivity so wild and so various; a continued succession of bold precipices and deep hollows, of ravines and torrents, and of woods dispersed in every mode of picturesque distribution. As these descend to the river and the valley, the knolls, which seemed, when aloft in the mountain, but protuberances on its surface, assume the dignity of distinct hills; producing thus a variety and an intricacy of scenery, as romantic as it is unusual and unexpected. Thus the mountain itself, to those who choose to wander among its strange recesses, presents numberless landscapes of alpine rock and wood, scarcely paralleled any where; lofty cliffs following each other in wild confusion to the sky, deep hollows shaded from the light of day, torrents and cascades, trees springing from the rocks, or crowning their summits, or distributed in all that variety of wild forest so peculiar to the Highland hills. As at Loch Cateran, which is never out of our mind in contemplating this spot, the oak and the birch are the principal trees; but it is to the superior advantage of the present scenes, that the fir is also found among them; in groups, or in solitary grandeur springing from the precipices; adding much to the variety of character, and peculiarly harmonizing with many of the landscapes.

It is by these subsidiary hills, bold and various, rugged and precipitous, and rich with all their ornament of wood,

that the peculiar character which distinguished this scenery from almost all others is produced. Uniting with the wanderings of the river below, and with the green and woody valley, they produce scenes of splendour, of ornament equally rich and wild, which receives support and majesty alike, from the lofty and broad acclivity above, rising to the sky, and terminating in an outline no less graceful than it is rugged and bold. It is by this combination of breadth in the general form, and of extended and massive shade, with multiplicity and variety in the parts, with profusion of ornament, and with the perpetual play of lights and shadows and half tints and reflections, which belong to these rocky knolls and cliffs and hollows and undulating woods, that here, as on the Tumel, magnificence is combined with richness, and grandeur of style with minute splendour of detail.

Among these subsidiary hills, St. Fillan's is conspicuous, as well for its grace as for its prominence in the picture. Elsewhere, it would be a little mountain; and did it rise, like our Arthur's seat, from a plain, all Scotland would not produce an object much more striking; from the elegance of its conical form, its successive stages of precipice and grey rock separated by green and grassy slopes, and from the beautiful disposition of the trees which are scattered about it. Though its magnitude is here swallowed up in the overpowering altitude of the mountains around, it loses nothing of its beauty by this position; giving character, on the contrary, to the whole surrounding scenery, and being the central and chief feature of some of the finest landscapes which this valley affords. Of these landscapes, wild, romantic, and numerous, as they are singular and decided, I shall only add, that the compositions are generally as perfect as can be desired, that the illumination, under every position of the sun, is what an artist would wish, and that the colouring

possesses that delicacy, arising from a mixture of grey with tender green, which harmonizes so well with the airy gracefulness resulting from the scattered positions of the wood and the light forms of the birch. Many days would not exhaust the subjects which it offers to the pencil; nor are there many places where one day, at least, would be better occupied than in a ride from Comrie to Loch Earn head.

Of the town of Comrie I need say nothing; but its situation is scarcely exceeded for beauty by that of any place in Scotland. The pride of Strathearn lies from here to Crieff; a noble river, profusion of wood, a valley where ornament and cultivation contend for the superiority, art and nature both striving which shall embellish it most, and, on each side, a range of hills partaking of the richness of the grounds below, splendid in variety of form as in wood, picturesque without rudeness, and offering in themselves a thousand scenes of secluded beauty, independent of their effects in the general landscape. But while Comrie is the sentinel of two of the Highland passes, that of Loch Earn and that of Glen Lednach, it is beyond my prescribed bounds; and I must therefore return to this latter valley, which conducts a road to Loch Tay, through scenery well deserving of a forenoon's attention. The cascades of the Lednach, situated in this pass, and at a short distance from Comrie, are among the enumerated spectacles; but they possess no great merit, either from their bulk or altitude, or from the surrounding scenery. The pass itself is, however, wild and richly wooded, as is the whole of the ornamented land on this declivity of the hill; although it would not be easy to find out any particular subjects of landscape. But beyond it, when we have reached the open vale of the Lednach, a valley of a pleasing and uncommon character,

some pictures of great beauty are found; uniting a distant view of the rich extent of Strathearn and of its bounding hills to the southward, with the bold middle ground of the rocky and wooded ridge through which the river cuts its way; where the obelisk, erected to Lord Melville, forms an object at once conspicuous and interesting.

That the Highlanders are inquisitive, and that a Scotchman cannot give a direct answer to a plain question, are truths not very new to you or any one else. The Scottish Hierocles, for Joe Miller's authority is not classical here, will probably furnish you with an example or two in point; and you may consult him. Some of the modifications of this process of answering one question by proposing another, are amusing enough, and, occasionally, not a little tormenting, particularly in the Highlands; as the difficulty of extorting the information which you may want, is materially increased, or squared, as a mathematician would say, by multiplying the indirectness of the Scot by the curiosity of the Highlander. Whatever the metaphysical anatomy of this may be, the characteristic caution of the country is an ingredient in this compound; as clearly appears from the noted examination regarding a certain ferryboat, which you may find, if you will take the trouble to look for it, loco citato. In the Highlands, there is a certain commercial principle of barter or exchange combined: in short, if he is to furnish information, he is determined to get all that he can in return for it. But it is part of his birthright and descent; for Cæsar tells us the same of his ancestors the Gauls; and, I doubt not, was obliged to relate his own history and motives whenever he wanted to know his road.

I was considerably troubled here respecting certain roads, and applied to an old snuffy-looking native who

was cutting some hay with his pocket-knife by the way side. It is true, I saw the inquisition painted in his face; but there was no choice, so I made up my mind to a cross-examination of more than the ordinary length, and was determined to indulge it for once. "How far is it to Killin?"—"It's a fine day."—"Aye, it's a fine day for your hay."—"Ah! there's no muckle hay; this is an unco cauld glen."—"I suppose this is the road to Killin," (trying him on another tack).—"That's an unco fat beast of yours."—"Yes, she is much too fat; she is just from grass."—"Ah! it's a mere I see; it's a gude beast to gang, Ise warn you."—"Yes yes it's a very good pony."—"I selled just sic another at Doune fair, five years bypast: I warn ye she's a Highland bred beast."—"I dont know; I bought her in Edinburgh."—"A weel a weel, mony sic like gangs to the Edinburgh market frae the Highlands."—"Very likely; she seems to have Highland blood in her."—"Aye aye; would you be selling her."—"No, I dont want to sell her; do you want to buy her."—"Na! I was na thinking of that: has she had na a foal."—"Not that I know of."—"I had a gude colt out of ours when I selled her. Yere na ganging to Doune the year."—"No, I am going to Killin, and want to know how far it is."—"Aye, ye'll be gaing to the sacraments there the morn."—"No, I dont belong to your kirk."—"Ye'll be an Episcopalian than."—"Or a Roman Catholic."—"Na na, ye're nae Roman."—"And so it is twelve miles to Killin," (putting a leading question).—"Na, it's na just that."—"It's ten then, I suppose."—"Ye'll be for cattle than, for the Falkirk tryst."—"No, I know nothing about cattle."—"I thocht ye'd ha been just ane of thae English drovers. Ye have nae siccan hills as this in your country."—"No; not so high."—"But ye'll hae bonny farms."—"Yes yes, very good lands."—"Ye'll

nae hae better farms than my Lord's at Dunira."—"No no, Lord Melville has very fine farms."—"Now there's a bonny bit land; there's na three days in the year there's na meat for beasts on it; and it's to let. Ye'll be for a farm hereawa."—"No, I'm just looking at the country."—"And ye have nae business."—"No."—"Weel, that's the easiest way."—"And this is the road to Killin."—"Will ye tak some nuts," (producing a handful he had just gathered). "No, I cannot crack them."—"I suppose your teeth are failing. Hae ye any snuff."—Yes yes here is a pinch for you."—"Na na, I'm unco heavy on the pipe ye see, but I like a hair of snuff; just a hair:" touching the snuff with the end of his little finger, apparently to prolong time and save the answer about the road a little longer, as he seemed to fear there were no more questions to ask. The snuff however came just in time to allow him to recall his ideas, which the nuts were near dispersing. "And ye'll be from the low country."—"Yes, you may know I am an Englishman by my tongue."—"Na, our ain gentry speaks high English the now."—"Well well, I am an Englishman, at any rate."—"And ye'll be staying in London."—"Yes yes." "I was ance at Smithfield mysell wi some beasts: it's an unco place, London.—And what's yere name; asking your pardon."—The name was given. "There's a hantel o'that name i'the north. Yere father 'll may be be a Highlander."—"Yes; that is the reason why I like the Highlanders."—"Weel, (nearly thrown out) it's a bonny country now, but it's sair cauld here in the winter." "And so it is six miles to Killin."—"Aye, they call it sax."—"Scotch miles, I suppose."—"Aye aye, auld miles."—"That is about twelve English."—"Na, it 'll not be abune ten short miles, (here we got on so fast that I began to think I should be dismissed at last) but

I never seed them measured. And ye'll ha left your family at Comrie."—"No, I am alone."—"They'll be in the south, may be."—"No, I have no family."—"And are ye no married."—"No."—"I'm thinking it's time."—"So am I."—Weel weel, ye'll have the less fash."—"Yes, much less than in finding the way to Killin."—"O, aye, ye'll excuse me; but we countra folk speers muckle questions."—"Pretty well, I think."—Weel weel, ye'll find it saft a bit in the hill, but ye maun had wast, and its na abune tan mile. A gude day."

There is much beauty, uniting a secluded rural character to the wildness of mountain scenery, through the whole of this valley, and about the picturesque and unexpected village of Invergeldy, (I hope that is its name), after which the road enters a narrow and rugged pass among the mountains, striking to those who are new to Highland scenes, but not sufficiently marked or uncommon to attract much notice from those who are familiar with the various wild valleys of the central counties and of the west coast. Nor is there much interest in the views from the summit of Ben na Chony, which I ascended; although the mountain itself, particularly on the east and south sides, offers some wild rocks and ravines of a striking and picturesque character. To the north, the prospect is one of wild and rude hills, entirely excluding the sight of Loch Tay, but displaying the sources of the Almond; and, to the south, it is not far different, as the mass of hills in this direction equally excludes the valley of the Earn. But I need not trouble you with details of a country through which neither you nor any one else is ever likely to follow me. Had I indulged, like Bruce and others, in registering the log book of all my Highland geography, had I described, with the watch and compass in my hand, what I saw at

ten and what at eleven, this brook, and that stone, and the other tree, I should have wasted precious paper and more precious time in writing what no one would have read when told of our own country, and what, I suspect, very few read when it is told of Caucasus or Sennaar. Life may be better occupied; on both parts: and the value of other things than the Sibyl's books, may be increased by the sheers. The worst of it is, that My Lord cannot see his own excrescences: as little as Sir Geoffrey Hudson, who feels the struggles of a soul six feet long, can conceive that it is imprisoned in a carcase no bigger than a fiddle case. Fortunately, we can all see each other's humps; and I therefore invest you with the full rights of top lop and crop, after which we will consider what is to be done next.

In the mean time I must go on in the old way; looking askance at Strathearn as I looked at Strathmore, and half inclined to smuggle across the Highland border, Ardoch and the Romans, and Drummond castle, and Auchtertyre, and Tomachastle, and the ten thousand beauties of the lovely Earn, not only to Crieff but beyond it. But this would be an utter breach of contract: and luckily it is a country that need not be told; for it is like the glorious sun at noon-day, not to be shut out. Every one can see the encampment between the Earn and the Ruchil, the false scene of the battle of the Grampians, which I have already noticed, and of which we have heard more than enough. Every one too can see the strange and picturesque hills of Tomachastle, can wander till he is weary, about the banks of the Earn and the declivities of both ranges of hills, and every one,—who can draw—may draw till his fingers are weary, his pencils worn out, and his paper expended. Every one too may visit what is here worth visiting, if he will run the risk of steel traps

and spring guns, and of prosecutions according to law; a refinement in hospitality, thank heaven, which is rather English than Scottish, and which has not yet found its way across the Highland border. Let those who own the treasures thus guarded by the dragons of law, who delight to live in a state of warfare with the whole world, enjoy, in solitary hostility, their possessions as they may: let him delight in hare and partridge if he can, who values them above human life and liberty. Far different was the theory of good old Admiral Gell, who planted gooseberries and currants in his fields and hedge-rows at Crickhowel, for a treat to the boys of the neighbourhood. It is but a step in embellishment, from the painted board to the gallows; and the latter would be a more ornamental form and a more effectual warning. Unfortunately, all our ideas of rural beauty, of peace and of happiness, of the calm seclusion of groves and gardens, and of the liberality of free and bounteous nature, are apt to fly before the images that are conjured up by these odious warnings; the summons, the pettifogger, the writ, the trial, and the jail. Let those enter at the legal gate who delight in steel traps of their own setting: others will be content to remain on the outside of this forbidden paradise.

But every one may visit Drummond castle, without risk of life, limb, or attorney: yet why none of our thousand travellers and writers have done justice to Drummond castle, is more than I can say. If it is not all that it might be rendered, it is still absolutely unrivalled in the low country, and only exceeded, in the Highlands, by Dunkeld and Blair. Placed in the most advantageous position to enjoy the magnificent and various expanse around, it looks over scenery scarcely any where equalled. With ground of the most commanding and varied

forms, including water, and rock, and abrupt hill, and deep dell, and gentle undulations, its extent is princely and its aspect is that of ancient wealth and ancient power. Noble avenues, profuse woods, a waste of lawn and pasture, an unrestrained scope, every thing bespeaks the carelessness of liberality and of extensive possessions; while the ancient castle, its earliest part belonging to 1500, stamps on it that air of high and distant opulence which adds so deep a moral interest to the rural beauties of baronial Britain. Yet Drummond Castle is neglected by its owners, and yet its owners have taste: while it is capable of every thing, but wanting almost every thing which art might add. Nor would it require the work of creation, nor the aid of time, to make it all, of which it is susceptible. That which it chiefly wants, is access. It is a wilderness from which even its owners are excluded. It requires little or nothing of those additions which, while Nature is making, man dies. Art might accomplish in a few brief years, all which is here demanded, and render Drummond Castle the pride of the Lowlands and the third jewel, at least, of Scotland.

But I must return to my appointed bourne and limit. There is a wild and pleasing ride into the mountains from Crieff, to the little alpine lake, Loch Turrit, whose wild ducks have been sung by Burns; but I know not that it is sufficiently tempting for the ordinary traveller. Not so Monzie: and every one who intends to proceed to Glen Almond from Crieff, should choose the circuitous road through this beautiful valley. But the beauties of Monzie are only to be fairly appreciated from the hill above; where it forms the middle ground and the conspicuous feature of one of the most magnificent of the extended landscapes of Scotland. The house itself is sufficient to give a centre of unity to the picture: and

nothing can exceed the felicitous arrangement of the rich woods which surround it, occupying its valley, and rising up the hills in all that happy mixture of carelessness and decision, which holds the due line and limit between the profusion of nature and the restraint and attentions of art. What art may have done, and what nature has done, I know not; but it is probable that the former has done little, and it is at least certain that it never planned or executed here, that which it generally contrives to mar where it interferes on so large a scale. While Monzie may offer a lesson to the gentlemen of the capability school, it occupies a species of undecided and undulating ground which occurs all over Britain; and whatever therefore it has done, may be done in a thousand other places. But few parts, even of Scotland, can parallel the noble landscape in which it lies: a landscape which seems to have been created for it, and for which it seems to have been created; a continuous scene of richness and beauty, of wood, and cultivation, and hill, retiring in varied and endless succession till it terminates in the distant blue mountains of Loch Earn. While the long range of the Highland boundary on the right, guides the eye through the splendid vista of Strathearn to the picturesque and crowded forms of Ben Vorlich and its attendant mountains, the richly wooded hill which separates the vale of Monzie from Crieff, is followed by the more distant southern range which is the limit between Strathearn and Strathallan, equally rich, but losing itself in the hazy distance. Hence the peculiarity which distinguishes this view from all the great vale landscapes of the Highlands. It is not, like Strath Tay or Strathmore, a continuous valley bounded and terminated by continuous and consistent ranges of hills; nor is it, like many others, a mere landscape of mountains, and of mountains

which seem to derive from each other and to belong to the same family. On the contrary, it opens to the eye a little world of hill and dale, of luxuriant cultivation and plain and forest and mountain, of Lowland wealth and of Highland grandeur: mountains of every character, yet all so disposed that nothing trespasses on the unity and integrity of the scene; while we marvel how, with objects various as they are, and numerous enough for a hundred pictures, nature has managed to bring the whole into one grand harmonious composition.

Monzie lies in the way, and before the very eyes, of those who visit Glen Almond, and who yet manage to overlook it. This valley has often been described, and is therefore well known. But though dreary and wild, it presents no remarkable features. While on a contracted scale, there is nothing marked in the character of its hills, or in the course of its stream. It is dark and desolate, but no more. To those who are not conversant with Highland scenery, it has the recommendation of novelty; and thus it naturally has attracted more attention than its intrinsic merits claim. That it is one of the reputed burial places of Ossian, may be an attraction to those to whom shadows are as realities, and who find no property in truth but its inconvenience. Though the large stone in question has been used as a monument, it is a fragment fallen from the hill above, where the very place whence it has been detached is visible: while, from some indications that remain, it seems to have been adopted as the centre of a circle, a few distinct traces of which are still to be seen. But if this be the stone mentioned by Birt, as it cannot fail to be, since there is no other, it must have originally been moved for the purpose of being used as a monument, before it was displaced by the soldiers who made this road: as he says that, under its

centre there was found a stone coffin of two feet square, containing bones and ashes. He imagines this to have been the urn, as he calls it, of a Roman officer; but without reason, as the use of stone coffins and the burning of the dead were common among the ancient inhabitants of this country. Moreover, there is no probability that the Romans penetrated the Highlands in this direction, although they did so more to the eastward, nor that they ever used those rude stones as monuments. Being almost unquestionably a place of British sepulture, it seems to confirm an opinion which I have suggested on other occasions; that many of the stone circles, whatever the purpose of others might have been, were monumental, or funereal: the central stone, which answered the same purposes as the Cromlech, forming the stela, and the surrounding ones being an enclosure, giving imaginary protection, and indicating the rank or dignity of the person interred; as in those cases where that wall was erected round the cairn, which became, in after times, and among the Greeks in their stage of refinement, the περιοικοδομη.

It is an interesting circumstance about this coffin, mentioned by the same author, that as soon as the disinterment became known, "the Highlanders assembled from distant parts, and, having formed themselves into a body, carefully gathered up the relics and marched with them in solemn procession to a new place of burial; discharging their fire-arms over the grave, as supposing that the deceased had been a military officer." Not a word is here said about Ossian; and the manner of the ceremonial, with the reason assigned for it, prove that no such notion was entertained at that time. In fact, Ossian and Fingal were then scarcely known. They are never once mentioned by this author: a neglect which would have been

impossible, considering his long residence, and his intimate knowledge of the country, had these names been popular, as they are now, throughout the whole of the Highlands. I have elsewhere remarked that they were equally unknown to Martin. It is since the publication of Macpherson's translations, that they have become both popular and diffused, and that all these imaginary tombs have been discovered and named. Had the stone in Glen Almond been thought the tomb of Ossian in 1720, it would assuredly have been called so by the Highlanders who then proved their respect for an unknown name. But, like a hundred other stones and hills and caves, it has received that appellation in our own day: these heroes, like Solomon among the Arabs, appropriating to themselves all the waifs and strays that claim no owner. And this is what is called tradition.

But I believe that the term, Ossian's Tomb, or stone, has here in some measure arisen from the corruption of another word; as, in Staffa, the name of Fin, or Fingal, seems to have been imposed in a similar manner on the the great cave. It is, or was, a popular theory in this part of the Highlands, that the lark, or some other bird, was not to be found further north. The name is uisog (I know not if I spell it right) and thus Clach na Uisog, the Stone of the Lark, became converted, from some similarity of sound, aided by the now fashionable belief, into the Clach of Ossian.

The cause for the observance above-mentioned, as assigned by a Highland officer to the author whom I have quoted, was not respect to the memory of the dead, as has been generally imagined, but superstitious fear. They believed, in those days, whatever they may now, that if a dead body should be disinterred by malice or accident, and that the funeral rites were not immediately

performed, "storms and tempests would arise, destroying their corn and blowing away their huts," and that many other misfortunes would follow the neglect. These have been opinions of wide prevalence; but little trace of them remains at present in the country. I have seen human bones scattered about, and contemplated with as little fear as respect, not only in the cave of Egg and in that of Oban, but at Portree, and in Barra, and in many other places.

The road through Glen Almond (Avon, properly) is that which communicates between Stirling and Dalnacardoch, by Tay bridge; passing through Amulrie and by the pleasing little lake, Loch Freuchie. It is now so little used, and, like most of the ancient military roads, so much neglected, as to be in very bad repair: a consequence of that mixture of well-meant extravagance and misplaced economy which has constructed a Caledonian canal for little other purpose but to enrich contractors and engineers, and which rescinded a grant not amounting to one-tenth of its annual expenditure, every farthing of which was productive of valuable results to the country. Except that lake and Amulrie itself, a pleasing little spot, there is nothing in this line of road to induce the mere traveller to follow it; nor is there more attraction in the lateral branch which leads through Strath Braan to Dunkeld. The Rumbling Bridge, the only object much worthy of notice, has already been mentioned in speaking of this last place; and I may therefore terminate my proceedings in this quarter, and return to Comrie. Hence there is a mountain road to Callander; but I cannot recommend it. If it be shorter than that by Loch Earn and Lubnaig, it compensates for that by its badness; occupying at least as much time,

and being utterly without beauty or interest of any kind.

After leaving Loch Earn head for Callander, it is easy, by diverging about two miles to the right, to see Loch Voil and Loch Doine, nearly united, and situated among the Braes of Balquhidder. They are pleasing little lakes, appearing together to be about five miles long, and are surrounded with cultivation. But I cannot say that they offer any picturesque scenes; not much at least that can be made a subject of painting, as the valley in which they lie is so open, that the hills are at a considerable distance from the water, while these are also without any very marked features. Nor is there any temptation to penetrate further in this direction; the country presenting no beauty, and that extremity of Loch Cateran which may be reached from this quarter, being utterly void of attraction. The church of Balquhidder is celebrated in Highland legendary lore, as the scene of one of the noted exploits of the Mac Gregors, the children of the mist: a story which has been often told, like the Raid of Cillechrist and many others which I have not thought it necessary to repeat, and which is to be found, among other places, forming a part, as you well know, of the fabric of "The Legend of Montrose." That these gentlemen of the mist should have cut off Drummond's head, in return for the heads of their friends, seems justifiable enough, as matters were conducted in those days; but he must have a considerable tenderness towards these descendants of King Alpin, who chuckles at the good taste which placed the head on a sister's table, with a piece of bread and cheese in its mouth, and as a return for her hospitality. There is nothing much worse than this in the history of cannibalism; and really

if Glenstrae and his followers thought fit to produce the head in the church and avow their intention of protecting the authors of this joke, they cannot have much to complain of, if their declaration of war was met by a counter declaration in the shape of a commission of fire and sword to Montrose.

The road towards Callander is sufficiently dull till we approach Loch Lubnaig; a lake remarkable for its singularity, and far from deficient in beauty. It is rendered utterly unlike every other Scottish lake, by the complete dissimilarity of its two boundaries: the one being flat and open, and the other a solid wall of mountain, formed by the steep and rocky declivity of Ben Ledi. Though long, it therefore presents little variety; but its best landscapes are rendered very striking by their great simplicity, and by the profound and magnificent breadth of shade which involves the hill, as it towers aloft, impending over the black waters on which it casts a solemn gloom. Nor is it deficient in all those minute ornaments of rock and tree and cultivation, and of sinuous and picturesque shores, which serve to contrast with and embellish this breadth and grandeur of character. Ardhullary, the seat of the Abyssinian Bruce, has acquired a sort of classical reputation, as having been the place where he is said to have secluded himself for the purpose of concocting his Opus Magnum. Enviable dog—when we unlucky scribblers are obliged to work when we can, not when we will; amidst physic, and law, and children, and wives, and the ringing of bells, and visitors, and facheux, and the thunder of wheels: in cabins of ships, and in carriages, in gout, and ague, and rheumatism, in sickness and in noise, in vexation, and sorrow, and distraction. But the charitable world cares not for these distinctions: it looks to the end, without enquiring about

the means; considering only itself. It cares not that the vanquished general wanted troops or ammunition; and, like the Egyptian task-master, demands the same produce from him who has the means and the materials, and from him who is in want of every thing.

The name of Strathire is known to all the readers of your poetry, and indeed I am now arriving on classic ground, and I may add, ticklish ground; about to tell you what you have been telling to other people, to the the whole world. But as I have also been obliged to fight my way through the same career as the Lord of the Isles, I must do the best I can in the regions that have been occupied by the Lady of the Lake. There is no remedy, at any rate, unless you will take the pen out of my hand and fill up this great blank yourself: for it is too serious a tract to be left as a hiatus in MS. But as this is an event more to be wished than expected, and as yourself and Blanche and Malcolm Græme may look at things in one way, a lucky exemplification of lunatic, lover, and poet, and as I am but a jog trot proser, contemplating them in another, I must even throw the reins on the neck of my own humble grey, in hopes that he may pick out a path somewhat different from his gallant predecessor. As in the case of my friend the travelling cutler, we have all our several ways of envisagering the world: chacun a ses lunettes. No one who has seen the pass of Lenie will ever forget it; but he who has seen it will forget the rest of Strathire, Kilmahog and all. As a specimen of a mountain pass, it can scarcely be exceeded in grandeur and romantic beauty: as a specimen of river landscape, it has few rivals: uniting both, it produces a picture, unequalled, inasmuch as it has no parallel in character, and not often equalled in magnificence and power of effect, in an union of appropriate

ornament and alpine sublimity. This is one of those felicitous compositions to which the artist can add nothing, and from which he can take nothing. The river is all that we can desire; broad and majestic, while rapid and rocky, and fringed with wood; suited to the breadth and elevation of the noble precipices of Ben Ledi that rise to the sky in one solid grey mass, and to the cliffs of wild forest that unite to form this romantic scene, and, which, while they are the gate, seem to refuse all further access, an impenetrable barrier to the Highlands.

CALLANDER, STIRLING, DOUNE, CASTLE CAMPBELL, LOCH VENACHAR, LOCH ACHRAY, LOCH CATERAN.

THOUGH, in the course of my geography, I have brought you to Callander from the Highlands, it will happen to the far greater number to reach it from Stirling, and thus to have an opportunity of seeing what well claims a visit, Doune castle. The noble trees that surround this building, the magnitude and variety of the ruin, the river, the position, the country around, all unite to render it one of the most picturesque of our ancient castles. Here, however, I am again transgressing my bounds; but having got thus far beyond them, why should I not go yet a step further, if it will teach those who may follow me, what I should have been thankful to have been taught myself when I began my career. But it is not Stirling of which I need speak, the glory of Scotland; for who does not know its noble rock, rising, the monarch of the landscape, its majestic and picturesque towers, its splendid plain, its amphitheatre of mountain, and the windings of its marvellous river: and who that has once seen the sun descending here in all the blaze of its beauty beyond the purple hills of the west, can ever forget the plain of Stirling, the endless charm of this wonderful scene, the wealth, the splendour, the variety, the majesty of all which here lies between earth and heaven. It is for the purpose of pointing out

the true road hither, that I have thus far encroached on my limits; and chiefly for the sake of Castle Campbell; scarcely known, though known to exist; named, but named as if it was an every-day sight, and passed every day, by hundreds who are satisfied with knowing that they are near it, and with hearing a few wretched puns upon its name.

But I ought to be silent about the puns: for the Dea of puns, if there is such a one in Varro's list, seemed to have pronounced a judgment on me for my contempt. Certainly Dollar was a cause of dolour to me; as I was condemned to lie still for a week, and wonder at what particular hour I should be choked with a squinancy. The throat is an awkward contrivance; because, as legislators know, it is easily stopped up. Fortunately, Dollar, or Dolour, contained no doctor. The landlady, however, was the howdie of the village, and came to tender her services, producing Dr. Young's certificate. I assured her that my case was not in her line; but, by dint of the Napoleon practice, I was rescued from this tedious substitute for a halter; and, in a week, was able to receive the congratulations of all the auld wives, and young ones too, of the neighbourhood. I must agree with you, Sir Walter, that it is an odd sex in our hours of ease: and the rest follows. Half of the whole sex of Dollar, kind creatures, came out of their houses when they saw the stranger gentleman crawling up the hill, like a spectre from the vaults of Castle Campbell, to offer him seats, and milk, and what not; and when I returned many years afterwards, to see and again to thank my obstetric hosts, I was received, not as one who had been a source of trouble, but as an old friend. Certainly, when I can choose the inn in which I am to have a fever, it shall be at Dollar.

What a piece of work is man! He certainly is, master Shakspeare. Because his pulse takes a fancy to beat 82 instead of 72, he is unable, in twelve hours, to sit up in his bed; and, when he gets out of it at length to enjoy the fresh air, must hold fast by the wall he could have jumped over a few days before. If the pulse continues rebellious, the carpenter comes and nails him up in a box, and all his half-finished schemes are at an end. Some one says, that if a watchmaker's productions did not go better, he would get very little practice. However that may be, the sun never shines so warm, the flies never hum such sweet music, the mossy bank never looks so green, and never does the air breathe such perfume, as when he first returns from the edge of the grave to smell the breeze that blows from the wallflowers of Castle Campbell; or of any other castle.

To the traveller, there can be no choice between the road to Stirling by Linlithgow, and that by Dunfermline and Dollar: yet the former is commonly adopted, and if the latter is trod, it is by chance, or by the few who may know this lovely part of Fife. Dunfermline itself, Saline, Torryburn, the Devon with its rumbling bridge and its cascades, the whole country, in short, is one continued scene of beauty, rendering this portion of Fife one of the most delicious parts of Scotland. From the gates of Muckhart, along the foot of the Ochills, is a ride exceeded in beauty by very few lines in Scotland of equal length; singular too as it is beautiful, bounded on one hand by a lofty and continuous wall of green and cultivated and wooded mountain, and, on the other, looking over a wide and open expanse of country which dazzles the eye by the richness of its wood and cultivation. It is in a summer evening, however, that this ride is to be enjoyed in perfect beauty; when the rich purple and

yellow haze of the west relieves the majestic rock of Stirling, and when the light is glancing along the endless objects, the towns and waters and trees and hills and woods and rocks that fill this wonderful picture; throwing its full yellow gleam on the long and lofty perspective of the Ochills, as they stretch away from the eye, varied by deep shadowy valleys and wooded dells and hanging forests, and streaming down their bright cascades to glitter in the sun-beams.

But it is for Castle Campbell that I have brought you here; not for scenes among which days and weeks might be occupied without thinking them long. The general glimpse of this place, as it is seen from the village of Dollar, is sufficiently striking; but those who are satisfied with this superficial view, will form a very inadequate idea indeed of the grandeur and variety of this extraordinary scenery. In advancing towards the ravine, the importance and interest of this first picture becomes materially increased; as the castle is now more distinctly seen, perched on its lofty conical hill, and embosomed deep in the surrounding mountains that appear to overhang it, shadowing it with a perpetual gloom; continuous woods sweeping up the steep acclivities on each hand, and the wild river bursting out from the deep and mysterious ravine amidst overhanging trees and rocks, as if it had suddenly sprung from the centre of the earth. Many magnificent landscapes of this strange and wonderful spot may be procured from different stations at the bottom of the valley, and by changing from one side to the other of the river; the essential parts of the picture continuing the same, while the lofty side screens of wood alter their form and position, and the features become varied by new trees and banks and rocks, and by the changes in the aspect

of this picturesque and winding river. But, in every position, it maintains its gloomy and solemn character; a depth and a breadth of shadow, at all hours of the day, in singular harmony with the noble sweep of the woods, the towering majesty of the mountains, and the bold and simple form of the hill which rises with inaccessible steepness from below, crowned with its romantic castle; a mountain in itself, yet overtopped by the vast amphitheatre around, which, lifting itself to the sky, impends over it in all the sublimity of shadowy twilight and repose.

But whatever grandeur or variety Castle Campbell may present from below, these are far excelled by the views from above, which offer scenes of magnificence and sublimity not surpassed in Scotland, and possibly not surpassed any where. It adds no small interest to this scenery, that it bears not the slightest resemblance to any thing in the country, nor to any thing that an imagination, however conversant with Scottish landscape, could have conceived. Various as are the pictures from different positions, one general character pervades the whole. The eye, from whatever point, here takes in the whole sweep of this noble amphitheatre of hill and wood; plunging, in inaccessible steepness, beneath our feet, down to the invisible depths below, in one sheet of wild forest, and towering aloft and over head, a range of simple and majestic mountain summits. In the midst, arises the conical mountain, now seen below us, and bearing its romantic fortress, insulated in the deep hollow; its inaccessible sides being lost to the eye as they tend downwards to the dark depths of the surrounding chasms beneath, where the river struggles amid its rocks and woods, unseen and unheard. From some points, this landscape, wonderful as it is, receives a great accession of splendour and magnificence, by admitting, on one side, a distant

view of the richly ornamented country which extends from the foot of the Ochills to the Forth; the water itself gleaming bright in the distance, and the horizon terminating in the hazy forms and long, retiring, hilly range of the opposite shore. But it would be vain to attempt to describe scenes fitted only for the pencil, and, by a singular felicity of composition, admirably adapted to its powers, even where, from occupying so high a point of view, the landscapes might be expected to lie beyond its scope and means. With a perfect unity and balance of composition from all points, a characteristic foreground is never wanting; while, without breach of perspective, all the objects follow each other, in that succession, from the very nearest foreground to the remotest distance, which is so rarely found in this class of elevated landscape, and which is so essential to a perfect composition. There is nothing baseless, nothing tottering, nothing of that obliquity of line, and defective balance, and violent contrast between the nearer grounds and the distance, which form so general a character of elevated landscape, and which so commonly render them unfit for painting, however striking or grand they may be in nature.

There is access to the castle at the only point where its hill is connected with the surrounding mountains; where some ancient and noble sycamores, the remains of an avenue, add much to the picturesque effect of the building. While its extent is such as to be adequate to the grandeur of the landscape by which it is surrounded, its forms are picturesque in a high degree; and it is in that precise state of ruin which is sufficient to add to its beauty and interest without destroying its importance. From the very narrow area around it, the views are fearfully sublime; while it is also impossible to quit its walls but for a few yards, without the risk of being hurled into

the unknown depths of the surrounding valley. So steep is the declivity all round, that the eye sees not the slope of the ground on which it is standing; looking down on a dark and interminable chasm between the opposing woods, and striving in vain to penetrate those deep recesses which even the light of day reaches not. A frightful chasm in the hill itself, guarded by an outwork, appears once to have served the purpose of giving access to the water below: it is called Kemp's Score, and still bears some marks of a staircase. It is said that Castle Campbell was originally called the Castle of Gloom, and that these lands were given by a Bishop of St. Andrew's to an Earl of Argyll, as a reward for his assistance in a dispute respecting precedency with the See of Glasgow. The date of the building is, however, uncertain; though the estate was possessed by the Campbells in 1465. In 1644 or 5, it was burnt by Montrose; since which it has remained a ruin.

But I must return to Callander and to the Highlands, leaving to those to whom it more properly belongs, the description of all the particulars that relate to this interesting road. The ancient manufactory of Highland fire arms for which Doune was celebrated, has ceased; as its fairs, the resort of the western Highlanders in former days, have been superseded. It is a mean little town, but will always be a point of attraction to the traveller, on account of its castle, and of the Teith, which is here a fine river; and as giving a near and immediate prospect of those Highlands to which his hopes and plans are tending. I know not but that the first view of Ben Ledi in thus approaching it, is more striking than any of the ordinary approaches to the Highland border. Though of no very great elevation, since it is not 3000 feet high, it rises in graceful and almost solitary magnificence, broad

and blue, the chief of the surrounding hills; thus contrasting more strongly with the open country to the southward which we are leaving, and holding out the promise of scenes yet unexplored, of the landscapes on which our imagination has long been dwelling with hope, and of gratification now in our own immediate grasp. Never at least shall I forget the impression it made on myself, when, after a long lapse of years, of absence from this fair land of the mountain and the glen, all the recollections of boyhood, on which I had so long and so often dwelt, were revived in all their freshness; and the long-protracted hopes seemed now at length on the very verge of being gratified. It was a delicious July evening, the bright blossom of the furze was perfuming the sweet still air, and the cheerful note of the yellow hammer was resounding from every hedge and bush around. Every thing was at peace; and as the sun, long delaying over Ben Lomond, streamed through its gorgeous attendant clouds of crimson and gold, as if loth to quit the lovely scene, brightening the broad side of Ben Ledi, and gilding the smoke which rose curling from Callander along the plain, all the dreary past seemed to vanish, and I felt for a moment that I was then wandering as I had once wandered among the blue hills and the glassy lakes of the Highlands, when the world was yet new, and when life held out a bright perspective of happiness.

The situation of Callander is rendered beautiful, no less by the broad and majestic form of Ben Ledi and the long range of mountains, which, vanishing in the west, are crowned by the graceful cone of Ben Lomond, than by the winding of the Teith through its spacious and rich plain, and by the romantic and rude wooded hills which rise immediately behind, screening it from the blasts of the east and from the cold north. Among these,

is found the noted cascade of Bracklin, often described. Imagination has discovered a Roman camp in the plain of Callander: but the supposed works are the terraces which the Teith has left in changing its position, and of which the traces are far too conspicuous and decided to have given any just ground for such a mistake. It was not for want of making the attempt, that I did not see whatever there is to be seen from the summit of Ben Ledi. I reached it, but in vain; and I need not conjecture and describe, like Brydone on Ætna, what I did not see. Did I choose thus to deceive you, I should at any rate do it with comparative truth, or rather falsehood; since I sat myself down on its topmost stone, whereas that personage, like Eustace in other cases, only ascended with the pen, and in his closet. Heaven knows, it is difficult enough to describe what we have seen, without troubling ourselves by attempting to look through clouds as dense as a millstone, and by stringing together epithets with a map before us. Yet the views ought to be fine, since Ben Ledi commands a very interesting variety of country. That they are so in the direction of Stirling, I can vouch; as they also are over Loch Lubnaig to the north: but, to me, it was like the vanishing of images in a magic lantern: like the glance of the lightning in a dark night; gone before I could say, it is here. I thought that I had known Highland rain in all its forms and mixtures and varieties; in Sky, in Mull, in Shetland, at Fort William, at Killin, on the summit of Ben Lawers, and in the depths of Glenco. But nothing like the rain on Ben Ledi did I ever behold, before or since. In an instant, and without warning or preparation, the showers descended in one broad stream, like a cascade, from the clouds, and in an instant they ceased again. We have heard, in an ode to Molly, of counting the drops of rain:

but there were no drops here to be counted; it was one solid sheet of water.

There is a peculiarity in these summer showers of the Highlands, which a Lowlander knows not, but will not easily forget when he has experienced it. If he carries an umbrella, it will be useful for him to be told, that, like his fowling piece when the dogs have scent, he must keep it ready cocked. If there is but a button to undo, or a ring to slip off, he will often be wet through before he can get either effected. There is an interval of fair weather: even the cloud which is to produce the rain is not very obvious; when, in an instant, and without a sprinkling, or even a harbinger drop, the whole is let go on your head as if a bucket had been emptied on it.

Perhaps the clouds and rain of this cloudy and rainy region are the reason that sun dials are so common in this country; not only at Kilmahog, where there are a dozen, but wherever you go. So it is in almost all the villages; and even the solitary house, that has not a stone step to its door, or any pretence to geometry in its walls, carries the evidence of its mathematical knowledge on its front, in the shape of a rusty gnomon. These incessant dials in this land of clouds, offer some apology for the celebrated question respecting the use of the sun to the dial. The policy is, however, profound: because if he should miss it at Inverness, he may hit it at Callander, or elsewhere, some time between the vernal and the autumnal equinoxes. But nothing equals the ingenuity of the artist at Glamis, who seems to have been determined that if time escaped him on one quarter, he would catch it on some other. It would be hard indeed, if, in the revolution of a year, the sun did not light upon one of the hundred faces of this most ingenious polyedron: for he can scarcely peep through a pin hole, without being caught

in the act by the tip of some one of the gnomons, that bristle their north poles like a hedgehog all round it.

I wish I could speak of the inns at Callander as I have spoken of that at Dollar; but it is a mixed world, inns and all, and we must take it as it comes. I mistook the golden head over the door for that of Galen or Hippocrates: if it is not yours, it ought to be; for the owner is certainly more indebted to you than to either of these worthies, or to any merits of his own, for his practice. All the varnish of this inn is insufficient to varnish its defects: from the stable to the kitchen, and the kitchen to the parlour, and the parlour to the bed room; wants of all kinds, except of pride and negligence; and of bells, which, the more you ring, the more nobody will come. But what is this to John Macpherson's inn, to which you may go if you please, and whither, possibly, you may be compelled to go. It is a genuine specimen of the Maclarty species; and is indeed so generic, that it will serve, as well as Tyndrum or any other, for a model of what this kind of hostelry is and may be.

When you hear Pe——ggy called, as if the first vowel was just about to thaw, like Sir John Mandeville's story, and when you hear Pe——ggy answer co——ming, you must not prepare to be impatient, but recollect that motion cannot be performed without time. If you are wet, the fire will be lighted by the time you are dry; at least if the peat is not wet too. The smoke of wet peat is wholesome: and if you are not used to it, they are: which is the same thing. There is neither poker nor tongs; you can stir it with your umbrella: nor bellows; you can blow it; unless you are asthmatic: or what is better still, Peggy will fan it with her petticoat. "Peggy, is the supper coming?" In time, comes mutton, called chops, then mustard, by and bye a knife and fork; suc-

cessively, a plate, a candle, and salt. When the mutton is cold, the pepper arrives, and then the bread, and lastly the whisky. The water is reserved for the second course. It is good policy to place these various matters in all directions, because they conceal the defects of Mrs Maclarty's table cloth. By this time, the fire is dying; Peggy waits till it is dead, and then the whole process of the peats and the petticoat is to be gone over again. It is all in vain. "Is the bed ready." By the time you have fallen asleep once or twice, it is ready. When you enter, it is damp: but how should it be dry in such a climate. The blankets feel so heavy that you expect to get warm in time. Not at all: they have the property of weight without warmth: though there is a fulling mill at Kilmahog. You awaken at two o'clock; very cold, and find that they have slipped over on the floor. You try to square them again, but such is their weight that they fall on the other side: and, at last, by dint of kicking and pulling, they become irremediably entangled, sheets and all; and sleep flies, whatever King Henry may think, to take refuge in other beds and other blankets.

It is vain to try again, and you get up at five. Water being so contemptibly common, it is probable that there is none present: or if there is, it has a delicious flavour of stale whisky: so that you may almost imagine the Highland rills to run grog. There is no soap in Mrs. Maclarty's house. It is prudent also to learn to shave without a looking glass; because, if there is one, it is so furrowed and striped and striated, either cross-wise, or perpendicularly, or diagonally, that, in consequence of what Sir Isaac Newton might call its fits of irregular reflection and transmission, you cut, your nose if it distorts you one way, and your ear if it protracts you in the opposite di-

rection. The towel being either wet or dirty, or both, you wipe yourself in the moreen curtains, unless you prefer the sheets. When you return to your sitting room, the table is covered with glasses, and mugs, and circles of dried whisky and porter. The fire place is full of white ashes: you labour to open a window, if it will open, that you may get a little of the morning air: and there being no sash-line, it falls on your fingers, as it did on Susanna's. Should you break a pane, it is of no consequence, as it will never be mended again. The clothes which you sent to be washed, are brought up wet; and those which you sent to be dried, smoked.

You now become impatient for the breakfast; and as it will not arrive, you go into the kitchen to assist in making the kettle boil. You will not accelerate this: but you will see the economy of Mrs. Maclarty's kitchen. The kettle, an inch thick, is hanging on a black crook in the smoke, not on the fire, likely to boil to-morrow. If you should be near a forest, there is a train of chips lying from the fire-place to the wood-corner, and the landlady is busy, not in separating the two, but in picking out any stray piece that seems likely to be lighted before its turn comes. You need not ask why the houses do not take fire: because it is all that the fire itself can do, with all its exertions. Round this fire are a few oat cakes, stuck on edge in the ashes to dry; perhaps a herring: and on the floor, at hand, are a heap or two of bed clothes, a cat, a few melancholy fowls, a couple of black dogs, and perchance a pig, or more; with a pile of undescribables, consisting of horse collars, old shoes, petticoats, a few dirty plates and horn spoons, a kilt, possibly a bagpipe, a wooden beaker, an empty gill and a pint stoup, a water bucket, a greasy candlestick, a rake, a spinning wheel, two or three frowsy fleeces and a shep-

herd's plaid, an iron pot full of potatoes, a never-washed milk-tub, some more potatoes, a griddle, a three-legged stool, and heaven and earth know what more. All this time, two or three naked children are peeping at you out of some unintelligible recess, perchance contesting with the chickens and the dogs for the fire, while Peggy is sitting over it unsnooded: one hand in her head, and the other, no one knows where, as she is wondering when the kettle will not boil; while, if she had a third, it might be employed on the other two. But enough of Mrs. Maclarty and her generation; for I am sure you can have no inclination to partake with me of the breakfast, which will probably be ready in two hours.

Loch Cateran, it need not be said, forms the great attraction of Callander; since, although this is not the only road to that beautiful spot, it is the most convenient one. Such is my orthography, or, if you prefer it, Ketterin: but Catharine or Katrine, can by no means be permitted. Nothing can possibly be plainer; except to etymologists, who so often take a wrong road when the right one is before them. Why otherwise the very Highlanders, scholars, and natives of the place themselves, should never have seen the obvious origin of this name, I know not. Kett urrin, says some one; urrin signifying hell, and kett being added euphoniæ gratia: and what others say is of much the same quality. But what is this to Mr. Whiter and his Etymologicon magnum. Sleep, says Mr. Whiter, is derived from *cabin*, because the first huts were places to sleep in; and *soap* is derived from sleep, because they are both connected with notions of softness. Vir, says the same philosopher, is the same as fear, because man is subject to be frightened; and war too is the same word as vir and

fear, because it is the chief of human occupations. Enough of the etymologists.

Loch Cateran, from its convenient vicinity to the Lowlands, and from the unsearchable nature of its wild recesses, was one of the most noted resorts of banditti; maintaining that character to the latest period at which any of these tribes existed; a period not "sixty years since." A plainer origin for the name could not well be desired; and as the radicals themselves are Gaelic, it is the more surprising that Gaelic scholars should have first made these blunders, and then persisted in them. Cateran, pronounced nearly according to the orthography, Cath earn, signifies men of war, or soldiers, and, by courtesy, thieves and banditti. Hence, according to the Gaelic elided pronunciation, we have Cearn, and in the plural Cearnach; the common name of the Donald Bean Leans and the rest of that tribe. The old writers sometimes spelt Carnanach, and hence apparently the Καρνοναχαι of Ptolemy; as his Κερωνες seem to mean the same thing, from Cearns, or Kearns. Fordun, I think, calls them Quatrani; and I need not tell you that Shakspeare's Kernes are the same personages. Ketterin, is, I believe, the last form into which this word has been tormented. Thus much for the honour of etymology and of Loch Cateran; and though I may differ from the author of the Lady of the Lake, what can be said, except that etymologists will differ, and sounder casuists fail than you or me, Sir Walter.

Loch Venachar, the first object that occurs in proceeding from Callander towards Loch Cateran, is but an insipid piece of water, except when, as seen from the westward, it partakes of the scenery beyond it which belongs to Loch Achray; under which form it offers some

very pleasing pictures. The first very striking view of the scenery to which we are approaching, is obtained from the hill above the bridge of Turk. Ben Venu, destined to act so principal a part in all the future landscape, is here a leading object: forming a magnificent termination to a picture which fills the eye by its parts and its ornament. But the chief interest in this part of the approach to Loch Cateran arises from Loch Achray; a name often unjustly swallowed up in that of its greater neighbour, since it may well stand a competition with it for the beauty of its landscapes. Those who hurry from this lovely lake to reach Loch Cateran, are of the tribe which follows where it is led, and which might frequently as well stay at home. Unless indeed they come for the same reason as a Lady whom I once met, and who drove up as if she had been driving through Bond Street, looking at nothing, but calling for a guide to shew her the place where Fitz James first saw the fair Ellen. This was the very sword which was exhibited as the one that Balaam wished for when he was angry with his ass; but the Lady was satisfied, and drove back to London again. The very guide seemed to hold his employers in no small contempt. I had accompanied, on one occasion, a cockney friend whom I met here, and who, after scrambling among the rocks and bogs for an hour, expressed vast indignation when he had reached the Coir nan Uriskin. "Lord, Sir," said the man, "there is no cave here but what Mr. Scott made himself." "What the d——l, no cave?" "Na, sir, but we go where the gentry chooses, and they always ask for the goblin cave first."

All that can be said is, that here the Poet and the Lake divide the crown; so that whatever indignation Nature and Loch Cateran may feel at this neglect, you, Sir Walter Scott, have reason to be pleased with the

triumphs of imagination over reality. Why the scenes of a fictitious tale should excite the same interest as those where the great drama of life has been acted in its various forms, I shall leave you to explain, as this is your affair, not mine: but I am quite sure that many of the well-informed personages who come here to see, believe the whole tale as firmly as you and I once believed in Valentine and Orson and More of Morehall. It was not very long ago since I met another party in search of this cave of your Uriskins, looking about them on all hands, with a mixture of fear and expectation, as if some of this Highland satyrhood were about to start up, like roebucks, from the bushes.

But what can one expect from such a clanjamfray as your poem has let loose upon this place. I thought my Killin friend had been as perfect an example as could be desired, of the power of picturesque scenery on the mind, of that enjoyment of Nature which we charitably suppose others to possess, because we possess it ourselves. But it was at the same place that I met a party which had come to see the beauties of the country, and which arrived after it was dark in a coach and four; departing the following morning with day light, that they might reach Callander in time for dinner. Thus the world goes on; upon trust and credit. I wish this was the worst; but Loch Cateran seems in a fair way of being belaked by the same unholy crew which has made the English lakes a standing nuisance. The last time I was here, I found a young cockney apothecary who had taken a lodging in one of the cottages, and who was employing the Edinburgh summer vacation in practising on a French horn. After three months of weary labour, he had attained the fourth bar of God save the King; and the whole, valley, rock, mountain, and water, resounded all

day long with the odious notes and their more odious echoes. I could have wished for Helen Mac Gregor to have treated, his horn at least, as she did the exciseman. Nay, I am not sure that I was not a little angry with you; wishing you had laid the venue of your poem any where else than at Ben Venu. Do, pray, take these matters to heart; and, in future, let it be St. Kilda, or John O'Groat's house, or the wilds of Rossshire. There is room enough in the Highlands for these irruptions of the Vandals; places without number, where they may indulge themselves with the French horn, or any thing else, without annoying their sober neighbours.

I am sure you will agree with me, that whatever superiority the scenery of Loch Cateran may possess, in respect to romantic wildness, or variety, or grandeur, or splendour of alpine ornament, it does not present many landscapes more perfect than those of Loch Achray. It is a frequent fault in Loch Caterán, that its landscapes, like those of lakes in general, consist, for the most part, of a distance and a foreground only; the vacant water occupying the place of the middle ground, and thus producing a meagreness of composition, of which every one must be sensible. At Loch Achray, there is water enough to stamp the character of the landscape, and to give life and brilliancy to the surrounding objects, without enfeebling the picture, either by its position or its extent. Whether occupying a portion of the middle ground, or of the foreground, or of both, it only performs that accessary part which water should ever do; contrasting, by its vacancy, its tranquillity, and its breadth of colour, with the splendour and bustle and multiplicity of the rocks, the woods, and the trees; and thus, while it adds variety and life to the landscape, conferring on it that repose so essential to good composition. I need not des-

cribe the particulars of views which can scarcely be overlooked by the dullest spectators; but there are two, at least, of this lake, which ought to be pointed out, because they lie out of the ordinary track, and have probably been seen by few. These are to be obtained by ascending the hill in the direction of Loch Ard, and they are most perfect under a morning sun. At the uppermost point, Ben Venu occupies a prominent place in the picture; its long rocky ridge sweeping down in a beautiful curve, and separating Loch Cateran from Loch Achray; the former stretching far away to the west, embosomed in its bold mountains, and the latter buried beneath the romantic and rocky ridge of Binean. A finer mountain view is rarely to be seen, though it is of a map-like character: but at a lower point, Loch Achray itself offers a picture, not only well adapted for the pencil, but exceeded in grandeur by few of the landscapes of this fertile and splendid tract. Its elements are the same; but the rich mixture of rock and wood which closes the western end, is here seen in all its wonderful splendour of detail, uniting with the romantic ridge beyond, to enclose, like a diamond in a rich casket, this lovely sheet of water, and towering high over it, as if to protect it from the injuries of the elements and the intrusion of man.

There is a singular and a romantic scene where the Teith is crossed, just before its entrance into Loch Achray, by a rude alpine wooden bridge. The mysterious source of the water among the closing rocks, their lofty grey faces, and the oaks, rooted in their fissures and throwing out their knotted branches and dark green foliage in contrast with the naked precipices, produce a picture altogether in harmony with the whole of this collection of wild and almost unparalleled landscape. When first I visited this place, when the name of Loch

Cateran was scarcely known, even at Edinburgh, that bridge was entire. I returned after many years, and found it so full of holes, that, like the bridge in Mirza's vision, it was easier to fall through than to walk over it. In a few more, I found it again, but now reduced to its two elementary poles; and though the only mode of communication across this water, and between two near neighbours, neither had thought of saving it from destruction, by repairs that would not have cost a few hours of labour. Had it been the only instance of this kind, I should have concluded that it was the very bridge in Glenburnie. But, as I told you before, there are Glenburnies every where.

I have rarely been so disappointed of reasonable expectations, as with the views from the summit of Ben Venu. Its situation naturally leads us to expect a very various and splendid expanse of landscape: but, by a fatality in the distribution of the mountains, many of the interesting objects that we might have hoped to see, are excluded. In particular, a good deal of the wild scenery of the Trosachs and of the lower extremity of its own lake, as well as of Loch Achray, are nearly invisible; from the difficulty or impossibility of attaining that declivity, so as to look down from the summit. There is still, however, much of their interesting anatomy to be seen. Wild as this face appears from below, no conception could be formed, from any other place, of its inaccessible nature; of its tremendous cliffs and precipices, and of the depth of the intervening hollows. It is truly a fearful scene, yet a splendid one: as much from the variety of the ground, as from the scattered wood which covers it, and from the marks of apparent destruction and ruin which it displays, in its broken rocks and deep fissures. On the other sides, the views present little else than the well-

known mountains of Loch Lomond and the west: yet there is much grandeur in them; while those which stretch from Ben Ledi towards Loch Earn are also visible, though the moderate elevation of this mountain does not permit a very extensive view over the opener country that extends beyond Callander. The places of Glasgow and Greenock are easily seen: but, as usual, these towns and the Clyde are suffocated in their own smoke.

There are two common mistakes committed by those who visit Loch Cateran: the one, and the chief, that of making exclusive use of a boat; and the other, that of limiting the walk to the northern and most accessible side of the water. By the former practice, nearly all that distinguishes this place from every other, all the wonderful and wild variety of its foregrounds and middle grounds, is nearly lost; little also remaining but the broad unvarying declivity of Ben Venu, which, however grand or picturesque as a distance, loses its interest and much of its effect when it forms the chief or sole object, rising from a straight line of vacant water. Thus viewed, the picture is a distance without middle or fore ground: nor is this object, grand as it is, and romantic as is the distribution of its parts, free from a similar fault, even when seen from the opposite shore with the advantage of a line of foreground, while the intermediate space consists of water only. This is one of the worst modes of lake scenery, as it is the most common; and though, from the magnitude and splendour of the objects, the defect is here less sensible in nature than it would be in painting, the landscape at length becomes wearisome by its uniformity. But many beautiful views may be procured along this shore, by a judicious management of those angles and bays which occur: using them so as to exclude a superabundance of water, and to break that

straight line which is, throughout, the foundation of the distance. Thus there may be procured that which, if it is not really a middle ground, answers, to a certain degree, the same purpose; by interposing, in some measure, between the immediate foreground and the mountain, and thus diminishing that sudden and, here, almost invariable, immediate contrast between the foreground and the distance, of which the effect is so disagreeable.

But these remarks regard art chiefly. In nature, and without such reference, the whole of this line of scenery must always be beautiful; uniting the utmost magnificence with a fairy-like and romantic character, and with a splendour of ornament which is almost unparalleled in Scotland: unparalleled I might perhaps say. The declivity of Ben Venu has no rival any where; whatever resemblances to it may be found in some of the scenes formerly pointed out. It is the singular felicity of this mountain, that while its outline is every where elegant or graceful, its simplicity and breadth of form and of general surface, serve to support and to harmonize, according to the true rules of beauty, whether in nature or in art, that endless variety of parts of which it consists: its cliffs and knolls and precipices and ravines and dark hollows, with the masses of wood that are scattered in picturesque confusion along its side, and the single trees to which are chiefly owing that lightness and airy grace which form such striking features throughout all the scenery of this lake. To this concurrence of circumstances, must be added the breadth of shadow, which, at most times, and at noon day principally, involves this mountain; supporting the playful lights which glitter in the endless multiplicity of the rocks and trees of the fore and nearer grounds, and casting a tone of sober repose over the broad water. No where, perhaps, does so much depend

on the position of the sun as here; important as its place is to landscape in all situations. To sit still in any one spot and to watch its progress from morning to evening, is to witness a succession of pictures equally striking and unexpected. Though the outline continues unchanged, every new light detects some hidden form; bringing into view, hills and woods and precipices and deep valleys before unsuspected, and producing an ever-moving and changing scene, as if the hand of magic were hourly operating a new creation. In the foregrounds, an incessant variety occurs in proceeding along the margin of the lake, as the road skirts the edge of the water under overhanging rocks and trees, or enters some secluded bay, or clambers the precipice and winds along the intricate hollows, or lastly, as taking its stand on some bold promontory, it commands the whole extent of the brilliant landscape around.

To attempt to detail the various pictures on this northern side of the water, would be to undertake a task alike laborious and ineffectual. Only let me remark, for the sake of those to whom this lake is new, that neither the value nor the number of the scenes contained within this short space of two miles, will easily be discovered on a first visit, nor without certain precautions which experience alone will teach. It is natural to fix the eye on the great features, to have the attention engaged by the whole picture rather than by the parts; nor is it easy, without considerable effort, to withdraw the mind from the general and overwhelming effect of the entire scene. Thus we overlook the rapid and incessant changes that occur near us, and see but one or a few pictures where there exist hundreds. Let the spectator bestow his chief attention on the objects immediately near him, on the wonderful variety of rocks and trees, of bays, precipices,

promontories, and sinuosities along which the road is conducted, and from these form his pictures. The distance is always nearly the same, and he may safely neglect it; as there is no danger that it will not command his attention whenever that is required. Thus he will add, both to his pleasures and to his stores; and will discover also, if he was not before aware of it, that, even in a single landscape in nature, it is impossible to pay due attention to all the parts, without a considerable effort, and without a degree of study which may be called analytical. I need only further add, with respect to this side of the water, that the point where the landscapes first cease, is obvious, and that, beyond this, there is no further temptation to proceed up the lake. Nothing can be so sudden as the transition, or so strong as the contrast, between its lower and upper parts. From this point to the very further extremity, and on both sides, it is among the dullest of our lakes: all the magic lies in Ben Venu and the objects immediately surrounding it, and from the moment we part with these, the charm is broken. If there is some little character in Glen Gyle, it is insufficient to attract any attention after quitting these more splendid scenes.

I must now return to some points on this lake which are known to few, and which are utterly neglected by the mass of travellers. Yet those who do not visit them, will depart with very inadequate conceptions of the infinite variety of this extraordinary spot. The first sight of the lake, as it breaks on the eye after emerging from the magnificent pass of the Trosachs, is rather bizarre or singular than picturesque, as well from the littleness of the parts as from their unexpected forms, though it cannot be denied the praise of romantic character. From this point, a road or path to the left, strikes off round

the base of that singular little hill which here terminates the pass: giving access to the river as it issues from the lake, and to various wild landscapes of extraordinary beauty. The river itself affords one or two pictures scarcely inferior to those of the pass of Lenie, and utterly distinct from every thing else which Loch Caferan presents. Boisterous and wild, forcing its winding way among huge rocks and under the shadow of ancient and rugged oaks, its origin and termination are alike mysterious and obscure; appearing to spring from the depths of the mountain, and shortly and suddenly losing itself among the lofty wooded rocks which enclose the head of Loch Achray. Ben Venu, towering aloft in all its simple sublimity, overhangs this scene of romance; of solitude which appears inaccessible alike to man and animals, and which seems fitted for the resort of supernatural beings. Every thing appears wrapt in gloom and in mystery; and we wander about this awful wilderness of rocks and woods, wondering how we are to extricate ourselves from their deep chasms and recesses, and almost wondering how we entered into the mountain labyrinth. We need not be surprised that such scenes as these were the resort of banditti; nor is it even now easy, in contemplating them, to cast off the impressions produced in our younger days by tales of romantic horror.

Here also are found some of the finest views which the lake affords. That angle, in particular, which gives exit to the river, produces some of the grandest scenes about this spot; Ben Venu here rising, close at hand, in a noble series of romantic precipices till it is lost in the clouds, and stretching away from the eye in a magnificent perspective, while the left hand of the picture is formed by all that wild variety of ground which conducts the road; seen from this point under shapes as new as they are

picturesque and wild. The island, celebrated by yourself, and not much less famed as the garrison of the women and children during the invasion of Cromwell's soldiers, forms a conspicuous object from this point; while the distant mountains, which enclose the head of the lake, retire in airy forms till they are lost in the mist of the western horizon.

But it is time to think of ending with Loch Cateran. Not, however, till I have advised those who are really desirous of knowing this lake, to bestow one forenoon on the southern side of the water, and amid the wilds of Ben Venu itself, as far as they are accessible. The path which leads to Balloch-nam-bo, is not very difficult to find; and the scenery here is, if possible, wilder, more magnificent, and more romantic than at any other part. The closer scenery about the woods and rocks, formed among the grey precipices and dark recesses and knotted oaks and pendent birches, is unexampled for wildness and beauty; while the same spot also affords various general views of the Trosachs and of the lake, entirely distinct in character from all the former; more wild, more strange, and more romantic. It is an incredible chaos of objects, but it is a chaos of beauty and sublimity: nor let any man imagine that he can pronounce on the merits of Loch Cateran and all that surrounds it, till he has passed days, mornings, noons, and evenings, on it and about it; till he has explored, even at the risk of his neck, all the dark and mysterious places in which it abounds, has climbed every grey rock and precipice where he can obtain footing, and has threaded all the labyrinthine maze of its woods and its torrents, of its deep ravines and twilight recesses.

HIGHLAND DRESS.

RETURNING through the deep and wild woody pass under Ardkenknochan, I met a smart young Highlander, blazing in a full suit of scarlet tartan, forming a highly picturesque and proper accompaniment to the surrounding landscape. He was of the better class of farmers, and evidently a Highland dandy of the first water. His colours were of that pattern called royal; and it was to be presumed that he claimed descent from the Stuarts. Each clan, you know, is supposed to have had its distinctive tartan, (for there are philosophers called sceptics who doubt even this,) and many of these patterns, formed of somewhat dingy mixtures of green, purple, and red, are admirably adapted for that which is thought to have been part of their original purpose; namely, the concealing, as is described in your poem, an ambuscade among the heath and bushes, or watching the motions of an enemy. The scarlet patterns, however, must have been fully as efficacious in defeating this object; if such ever was the purpose of a tartan. Some of these mixtures are extremely beautiful, even to the eye of a painter: being judicious associations of warm and cold tints; well proportioned and well opposed, and further, finely blended by the broken hues which arise from the crossing of the different coloured threads in the other parts of the pattern. Notwithstanding the extreme division of the design, they are also frequently managed in such a manner as to produce a breadth of colouring which gives an air of solidity and repose to a mixture of tints that, for want

of such care, would only dazzle and fatigue the sight. Many of them, it must however be admitted, are disposed in complete defiance of all taste and harmony; dazzling, gaudy, and confused, so as to give pain instead of pleasure to an educated or correct eye; while others are made of colours, either so injudiciously arranged and approximated, or so dingy and discordant in themselves, as to produce an unpleasant effect. I must not run the risk of offending any of my worthy friends by hazarding a more special criticism on them, or by naming those which a painter would admire or those which he would reject; since the colour and pattern of his tartan are said to be interwoven in the very heart of a true Highlander. Among some of the greater Reges this is true, or may be supposed: as to the *Achivi*, they know little about the matter and seem to care much less.

In some of the clans, the characters of these patterns are thought to have been rigidly preserved; but, respecting many, there are disputes in which it would ill become a Sassanach to interfere. Martin does not say that the clans were thus distinguished: he merely remarks that the different islands had different patterns. Like most other objects of affection, their value seems to have increased just at the moment they were in danger of being lost; and hence those who had long neglected this relic of ancient distinctions, have been lately busy in inventing or imagining what they could not restore. New genera and species have thus crept into the arrangement: and, to increase the confusion which thus reigns in the natural history of tartans, the weavers of Bannockburn, backed by the ladies and the haberdashers of Edinburgh, have lately spawned an illegitimate offspring, which bids defiance to all classification. It is chiefly in the country indeed, that there is a chance of

procuring genuine specimens of the original heraldic bearings of the clans; while the solidity of the manufacture as it is woven in a Highland loom, ensures that warmth and comfort which we may seek in vain in the flimsy Lowland imitations that have now superseded them in the towns.

Whatever may be thought of the convenience of the Highland dress, every one must acknowledge that the full costume, as it is worn by the Highland regiments, is highly picturesque. But even this is corrupted by the modern ostritch plume; which, like that of an undertaker's horse, nods from the bonnet; although it cannot be denied that it improves the effect. The chief alone was formerly distinguished by some mark of this nature; by an eagle's feather; and, according to his clan, by a sprig of heath or of some other plant: distinct clans being supposed to have been distinguished, as I formerly observed, each by its own botanical bearing. The effective part of this dress is the belted plaid, as it is called, or that arrangement in which the plaid is fastened to the kilt; not a separate garment to be thrown off or put on when convenient. But this is no longer to be seen in the country, except among a few of the gentlemen who choose occasionally to wear it in full dress, or as the costume of the Piper or the Henchman, where these are still retained. It is by no means very common now to meet, even with the kilt; except among those who have much occasion for walking, and among the children, with whom, from its cheapness and convenience, it is almost universal. The bonnet is still a good deal worn, even when the rest of the dress is merely a jacket and trousers; but it is not a very picturesque ornament at any time, when unadorned, and is quite the reverse when worn with the coat and the other incongruities of English

dress. Nor can much be said in this respect in favour of the kilt, unless the loose plaid happens to be used at the same time. Still less is it to be considered ornamental, when worn, as it sometimes is, with a hat. Nothing indeed can well look more incongruous and mean than this spurious dress. The plaid is still much in use; particularly among old women in their Sunday attire; when it is so disposed as to form a cap and cloak both, and is sometimes fastened before, by a huge circular silver or pewter broach that has descended through generations. The coarse plaid, of a plain brown and white chequer, is in universal use among the shepherds and drovers, and among the children who tend the cattle; and to them it serves the purpose of cloak, umbrella, and sometimes of bedding; as its texture is sufficiently solid to keep off a great deal of rain. When wet, it is equally impervious to the blast; and, however strange it may appear, forms thus a very comfortable shelter. An ancient Highlander rolled himself in his wet plaid when he lay down to sleep on the heath.

The trousers, which anciently formed a variety of the Highland costume, under the name of trews, (whence also trouser,) the braccæ caligatæ of Giraldus Cambrensis, have now quite superseded the kilt among the shepherds, who have learnt to know the comfort of warmth. At sea, no other dress is worn; nor do I recollect, throughout all the islands, seeing a single boatman in a kilt, except by accident, although some still wear the bonnet. They have, in fact, adopted the blue jacket and trousers, with the warm stockings, of a common seaman; sensible of their advantages in the wet and cold weather in which their occupation lies. As long as Highland regiments are maintained, the full dress cannot be forgotten: it is desirable that it should not; but time, and a sense of its

superior convenience, have now rendered familiar and welcome, that which was originally imposed by force, and was not adopted without many remonstrances and much obloquy against my lord Hardwicke; of which the popular ballads of the times have preserved ample record. Every year, even in my own experience, is encroaching on the kilt and bonnet; and, in no long time, it will probably be found only among the few who are laudably tenacious of ancient customs and recollections.

A few enthusiasts have amused themselves with deriving the Highland kilt from one of the dresses of the Romans, to which the resemblance is sufficiently vague. These worthy antiquaries forget the anger they feel at the bare notion that the Romans ever interfered with the Highlanders; as much as Macpherson forgot himself when he chose to convert Caracul into Caracalla, and to send his hero Fingal to make war on the legions, and to reward his followers with the "gold of the stranger." They were little likely to adopt, either an ornamental or a useful part of dress from their enemies; but whether that be the fact or not, it is nearly certain that the Gael and the Romans had no communication, as the progress of the latter lay along the east coast; among Picts or Caledonians, a different race, be their disputed origin what it may, until it finally terminated at Cromarty, or rather beyond it, at Tarbet Ness, the Aræ finium Imperii Romani.

Shocking as it may be to Gaelic pride, it does not seem very difficult to trace the origin of the belted plaid; the true and characteristic dress from which the other modifications have been derived. It is precisely, as has been often said, the expedient of a savage, unable or unwilling to convert the web of cloth which he had procured, into a more convenient shape. Rolling one extremity round

his body, the remainder was thrown over his shoulder, to be used as occasion should require, in covering the rest of his person. The Roman theory of the kilt is indeed demolished at one blow, by the fact that this article of dress in an independent form, or the philibeg (feala beg), is of very modern introduction: and, what is still worse, that it was the invention of an Englishman. It was first introduced at Tyndrum about a century past, by Rawlinson, the superintendent, or agent for the lead mines; who, finding his Highland labourers encumbered with their belted plaids, taught them to separate the two into the present form. To such vile causes have great revolutions been owing, and by such trifles are ponderous theories overthrown.

I am as much in danger however for any heterodoxy which I may have the misfortune to entertain in the matter of kilts, particularly if the tartan fever should continue, as for those other difficulties of belief that haunt all unfortunate wights who choose to hunt among Celtic antiquities, and listen to Celtic antiquaries. Nevertheless I must go on, and say, with Kecksy, " who's afraid."

They tell us it is the Roman dress. Antiquaries are strange fellows every where, but this is wondrous strange. If this hypothesis means any thing, it is that the kilt was an imitation of the skirts of the Roman Tunica, or else of the loose dangling fringe-like armour, the straps of the Lorica, or cuisses, in modern phrase, which were sometimes worn over them. Now, at whatever time the kilt, or rather petticoat, was adopted, it was the lower end of the plaid, and nothing else; not of a waistcoat like the Tunica: the proper philibeg, as I said before, is modern. There is a sort of resemblance between the kilt and the skirts of the Tunica, it is true; but as to the rest of it, or the principle of the two dresses, they resemble each other

just as much as Macedon does Monmouth. The Roman soldiers had no plaid; nor would it be very easy to extract that garment from the Sagum; except that, as different people may wrap themselves in a simple web, there cannot fail to be coincidences in form. It would not be amiss also if these Celtic tailors would prove that the Roman soldiers who occupied Britain, were so indifferent to cold as to be content to cover their bodies with nothing but the loose skirt of a waistcoat; or that their officers were silly enough to bring naked men out of the red heat of Italy, and turn them bare to the rains, and storms, and snows, of our delectable climate. They ought also to tell us how it happened that a barbarous people adopted the dress of their invaders; invaders, not even conquerors; and whom moreover it could not have been the fortune of many of them to have seen. The matter is too plain to require any further commentary.

The real origin of the dress is obvious enough, as I said before, though, probably, extremely remote; but the present showy combination, which forms the entire dress, seems to be comparatively modern. It has been said that the mere philibeg of tartan cannot be very old; and that the harlequin-like masquerade dress, all of tartan, and sometimes of more kinds than one, is absolutely an affair of yesterday. It has also been said, that it must require no common share of Celtic credulity, even to believe that the Highlanders could have woven a tartan two or three centuries ago; and that they were as likely to have made brocade or sprigged muslins. As to their distinguishing their clans by the patterns of these webs, that also, as I have just noticed, is said to be more than doubtful; and is asserted, at any rate, to be very modern indeed.

The tug of war is severe when Scot meets Gael; but

I suspect that the Gael here has got the right on his side; at least for an antiquity much more considerable than this criticism would imply. In some canons for regulating the Scottish church, enacted about 1240 and 1250, the ecclesiastics were prohibited from wearing red, green, and striped clothing, as well as garments that were shorter than the middle of the leg That, obviously, alludes both to tartan and to kilts or plaids. Moniepenny also mentions "plaids of divers colours:" but his date scarcely passes 1600. Nor is it reasonable to conclude that the Highlanders were at any period so barbarous, as to have been incapable, either of dyeing or weaving. They manufactured arms; and the arts required for that, are fully as refined. It is usual to run into extremes in these matters; while, when extravagant claims are set up on one side, the common rule is to allow nothing at all. Admitting that the military or political system and the mode of life, in the middle ages of the Highlands, were what we now call barbarous and savage, these critics ought to remember that many arts, even refined ones, were known to Greece, when its manners were no other than those of the ancient Highlanders; and that, even in those nations which are now savage, many ingenious and difficult manufactures are practised. But history itself will shew the unfounded nature of this criticism. To take one portion alone, and the most secluded of the Highlands, viz. the maritime part, it could not possibly have been deficient in arts before 1200, when under the Norwegian government; when it built and manned large fleets and gave aid to England; when its kings resided occasionally at the English court, and when, even long prior to that date, the state of Norway was similar to that of Normandy at the time of the conquest of England. Such arts could not have been lost in the Highlands after

the Norwegian secession: and therefore, whatever we may choose to think of Highland manners in former times, we must beware of imagining them to have been that barbarous people which some persons have chosen to suppose. But anger on one side excites it on the other; and truth, taking wing, flies far away.

But to return to the antitartanists. Scotland never stood very high in the arts, it must be owned, and her list of painters is as meagre as it is modern. Consequently, her galleries of family portraits are rather more defective than her pedigrees. Yet if we go back to the time of Charles the first, which is not a very great way, there are no pictures of tartaned gentlemen, nor any graphic records of kilts and plaids; though many of the Highland chiefs, such as the Gordons, and Campbells, and Murrays, had their pictures painted occasionally. If Jameson, for one, felt like his master Vandyke, about draperies, he would have been very glad to have made use of these supposed Celtic paraphernalia; and it is probable enough that, like the present Lowlanders, and other mob of all sorts, who have adopted, for great occasions, a dress to which they have no more title than to a turban and a banyan, a chadre, or a mantilla, he would have extended these picturesque habiliments far beyond the verge of their legitimate rights.

This fact proves, perhaps, some points relating to the ancient Highland dress, but it will not prove that the plaid or the tartan was unknown. It seems that as the chiefs wore mail in war, when the people were unarmed, so they also often distinguished themselves in peace, by adopting the dress of France or of the Scottish court; with one or other of which, all the greater ones at least, were in occasional connexion. That those who were Scottish barons, such as the Atholls and the Gordons,

should have done so, was to be expected. If also the common people, as appears to be true, wore, in latter days, chiefly the grey checked plaid, and that of a scanty size, rolled close, with a naked bonnet, and if, as is probable, and, I believe, true, they were in every sense poorly clad, the dress, in this form, was certainly one which no painter would have wished to copy: since, splendid and picturesque as a modern Highland dress is, it is quite easy to retain all its elements and still to make it hideous. All that follows from the preceding remark therefore, is, that the dresses which we now see in Edinburgh, were unknown in that form, and that the ancient chiefs did not, like the modern, consider their native dress an object to be desired, or conceive it capable of the improvement which it has recently undergone.

What the Highlanders wore in their most ancient days, it is not very easy to discover from any positive documents; whether they were Celts, Norwegians, or German Picts. There being no print-shops nor lithography in those days, their costumes have not descended to us; and there is not much to be learnt from sculptures, unless with respect to churchmen, who were pretty much the same every where, and who are a modern race. Such few warriors as are petrified on the ancient tombs, bear no marks of philibeg or tartan; their dresses and arms resemble those of the Lowlanders of the same age; but none of these either are of ancient date. The multitude, at the beginning, had probably as much dress as the ancient Britons or the Chippewas; and they do not seem to have had much more for a long time afterwards. A web or blanket of some kind, forming philibeg and plaid at once, was probably the whole investment. Indeed there are old people in Airdnamurchan and Morven,

who pretend to have heard from their parents, that, even in comparatively recent times, when the Mac Donalds came to Ardtorinish castle, their followers had no other dress than a dirty blanket.

Mr. Eustace, who is a good hater of every thing French, wanted to introduce the Highland modern dress at court. Assuredly the French coat and waistcoat, with its bag and the rest of the offal that belongs to it, is as ugly a dress as was ever invented; and the full plumed, petticoated, plaided, pursed, buckled, pistol-dirk-and-sworded (as Homer would say) dress, is a very showy and a very picturesque one. The King may adopt it if he likes; or any other that he does like. But he must not adopt it for Mr. Eustace's reason; as it never was the dress of any court, nor of any king, nor of any Scottish noble; nor, I believe, I may safely add, of any people. Charles Edward wore it, only out of compliment to his Highland army; and Kemble rigs up Banquo and Macbeth in it, because he knows no better. The gentlemen who constitute the Celtic club and other clubs, wear it because it is handsome, or because they think themselves handsome, or for other reasons; and all these reasons, be they what they may, are very good ones.

But if we are to be dressed up theatrically, I do not see why we should not go back to the times of our Henrys and Edwards, or even to that of the Charleses. There is abundance of splendour and beauty too to be found, without stripping ourselves half naked to adopt a dress which is not that of ancient England, or even of ancient Scotland. There are historical recollections attached to these, that may well heat our minds, as their quilted doublets, and hose, and cloaks, and boots, and gloves, and hats, and caps, and feathers, would our car-

cases. Against this, what do the Highlands offer us: absolutely nothing. If the plaid and petticoat, and the vile thrum cap, are more beautiful than all the dresses from Edward the Confessor downwards, then it can only be answered in the words of the vulgarest of proverbs. Why the Highlanders should claim to attend balls and dinners in arms, when they are not soldiers, no one knows; and if that were, we should smile now to see the Duke of Wellington at Almack's in the uniform of the Blues; pistols, carbine, broadsword, cross buff belts and all. Indeed, if this is to be the system, there is no good reason why my Lord A, and the Duke of B, and the Marquis of C, and not only these, but all the attorneys and merchants' clerks of London, should not walk about Bond Street in plate mail, why they should not make love in helm and hauberk, dance the queue de chat in cuisses, and ride up and down Rotten Row with two-handed swords and matchlocks, or make their way through Fop's Alley with a morning star or a half pike.

But the advocates of the kilt, not content with wearing it themselves in a good warm room, once a year, over a bottle of port, want to compel the unfortunate Highlanders to do the same, all the year round; in the rain, in the snow, in the storm, on a horse, in a boat, over hill, over dale, thorough furze, thorough briar, thorough flood, thorough—bog. This is somewhat hard: dictating to other persons' sensibilities, while, like the gentlemen of England, they themselves live at home at ease. That this is absurd, is a conclusion which, like a late Lowland critic, you may make if you please, as I never countenance such hard words; thoughtless is a better phrase: for it is really nothing worse.

That same, somewhat rough critic, asserts also that there is something metaphysical and refined in this at-

tempt: that it proves these worthy patriots to have studied their humanities, and that it is but a copy, or rather, a reverse of a former proceeding. Lord Hardwicke stripped off the petticoat and crammed the people into breeches, that he might uncelt them. They are now to be rekilted and recelted; and when they have become casehardened with a little practice, heaven knows, as Mr. Speaker Onslow said, what the consequences will be. But this, he remarks, is only the beginning of a reformation; which ought to proceed from kilts to clans, and from poverty and peace to starvation and war, till the Highlanders shall once more "rise beyond all Greek, beyond all Roman fame:" when they shall become the admiration and terror of the world; the bugbears of George the fourth, and of such unlucky farmers as happen to have cattle near the pass of Ballybrough; or any other pass.

Happy must be such a reformation, or retrogradation rather; if our critic is correct: yet from some unknown cause or other, the project does not take, has not taken, and is not likely to take; to the great discomfiture of the Society for the suppression of breeches. Donald, it is said by this illnatured person, has found out that, besides breeches vice kilts, and heat vice cold, there are many other petty consequences resulting from his emancipation out of the servitude of great chiefs, which are not to be despised. Though not deeply read in the classics, he is supposed to know the meaning of delirant reges, and of what follows. He is said also to have discovered, not only that his interest is, in a good many points, different from that of his chiefs now, but that it was so in the olden time; and to smile in secret at those who are for returning him to as much of his original barbarism and discomfort as they can, solely to gratify some picturesque

fancies of their own. If these societies of ardent Highlanders, who, by the bye, are not Highlanders at all, nine times out of ten, but very good-natured quiet gentlemen, want to restore things to their old condition, to have kilts, and brogues, and clans, and tails, and bards, and gillies, and henchmen, and caterans at command, and pit and gallows, they had better begin, the same commentator remarks, by selling or eating all their sheep, giving up their rents, living on their estates, and feeding their people with dirty puddings, imrich, shins, livers, and lights, from the ends of long tables in narrow dark stone halls.

It is not worth this critic's while to be serious in such matters: since assuredly these very worthy men are not serious themselves. All that need be said, is, that no man in his senses will go to sea in a kilt, or mount a horse in one, or—but why trouble ourselves any further. There is a natural progress in all mundane matters, which force may retard, or modify, or divert, but which it never yet stopped. Such is the conversion of kilts into breeches, of bare feet into shoed ones; with many other matters in many other places, times, and countries than the Highlands. But now for a postcript.

I said some time ago that there are critics who will not allow that the Highlanders could have woven a tartan two centuries back; and as I know not who can controvert these writers better than he who has examined all the evidence, and does not care what is established, provided it be the truth, here is another argument on the other side. Livy informs us that the great Gaul whom Manlius fought, was dressed in a vestis versicolor; and what can that possibly be but a tartan. Diodorus, who also lived rather more than two centuries ago, says that the Braccæ were made of various colours; and as these were worn

by the Gauls of one division, that district, or Transalpine Gaul, was also termed Gallia Braccata. I wish the Gens togata had told us more distinctly what were the braccæ of the Gens braccata. It is no matter, however, for the main stay of my hypothesis. Bracca is evidently derived from the Celtic breachan, variegated, and the Gauls were Celts; and therefore, whether breeches or petticoats, the braccæ were tartan, and nothing else. Tartan trews, it is likely: and, to see how etymologies come round, breeches, though they should be made of black satin or pea-green kerseymere, or corduroy, or buckskin, or nankin, or everlasting, are derived from tartan, or breachan, perhaps from a tartan plaid; just as the rapid motion of posting with four or six horses, traces its origin to an immoveable wooden post. I hope the Celtic or Keltic (Celt quasi Kelt or Kilt) nation, the Gens petticoatata in short, will be pleased at the antiquity with which I have thus attempted, even in subversion and defiance of Lowland critics, to clothe the naked posterity of the present Gael.

Except in St. Kilda, I have never seen the original and true corrane, or brogue of raw hide, which, it is somewhat remarkable, is still in use in the Isle of Mann. In St. Kilda, it is found useful among the cliffs, from the hold which it affords to the foot; but it is a perishable and barbarous contrivance, not much superior to the well-used horny sole itself. The brogue of the present day, is a shoe of tanned leather, made in the usual form, but with a single sole, and open at the side seams for the purpose of giving free passage to the water, which must unavoidably enter it from above, in wet ground, or in boats, and which thus finds a ready exit without incommoding the walker. They are made of skins tanned by the natives themselves, commonly by the aid of tormentil roots; and sometimes dyed in the water of ferruginous

bogs or springs. It is extremely rare to see a man barefooted; and even that only happens on some specific occasions, not habitually in any individual; but it is equally rare to see women with shoes, except when in full dress, on Sundays, or on the borders of the Lowlands. Even among females, however, their use is fast creeping in; but the children of both sexes are bare legged even to an advanced age, not only among the poorer classes, but also in families of condition. It is not long since domestic female servants, even in Edinburgh, as you well know, paddled about their duties unshod: the fashion is still to be found by those who will seek it, and it must be confessed that it is somewhat repulsive to southern feelings. But out of doors, and in the Highlands, it adds much to the general picturesque effect of the female attire, which consists of a short jacket and shorter petticoat; and as the limbs of the fair sex here are well turned, far different from those of the Welsh women, which seem as if they had been shaped in a lathe, a painter will be sorry for the day when the progress of improvement shall have swept away this distinction. I cannot equally praise the mode of dressing the hair; the smoothed locks of all hues, drawn tightly back so as to stretch the face till it shines, and secured by a huge black comb, form a termination to the general effect of the figure which is far from picturesque. In the Long Island, chiefly, though it is found elsewhere, there is a head-dress consisting of a dirty coloured handkerchief tied round the head; the effect of which is even worse than that of the comb or snood, as there is no attempt to give it a pleasing form. But enough, for the present, of tailoring and millinery.

ABERFOYLE, LOCH ARD, LOCH CHON, LOCH LOMOND.

By pursuing the road along the side of Loch Cateran and crossing its waters, it is easy to reach the upper part of Loch Lomond, at a ferry which terminates that branch of the old military road which communicated with the garrison of Inversnaid, long since abandoned. But it offers few temptations; except to those who may wish to visit this wild country on account of its historical recollections, or to examine a cave on this remote part of Loch Lomond, said to have been one of the retreats of the noted Rob Roy. The same road will conduct to Aberfoyle, and there is also a road, across the hills, to this latter place: practicable, I must not say more, even for gigs, but in no respect interesting. The ordinary route to this village from Stirling, will introduce the traveller to the pleasing, though tame, Loch of Monteith, rendered additionally attractive by the ruins on its island, and by the magnificent trees which overshadow it.

As far as the village of Aberfoyle, this pass into the Highlands is not very interesting; but some wild and pleasing scenes will be found in its neighbourhood; at the Duchra, and at other places which I need not specify. The great attraction, as I need scarcely say, is Loch Ard; Loch Chon, connected with it by the same river, being rarely visited, although not inferior to it in picturesque beauty, however differing in style. When I say that Loch Ard is a pleasing lake, it is the utmost

praise which it seems to deserve; having very little decision of character, and scarcely presenting any variety of scenery. The best view of it is the first that is obtained; where a small portion only of the lake, nearly separated from the main body of the water by a wooded promontory, is seen; a bright and placid basin imbedded in surrounding woods, over which rises the here graceful form of Ben Lomond. Passing this point, amid dense coppices of oak, the whole lake is shortly displayed; bounded on the west by a range of hill, of no decided features, terminated by the same mountain; but more open on the east, where the road is conducted along the shore, and where there is a succession of farms and of scattered cultivation, extending onwards to Loch Chon. A low rocky promontory, advancing so close to the water as barely to give room to the road between them, is the only very remarkable object on this shore: nor, excepting that, does any material change take place, either in the foreground or in the general aspect of the lake, to produce any other picture than that which first meets the eye. If this be the narrow pass intended in the skirmish described in Rob Roy, a question which you can probably answer much better than any one, it has now acquired an interest similar to that of the Lady's island in Loch Cateran. If Ithaca, Segovia, Bagdad, the Sierra Morena, and Datchet Mead, are classic ground, and if we cannot visit without interest the scenes of those fictions which have, for centuries, formed the delight of youth and age, neither can we now easily contemplate the pass of Aberfoyle or the wilds of Loch Cateran without viewing them through that atmosphere of a new enchantment which has been lately spread over them.

The character of Loch Chon, including its miniature associate Loch Dhu, is utterly distinct from that of Loch

Ard, and, though small, it is a very picturesque lake; rocky and wild, with bold and steep boundaries; presenting scenes where the surrounding land is of more importance than the water, but wanting in that high degree of ornament, derived from scattered wood, which we have so lately parted with. There is little temptation to pursue this road any further towards Inversnaid, or to follow the wild country tracks which lead to the source of the Forth and to the summit of Ben Lomond. This is true, at least, for those who are strangers to this country: as what might be gained by taking this route, is far more than compensated by the beauties of the road along the eastern shore of Loch Lomond to the same point, which would thus be lost. Curiosity alone may be, to many, a sufficient temptation to trace the springs of the Forth; but this river acquires little beauty till it arrives near to Aberfoyle, to join the water issuing from Loch Ard, its second principal source. Nor, though thus originating in the Highlands, is it long a Highland river; losing its claims near the pass of Aberfoyle, as its first great contributor, the Teith, does at Callander.

But whatever enchantment that pen of yours, whether wielded by yourself or your shadow, may have thrown over these scenes, there is a compensation of evil in it, to us who have lived in other years. In the early days when I wandered first among these wild and lovely regions, there was an old romance in every thing, in the lakes, in the hills, in the woods, and in the streams, as there was in the tales of former years that were repeated in every house; a charm, gilding alike the present and the past, causing the heart to beat at the name of the clans and heroes of old, brightening every blue mountain and hoary rock, and breathing from every whispering birch, and from every billow that curled on the pebbly

shore. But the mystic portal has been thrown open, and the mob has rushed in, dispersing all these fairy visions, and polluting every thing with its unhallowed touch. Barouches and gigs, cocknies and fishermen and poets, Glasgow weavers and travelling haberdashers, now swarm in every resting place, and meet us at every avenue. As Rob Roy now blusters at Covent-garden and the Lyceum, and as Aberfoyle is gone to Wapping, so Wapping and the Strand must also come to Aberfoyle. The green-coated fairies have packed up their alls and quitted the premises, and the Uriskins only caper now in your verses. If I have lived to see these changes, I must be thankful that I lived before them; and I may be thankful too that I have been able to wander where the sound of Cockayne, which has gone out into all lands, is yet unknown. But the circle of pollution is spreading fast, to the far north and the remote west; and as the old Highlander said when the law had come to Tain, I also may say, "take care of yourselves to the north," the troops of Cockayne are let loose and will soon be upon you. Time was, when I strayed about these wild scenes, and, as I listened to the endless tales of Rob Roy and his Mac Gregors, could imagine myself glorying in past times, as if I also had been sprung from the children of the Mist. But now they have found their way to every circulating library, Brighton and Margate flaunt in tartan, the citizen from Pudding Lane talks of Loch Hard; and recollections of Miss Stephens, Diana Vernon, and Liston, with the smell and smoke of gas lights, and cries of "Music, Off, Off," confound the other senses, and recall base realities where there was once a delicious vision.

These are among the things which prevent us, who have fallen upon these evil days, from now viewing ancient

Highland manners, and listening to ancient Highland stories, and entering into all the spirit of clanship and romance and wild chivalry, as many would fain flatter themselves they still do. We look to the dark backward and abyss of time, in search of all these illusions, in vain! The mist has rolled away; and the provoking rays of provoking reason and truth, display past images in all their native shapes and hues, even where they have not, as here, lost their magic, by intimacy and by the fatal effects of vulgar associations. Who can even hope to tell a Highland tale, in the teeth of such company as this. You talk of Rob Roy's cave, or of Inversnaid, or Ben Lomond, and your hearer immediately figures to himself a few feet of painted canvas and twenty-four fiddlers. You speak of a creagh, but the mysterious vague is over and past, and there arises to the eye, a drove of bullocks pricking in to Smithfield market. So I must even strip poor Rob and his oppressed clan as naked as ever the law did, since I dare not pass over such important personages, and exhibit them to you in the style of the Newgate calendar.

Of the antiquity of this clan, whatever difficulty there may be in deriving it from Alpin or any of his successors, there can be no doubt. It is quite sufficient that it was opulent and powerful in the days of James III, and some time before that period. To ascertain their ancient possessions, is not a very easy matter, that is, in terms of the law; as they seem to have held some lands allodially, if this phrase is allowable, and others, as branches, or dependants, or vassals. Of the latter class, were their possessions in this district; the former extended from Taymouth to Glenorchy, and are said also to have included the rich and fertile valley of Glen Lyon. I do not find that the traditions about their early history

are very consistent; and I conjecture that you have experienced the same difficulties. Whether they were more lawless or ferocious than the other clans who were, in a similar manner, seated near the Lowland border, does not appear; but they were the most conspicuous sufferers from the statute of 1581, authorizing private reprisals on any predatory clans, and which was, of course, frequently made a pretext, as I have noticed in the historical sketch, for private feuds and unfounded aggressions. Under this precious mode of ensuring the energy of the laws, the Campbells proceeded to levy war on the Mac Gregors, weakened at that moment by their contests with the Mac Nabs; and having slain the heir of their Chief, Mac Gregor a Ruari, or Roderick, celebrated in song, their principal possessions fell into the power of this rising, though already important clan. The statute of 1587 thus, virtually, rendered them outlaws; since, condemned now to live by depredation, they were totally disabled from finding that security for their good conduct which that law demanded.

Tradition says that they became, now at least, sufficiently lawless to justify the severity of a proceeding, which, after all, seems, by its injustice and folly, to have given rise to their desperate conduct; and thus, numerous as well as desperate, and occuping a district almost inaccessible, in times when roads were unknown and the country more covered with wood, they were enabled from their fastnesses, to carry on a cruel, as well as a predatory, system of war on the surrounding clans, and of inroads on the Lowlands. In 1589, a party belonging to an inferior leader of the tribe, called Dugald of the Mist, having slain Drummond, one of the king's rangers, with circumstances of peculiar cruelty, noticed, in speaking not long ago of Loch Voil, a writ of fire and sword was issued against

them, and was carried into effect with considerable slaughter. Still, however, unconquered, they contrived to fight the celebrated battle of Glen Fruin in 1602, in which the Colquhouns were nearly exterminated; while their chief, Alister of Glenstrae, having surrendered on terms, was treacherously hanged.

The clan was now formally outlawed; their very name being proscribed, and the adoption of it made a felony. Thus, hunted like wild beasts, and executed without trial, they retreated in small bands to the most inaccessible parts of that difficult country which surrounds these lakes and Loch Cateran; becoming the very banditti from which that lake seems to have derived its name. Among these fastnesses, they seem to have been a good deal disturbed by Cromwell's soldiers; and they were also materially kept in check by the garrison established at Inversnaid, which, though long abandoned, still remains a memorial of past times. Still, they were far from extirpated; and, under the same system, sometimes changing their names as convenience dictated, to Stuart, Campbell, or Drummond, they continued to survive, if not as a clan, yet ready again to be united under any chief who should arise, and whenever circumstances should become more favourable. Thus many of them joined Montrose under these assumed names; and so valuable were their services thought, that, out of gratitude as it is said, a virtue for which that personage was not very particularly distinguished, Charles the second caused the ancient act of outlawry to be reversed in 1633. As this act was, however, renewed by William in 1693, it seems tolerably certain, without a minute enquiry into particulars, that the former statutes against them must have been more or less merited, and that the past lenity had been misplaced. It is indeed certain, that, during

that period, they carried on, against the Lowlands, that system of plunder and assumed protection which was so common at various times among the Highland borderers: proving that the indulgence was as useless, as a means of reform, as they were unworthy of it, and justifying their claims to some, at least, of the former harsh laws: though one of them really seems to have been an instance of oppression and injustice. I allude to that which followed the battle of Glen Fruin, hereafter noticed.

It was from their predatory mode of life that the moon in this country still goes by the name of Mac Gregor's lantern. And though it does not, I believe, appear at what time their regular system was first organized between the two periods just mentioned, we find that there was a Captain Mac Gregor in 1658, who seems to have been the pattern to his far better known namesake in more recent times. So well understood was his system, and so acquiesced in, it must indeed be thought, that the justices of peace met formally at their sessions, to levy the contributions paid to him for protecting the western borders of Stirlingshire from the murders and depredations of their Highland neighbours; the greater part of whom were probably his own people, who were thus always ready, like thorough-bred police officers in our days, to justify their own necessity, and to take care that the profitable trade of protection should not expire for want of offences.

In this manner they seem to have gone on; gaining the upper hand whenever there was a Captain Mac Gregor who had more courage than the justices and more wit than the law; and, at other times, paying back, for the black mail and the cattle which they had levied and stolen, the lives of ruffians who were easily spared, and probably of far less value than so many cows. In

1715 they seemed still to be powerful, though still oppressed; a circumstance accounted for, in some measure, by the general state of the country down to that time, and by the interest which some of the neighbouring rival clans had in making use of them as checks on each other.

It was thus that the feuds between the great houses of Montrose and Argyll, induced the latter to protect the celebrated Rob Roy, now known far and wide, thanks to the author of Waverley; the vicinity of the Mac Gregors to the estates of the former, enabling him to commit depredations on them with facility, while he could, in no long time, escape and shelter himself in the lands of Argyll to the northward. The first important act that we hear of this worthy, was at the battle of Shirramuir; where, it is said, he was kept out of action by the Duke's influence, having a command in the rebel army; while it is even asserted that the strange fortune of this day, was the consequence of his having left the field. Rob Roy is said to have been brother to the chief of this tribe, Clan Alpin; and, like his immediate followers, generally assumed the name of Campbell, as being under the protection of that powerful family. His adventures form the subject of many a tale, as you well know: but of tales too often told to be repeated again. Captain of banditti, and, like his great ancestor, protector of those who submitted to pay for protection, he continued to be the scourge and terror of the surrounding country till the day of his death.

But the whole tribe of Glenstraes and Jack Straws, alike, have never wanted good reasons for their conduct; and when they have, their friends the poets and antiquaries have always been ready to step forward with something sonorous in their defence: showy if hollow, like

the turbans and well drawn figures, the vigour and the grace that render the banditti of Salvator Rosa so captivating. Thus did this deep-wronged hero declare, that the lands on which he chose to levy war, those of the Buchanans, the Murrays, and the Drummonds, were his own by inheritance and right, and that he drew the sword to revenge the wrongs of his ancestors: in other words, burning the barn yards and stealing the cattle of innocent tenants, who could have no concern in what their lords had done long before their birth, and thus revenging the punishments inflicted by a people long dead and gone, on his own lawless ancestry, by repeating the very crimes committed ages before by these very ancestors, who seem, by their own showing, to have well deserved the gallows. Had he confined himself to watching the Duke of Montrose's steward, as he is said once to have done, and robbing him of the rents he had collected, this kind of retributive justice would have been more intelligible; admitting that his own statement of the case was the true one.

But to the other qualities of a great man, like the benevolent cut-throat, Rob Roy added the generosity of Robin Hood; being a friend to the widow and the orphan, as the story goes, and robbing the rich to pay the poor. This is very fine; particularly if it could be proved that there was any thing to be got by robbing widows and orphans who had nothing to give. But it is the generosity of the whole breed, from 1720 to 1820, from Italy to the Lennox. The character was cheaply purchased by a few shillings out of the bag of Montrose's steward. After all, Rob Roy may have been a most amiable personage, for aught that any of us may care, setting aside these trifling peccadilloes; and who indeed dare doubt it, with the fear of Clan Alpin before his eyes.

The goodness of his character is the more probable, as he brought up his sons James and Robert in the same heroic line, dying quietly in his own bed. Poor Rob the second was not however so fortunate. Escaping the vulgar punishment of his crimes, by an act of outlawry for murder in 1736, he was tried in 1753 for the forcible abduction of an heiress, and hanged in the Grass-market at Edinburgh: unjustly enough, as it appears, and paying the penalty, rather of his own general character and that of his ancestry, than of this particular deed. James, his brother, concerned in the same act, contrived to escape, and thus ends the history of the free Mac Gregors. Every one knows that the name and legal rights of this race were afterwards restored, in 1775, and that they are now as respectable as they are ancient.

From Aberfoyle, it is easy to proceed to Loch Lomond in different modes. By the way of Drymen, there is a good road along the eastern side of the lake, as far as the Row of Dennan, situated at the foot of Ben Lomond, whence there is a carriage ferry across. Or else, the road by the southern side will lead the traveller to the same point on the western margin of the lake as if he had taken the route by Dumbarton. It is not, however, from the eastern shore that the beauties of this queen of the Scottish lakes can be appreciated or known; nor can any difference well be greater than that of the general pictures of this lake as seen from the eastern or from the western bank. I must not, however, be understood to say that this little frequented side of Loch Lomond is deficient in beauty. Far from it; as the road is various and interesting throughout; always accompanying the lake, generally well wooded, and with many changes of character produced by the indentations of the shore, and by the irregular and undulating line which it follows.

It is indeed a more beautiful ride from Balmaha to the Row of Dennan than from Renton to Luss; but it produces few well-marked landscapes: a defect chiefly arising from the tame and uninteresting outline of the mountains which bound the western side. I need not specify the particulars of scenes that are little likely to become much frequented; as the western bank of the lake will find occupation for far more time than is commonly allotted to it: but those who may value Loch Lomond as it merits, will not be content unless they have examined every point at which it is accessible, or from which it can be seen. There is one very fine view at the point where the Inversnaid road descends on the ferry, not far from Rob Roy's cave.

The attraction of Ben Lomond, however, draws, to this point at least on the eastern shore, many of those who take only the more common course. It is the advantage of this well-known mountain, that its ascent is without toil or difficulty, a mere walk of pleasure; and that the views from its summit are exceeded by very few mountain views in Scotland. Many a time have I sat on its topmost stone, enjoying the magnificent prospect around; ranging over the rich and splendid expanse, and tracing the place of each well-known object, or watching the wild flight of the clouds as they blew past, around, above, and beneath my feet. It was at my last visit to a spot which I never yet quitted without regret, that I witnessed one of those remarkable caprices of the wind, some of which I have noticed on other occasions in these letters. It was blowing a fresh breeze below, and the waters of the lake were rolling down in long billows, and breaking in a heavy surf on the shore. Armies of white clouds were sailing in from the west in endless succession; now wrapping the mountain's head far down, then

breaking away for a moment, and again settling dense upon it in silvery heaps, brightly contrasting with the huge shadowy and dark mass, whose mysterious forms were dimly illuminated by the light reflected from the wide-spread fields of snowy vapour. I ascended nevertheless; enjoying, during the ascent, the magical effects of the landscape, as its glimpses were occasionally caught through the dividing clouds, and the splendid and rapid changes of light and shadow, as the bright sun now gleamed for an instant on the lake and on its green islands, or flew like a brilliant and transitory vision across the mountains, followed, like the flitting joys and hopes of life, by one broad and universal shade. Half lost at times, in the universal grey mist, or struggling with difficulty against the gale, I reached at length the last summit, cushioned with the bright Silene, an island in the wide field of air.

What was my surprise to find a still and dead calm. The breeze had ceased; the nodding rush of the mountain hung its head by me unmoved, gemmed with the brilliant drops which the thin mists had left on it; not an air rustled, but all was silence and repose; a death-like stillness, a solemn vacuity, as if all nature had suddenly ceased to be. Above, was the clear blue sky, but around and beneath was an endless field of vapour, in which I felt as if suspended, far above the regions of earth. But soon it all rolled off, displaying for a moment the majestic landscape; fresh clouds succeeding, as, in solid battalions, they continued to arrive from the west, crowding above and behind each other, and, as they advanced, swelling out their white and expanding bosoms, and then again drawing their misty veil at intervals before the bright and changing picture. I then saw that the calm was mine alone; as the waves were

still visible, far and deep beneath, whitening along the rocky shore of the lake. The same gale that I had left below, was still also hurrying the clouds past, around, and overhead; while, beneath, the thin vapour of their edges was scudding by with the rapidity of lightning. Yet all around was still and at peace: the long grass drooped near me unmoved, and the mountain flower that I threw into the air, fell quiet by my side. The silence was awful: it was the silence of death amid a thousand moving forms of confusion and uproar: of turbulence and commotion, seen, but not heard. All seemed under the influence of a supernatural power: as if amidst the fury of the elements and the war of nature, the power who rules the storm and commands the winds, had said, they shall not come nigh thee.

Capricious indeed are the winds, in more senses than the popular one; and obscure is their philosophy. The analagous instances which I have elsewhere pointed out, are sufficiently difficult of explanation; but this perhaps more than all, though bearing a strong resemblance to the case hereafter described in Arran. There was a single portion of the atmosphere which here, as there, they avoided. It included the summit of the mountain, but no more; and that too, for a very limited space. As I remained upwards of an hour watching this strange appearance, I easily perceived that immediately as the arriving cloud struck the side of the mountain beneath, it seemed to recoil and ascend in a perpendicular stream, till again meeting a horizontal current over my head, it blew onwards and passed away with the same stormy velocity that it had arrived. Other portions, separated by the mountain, flew off on each side beneath; while the eddying breeze which circled round its precipitous eastern face, brought up from the depths below, masses of curling and

twisting vapour, which, at the moment they reached the edge of the precipice, recoiled also to mount aloft and mingle with the flying rack. Electricity, which accounts for every thing that is obscure, must account for this too; as well as it can.

Next to Ben Lawers, Ben Lomond must, perhaps, be allowed the pre-eminence as the seat of mountain views in Scotland. On the eastern side, while it looks down from its fearful precipice into the deep and dark valley where the Forth is seen springing from the mountain side, as yet a trifling rill, it includes the whole mountainous region about Loch Cateran, with its various lakes: a splendid and variegated picture, stretching far away till it is lost among the crowded hills that include Loch Earn and Loch Tay. On the same side, further to the northward, the view extends over the whole range of the low country, from Stirling even to Edinburgh, the marked and romantic outline of which is distinctly seen. Pursuing the horizon in the same direction, the eye is guided to Glasgow, scarcely recognised except by its smoke, and thus to the well-known and strongly marked form of Dumbarton Castle, and to the foot of Loch Lomond. The remainder of the lake, however, for a considerable space, is excluded by the shoulder of the mountain itself; but the western hills, crowded in a long succession of romantic and fine forms, are seen, even to the sea; portions of the deep inlets of Loch Long and Loch Fyne being distinctly visible, and the eye assigning, without difficulty, the highly characterized forms of the Cobler, of Cruachan, and of the other distinguished mountains of this tract. These, ranging round to the north, unite to a wild and wide extended region of elevated land; an ocean of mountains, in which we discern, among others, the striking cone of Ben More, and the more distant and towering

summit of Ben Lawers; while, beneath, the upper and narrow division of the lake is seen, bright gleaming among the noble ranges of hills by which it is included, and on which we now look down, as if at our feet, from the proud elevation of this monarch of the lake and the wide landscape.

This extreme picture, as it may be called, is seen partially from different parts of the ascent, and, often, under more pleasing forms, from the diminished elevation of the point of sight. Of these partial views, however, I need only point out one, to be obtained at about a third or fourth of the ascent; because it is one of the finest general pictures of Loch Lomond, similar in style to that from the hill of Luss, and not much inferior in magnificence. It includes the whole of the lower and wide part of the lake, with all its islands, a splendid and dazzling expanse; and, with some contrivance in the management of the nearer grounds, not incapable of being painted, although approaching to the character of a bird's-eye view. In quitting Ben Lomond, I may remark that, like Ben Lawers, it is one of the botanical gardens of the Highlands; producing some of the rarer alpine plants, and containing a large proportion of those usually met with in these situations. I need not enumerate the whole; but among the most interesting, are the following; Salix herbacea, and reticulata, Silene acaulis, Saxifraga stellaris, oppositifolia, and hypnoides, Sibbaldia procumbens, Juncus triglumis, trifidus, and alpestris, Poa alpina, Carex atrata, Cerastium alpinum, Gnaphalium supinum, and the beautiful Azalea procumbens.

As I was about to ascend the hill on this occasion, I met two young ladies descending, who had most courageously performed this feat unattended. Man speaks to his fellow man in the desert of Arabia, though they

should even be Englishmen, and though it should be the meeting of a peer and a porter; nor indeed would the laws of chivalry have permitted me to pass. I remarked that the hill was steep and the ways deep, on which the youngest and the fairest displayed, for my commisseration, a delicate silk stocking and a more delicate shoe, which had suffered what might have been expected, in the campaign. You need not ask me whether the ankle and foot that bore them were handsome. Had they been otherwise, it is probable there would have been other shoes and other stockings spoiled in the bogs of Ben Lomond; and, whatever these might have been, it is very certain that my pity for them would not have been solicited. There is a dexterity in all this, which is delightful. Anacreon will tell you better, how nature has provided the dear sex in this matter. It was not a less ingenious fair who contrived to discover my name, on a similar expedition, where I had acted the part of a preux chevalier; after having tried a great number of ambages and circumvolutions in vain. She succeeded at last. "Oh dear, sister, let us write our names on this rock." The names were written with the point of a scissars, and the scissars were very politely handed over to the mysterious beau. Anacreon is right.

I must now return to the western side of Loch Lomond, following the usual track from Dumbarton; a road little frequented in my earlier days, but now encumbered with the idlers who make this lake, like Loch Cateran, a perpetual fair during the finer months of summer. And as if there was to be no peace either by land or water, the steam boat is now to be seen, daily ploughing its fiery way over the tranquil expanse; loaded with freights as intellectual as those of a Margate hoy; a proof of the increase of taste among the people, if you please, or, what is much more like the fact, of the spreading of wealth

and idleness, and of that neglect of the drudgery of the counter and counting-house which was, not long ago, and in the times of Baillie Jarvie, the characteristic of Glasgow, as, in the days of the "tall apprentices" of London, it was the habit of the metropolis. But we must not measure the enjoyments of others by our own scales; and, doubtless, the groups which contrive to emerge for a week from the profundities of the salt-market or the hum of the jeannies, feel pleasures in eating their cold fowl and drinking their Madeira on Inch Cailleach or the Point of Firkin, as captivating, and far more substantial than the shadowy delights enjoyed by you or me, as we gaze with rapture on this bright lake of lovely islands, or follow the bold perspective of its noble mountains, or watch the sun descending among the brilliant hues of the west, throwing its crimson rays on the broad sides of Ben Lomond, and gleaming upon the silent waters.

Loch Lomond is unquestionably the pride of our lakes; incomparable in its beauty as in its dimensions, exceeding all others in variety as it does in extent and splendour, and uniting in itself every style of scenery which is found in the other lakes of the Highlands. I must even assign it the palm above Loch Cateran, the only one which is much distinguished from it in character, the only one to which it does not contain an exact parallel in the style of its landscapes. With all its strange and splendid beauties, it is a property of Loch Cateran to weary and fatigue the eye; dazzling by the style and multiplicity of its ornament, and rather misleading the judgment on a first inspection, than continuing to satisfy it after long familiarity. It must be remembered too, that, splendid and grand as are the landscapes of this lake, and various as they may appear from their excess and boldness of ornament, there is an uniformity, even in

that variety, and that a sameness of character predominates every where. It possesses but one style: and numerous as its pictures are, they are always constructed from the same exact elements, and these frequently but slight modifications of each other.

As, with regard to the superiority of Loch Lomond to all the other lakes, there can be no question, so, in the highly contrasted characters of its upper and lower portions, it offers points of comparison with the whole; with all those at least which possess any picturesque beauty; for it has no blank. It presents no where that poverty of aspect which belongs to Loch Shin, and to many more, and which, even at Loch Cateran, marks nearly three fourths of the lake. Every where, it is, in some way, picturesque; and, every where, it offers landscapes, not merely to the cursory spectator, but to the painter. Nor do I think that I overrate its richness in scenery, when I say, that if Loch Cateran and Loch Achray are omitted, it presents, numerically, more pictures than all the lakes of the Highlands united. With respect to style, from its upper extremity to a point above Luss, it may be compared with the finest views on Loch Awe, on Loch Lubnaig, on Loch Maree, and on Loch Earn; since no others can here pretend to enter into competition with it. There are also points in this division not dissimilar to the finer parts of the Trosachs, and fully equal to them in wild grandeur. At the lower extremity, it may compete with the lakes of a middle character, such as Loch Tumel; excelling them all, however, as well in variety as in extent. But it possesses moreover a style of landscape to which Scotland produces no resemblance whatever; since Loch Maree scarcely offers an exception. This is found in the varied and numerous islands that cover its noble expanse; forming the feature which,

above all others, distinguishes Loch Lomond, and which, even had it no other attractions, would render it, what it is in every respect, the paragon of the Scottish lakes.

The Leven, covered with manufactories, and its green banks whitened with cotton and muslin and table cloths, is no more the pastoral stream which Smollet sung; and his monument, rearing its head among paper-mills and print-fields and white houses, and modern Gothic castles, has no longer that interest which it possessed when, alone in the midst of these lovely and tranquil scenes, it pointed to the place of the poet's birth and the gliding waters of the poet's song. The funeral obelisk in the desert, is affecting and sublime: in the town or the village, it is a lamp-post or a mile-stone. Nothing can well be more striking than the first view of Loch Lomond: its spacious expanse of silvery water, its lovely islands, the rich meadows and trees by which it is bounded, and the distant screen of fading hills, among which Ben Lomond rears its broad and gigantic bulk, like an Atlas, to the sky. Still, most of the landscapes belonging to the lower part of the lake, are meagre; on account of the great expanse of the water, and a consequent emptiness and want of objects in the composition. Yet that does not prevent the ride, even as far as Luss, where this character becomes changed, from being one of the most engaging that can be imagined; whether from the beauty of the general views of the lake, as it varies in consequence of the changes in the relative positions of its islands, or from the incessant variations of the foreground, both along the road and along the margin of the water. Had it no other beauties than those of its shores, it would still be an object of prime attraction; whether from the bright green meadows sprinkled with luxuriant ash trees, that sometimes skirt its margin, or the white pebbled

shores on which its gentle billows murmur, like a miniature ocean, or its bold rocky promontories rising from the deep water, rich in wild flowers and ferns, and tangled with wild roses and honeysuckles, or its retired bays where the waves sleep, reflecting, like a mirror, the trees which hang over them; an inverted and softened landscape.

Here, even the artist may find occupation: but there is much also which is beyond the reach of art. Nor is there any thing which is, at the same time, so beautiful and so incapable of representation as one of its most common features: the rich and graceful ash trees hanging over the margin, and rooting themselves in the very wash of the silvery waves, while the bright expanse of water glistens between their trunks and through the intervals of their drooping foliage. When the sun sets on this delicious landscape, crimsoning the lofty summit of Ben Lomond, throwing its yellow light on the glassy water, and gilding every woody island, every grey rock, and every tree, with its parting rays, while the evening smoke is seen curling blue under the shade of the wooded hills, and the voice of the shepherd's boy and the lowing of cattle is heard breaking on the universal silence, then it is that Loch Lomond is seen and felt as it deserves, then alone is it appreciated. But thus will it be known, only to the solitary traveller. There is a soul in the scene, a spirit in its whispering woods and tinkling waves and airy hills, that shuns society, that flies the profanation of the noisy equipage and the glare of fashion and folly. Procul O procul, ye gigs and barouches and haberdashers: but it is in vain to anathematize them, for they will follow you to Luss; making Luss long since what the Gallowgate is, and now, unfortunately, making Tarbet also what Luss was before.

On the east shore of the lake, the pass of Balmacha, not far from Drymen, forms the Highland boundary; but its position on the western side is, not so strongly indicated in the physical geography of the country. Loch Lomond was thus a border country, and the Lennox, with which it was conterminous, was therefore always subject, and, as it appears, in an unusual degree, to invasion and plunder, and to forced contributions under the title of black mail. A story is told at Luss, which is not unlikely to be true, and which marks the cool and persevering nature of some of the Highland feuds. It is of a gun, said still to be preserved, which was planted in a house, and from which the Colquhouns of Comstraden used to fire at those of Luss, every Sunday, as they turned round an exposed corner in their way to the church. But the clan Alpin, or Mac Gregor, already mentioned, were the Kers and Armstrongs of this district; and I have already noticed the fight of Glen Fruin, acted near the very spot to which I have now brought you. The circumstances which relate to this affair are both obscure and contradictory: but there seem reasons for believing that this clan was unjustly marked as being more ferocious than its neighbours; and that, however necessary or right it was for the law to interfere, it was rather from convenience and accident than from any peculiar demerits, that they were selected as subjects of the act of 1602.

It appears that they had long been in a state of hostility with the Colquhouns of Luss, and that their Chief, having attempted to settle these differences by an amicable negotiation, was treacherously assaulted by a far superior force of the enemy; notwithstanding which, he, by greater skill and courage, gained a victory; leaving 200 of the enemy dead on the field, including most of the

leading men, and making many prisoners. The loss on the part of the Mac Gregors, as the tale is related by themselves, was so trifling, that the Laird's brother and one man only, were missing, although some were wounded. The news of this event, as it is reported, reached James VI. through the widows of the deceased, who appeared at Stirling, in solemn procession, each bearing the bloody shirt of her husband displayed on a pike. The consequence of this appeal was the act of outlawry, already mentioned: and, if the narrative be true, it was an unjust act, since the Colquhouns must have merited, at least the same punishment as the victors. If the right of private warfare was still permitted, it should have been permitted to all; or else the whole system should have been abolished by general laws, in place of adopting a plan, at once vengeful and timid, oppressive, because partial, and, at the same time, inefficient, both with respect to the whole country, and to the peace of this particular district. It has been said, in justification of the severity of this law, that the battle of Glen Fruin was attended by circumstances of peculiar cruelty.

The atrocious deed in question, which is however denied by the Mac Gregors, was the murder of some youths of the sept of Colquhoun, whom curiosity had led to see the fight; but graver historians have been so much troubled to reconcile the discordant narratives of much more important events, that the historian of the Highlands, or the collector of traditions, need not much regret if he also is unable to reconcile jarring narratives, so as to satisfy all the parties concerned. These tales, like those of ghosts, and many others, are best adapted to a winter fire-side. I know not that they are desirable commentaries on the lovely and peaceful scenes where

they have occurred, and which now speak of every thing but rapine and bloodshed. I must confess that they afford me little pleasure; and if they give you as little, you will prefer accounts of cascades and lakes and streams and woods and mountains, to stories of anthropophagi like the Mac Gregors; even though all the account that words can give you of these delicious landscapes are but unideal shadows.

The banks of Loch Lomond, not far from Smollet's monument, display a modern Gothic castle, in which, if the artist has failed to produce any thing very striking, he has at least avoided absurdity, and, what commonly accompanies it, extravagant expense: matters in which the most fashionable architect of Scotland in this line, has been remarkably successful. Doubtless, this ingenious person takes great credit to himself for his inventions: and doubtless also it would trouble any one to discover, either the use or ornament of all the pastry which he has embodied in the shape of masonry. It is a delicate matter to jest with architecture, or to try experiments in stone and lime: partly on account of its expensive nature if it proves a bad one, and partly on account of the extreme durability of the jest. The castle is a weapon particularly difficult to wield: and it is one which has proved too weighty for most of the hands that have attempted it.

If we analyze the elements of which castellated architecture consists, we shall find that this style admits of so much variety, that scarcely any general system can be formed from the works of the ancient artists in it; and that such a latitude is, in consequence, given to modern imitation, that there is room for the unbounded exertions of fancy. An appearance of strength, and the property of being defensible, either against sudden insult or more

regular attacks, seem to be the only indispensable principles which must be seen predominating through all the variety which may be adopted. The supplementary parts, whether these consist in the defensive works, or in the mere ornaments of the building, have varied according to the dates of the various structures which remain. They have partaken of the rudest, and of the most refined Gothic; and they have descended, in time, till they became contaminated with the no-style of Elizabeth and James, and till nearly all traces of the Gothic manner have disappeared. Yet even these buildings retain peculiarities which are characteristic, and which bespeak their uses.

To be more particular: the peculiar elements on which their character depends, are to be seen in their massive walls, their buttresses, their flanking and watch towers, their machicolations, their spare and distant windows, their ponderous and fortified gates, their loop-holes and battlements, and in a few of the more trifling ornaments in fashion at one time or another, the presence or absence of which produces little difference in the general effect of the building. If, to all these, we add a moat, and, as in some rare cases, a barbican outwork, we have every thing of which an ancient castle may consist. These simple elements, subject to no general rules, but disposed according to the caprice or design of the architects, have afforded us structures, of that infinite variety and picturesque effect which we see in Carnarvon, and Conway, and Raglan, and Pembroke, and Caerphilly, and Kenilworth; and in innumerable others, equally well known, and unnecessary to enumerate. They have varied in size as they have varied in disposition: yet, in almost all instances, they retain the peculiar character of their style, and are productive of striking effects.

With the full power of recompounding and varying, or copying their material parts, it has still happened that modern artists have almost invariably failed to convey the same ideas, and to produce similar effects. If we were asked for instances of failure, it would be a much easier task to enumerate the examples of success. They scarcely exist. A great part may be the fault of the architect; but not the whole. He is perhaps required to combine the conveniences of a modern structure with the aspect and effect of an ancient one; two things, probably, in themselves scarcely compatible. But it is he who is in fault when he attempts to convey, merely by appearances, and by ornaments instead of reality, that notion of strength, of defence, and of solidity, which is, in fact, inseparable from actual mass of masonry, from real strength and capacity of being defended. The eye is never deceived in this; but detects the trick, and despises the imposition. Hence, these imitations have the effects of pasteboard models or of scenes in a theatre. Thus the architect fails, even where his copy is genuine, or his composition legitimate. When he has attempted, on the other hand, to invent and compound for himself, it has too often been his fate to fall into absurdities of his own, which have produced a ludicrous and contemptible building; either by incompatibility of combination, or by those heterogeneous assemblages which we may witness in many more places than I choose to enumerate.

But there is, beyond these, a difficulty to be overcome, which perhaps no architect, however versatile his fancy or profound his knowledge, can surmount. The idea of a castle is, in reality, a very complicated one, and does not depend on its architecture alone. It recalls to the mind all our chivalrous and historical lore, all that of which it was once the scene; bringing in a lively man-

ner before us the deeds which were there acted; its sieges, its defences, its feasts: the dark dungeon, the gay hall, the tilt yard, and the solemn service of the chapel. Here the modern building must fail. It is now also an essential part of an ancient castle, that its towers are perhaps in ruin; the ivy mantles over its walls, its moat is choaked with rubbish, and its stones are stained with gray lichens, overgrown with mosses, and fringed with wall flowers and tangling plants; while the owl hoots from its watch towers, and the jackdaw and the rook soar over its roofless chambers. Take away all these adventitious, but powerful accompaniments, and the charm is at an end. Here, still more, modern architecture must fail: and were even Conway once more to come bright from the mason's hand, with all its walls smooth and fresh-jointed, its towers complete, and its gates and windows entire, it would probably fail to excite any great admiration beyond that which depended on its bulk and situation, and on the perfection of its workmanship.

The finest general view of the lake, that which conveys the most perfect idea of its lower portion, is obtained from the hill above Luss; resembling in character that already mentioned from the shoulder of Ben Lomond, but much superior in the distribution and richness of its middle ground, and forming a more entire and perfect picture. The double peak of Dumbarton is distinctly seen, with the Clyde and the land beyond it; the noble expanse of water being now entirely displayed, with all its green and various islands floating on the bright mirror. Inch Lonich, stretching out its long ridge of wild wood, and approaching to the shores of Luss and Comstraden, unites with their richly ornamented grounds, and with the bays and promontories of this varied shore, to produce that splendid middle ground which renders this view all

that we could desire; while it enchants the merest spectator, by its combination of magnificence and tranquillity, of grandeur in the general aspect, and of the most exquisite ornament in the details.

In quitting Luss and turning northward, we take leave of this portion of the lake, and enter on that class of scenery, so entirely distinct in character, which belongs to its upper part. The islands are now left behind, with all that peculiar effect which depends on them; the few that are found henceforward, conferring no longer on the scenery that peculiar character which distinguishes the lower division of Loch Lomond from all other lakes. The lofty hills that enclose it on each side, now approach nearer, and the beauty of the landscapes, which formerly arose chiefly from the water, now depends principally on the forms and ornament of the boundaries. Thus it displays, not only that more common style of lake scenery which I have noticed on former occasions, and have sometimes noticed for its sameness and for its insipidity, but that far superior species of landscape where the nearer grounds, constituted by the declivities of the hills and by the variations of the shore, occupy the principal share of the picture, and leave the water, what it ought always to be, a subsidiary object. It would be endless to point out all these scenes, since they are extremely numerous and no less brilliant: but among the first which occur, is one where the road both ascends and winds round a bold promontory. Here it is proper to ascend the hill by the ancient road, as well as to follow the new one which leads round it along the shore; as without that, much of this fine scenery will be lost. Ben Lomond, now approaching near to the eye, towers over the whole scene with great magnificence; still however retaining that peculiar form which it has displayed during the whole progress from Dumbarton.

A similar style of landscape continues to Tarbet; and, at Inverouglas, a small island, beautifully wooded, and containing the remains of a castellated mansion once the seat of the Mac Farlane, forms a principal object in a scene of unexpected beauty and tranquillity; where Ben Lomond, having now entirely changed its character, has put on the form of an elegant and acute cone, lifting its head high above the long and picturesque ridge which, hence to the upper extremity, bounds the eastern side of the lake. There is a fine view also here from the summit of Ben Vorlich, an elevation not much inferior to that of Ben Lomond itself; including Loch Lomond on the one hand, and, on the other, looking into Loch Long and over the mountains that extend hence towards the Clyde and the ocean.

From Tarbet onwards, to the upper extremity of the lake, the breadth of the water becomes materially contracted; the opposed hills rising like an enormous wall, and throwing their shadow upon it; wooded, from the water's edge, with a continuous forest of oak, which, spreading over their rocky faces and clambering along the deep ravines and water courses, at length vanishes in scattered groups and single trees, adding richness of ornament to their already picturesque and rocky outlines. This character of ground, added to the bold promontories and deep indentations, and to the wild career of the road itself, constitutes that peculiar range of grand scenery which renders Loch Lomond, in this part, as superior to almost all the Highland lakes, as it is distinguished from the whole of them by the splendour of its lower portion. One angle of this road cannot fail to attract attention; and it is here that the landscape particularly reminds us of Loch Cateran; the rocky and woody declivity of the mountains, with all its precipices and trees, resembling the romantic skirts of Ben Venu and the recesses of the

Trosachs. Marshal Wade has here excelled all his other outdoings; but if we "deem our hoar progenitors unwise" for making such roads, what shall we say of their posterity, who, with far more ample means, and much more crying wants, suffer them, bad as they originally were, to become utterly impracticable, by neglect, and by what is called economy.

Shortly after passing this formidable obstruction, the upper extremity of the lake comes in sight; forming, in itself, a striking landscape; a single island, the last of all, appearing to float far away on the water, which is here rendered doubly brilliant by the loftiness and strongly marked character of its boundaries, and by the succession of mountains which tower above each other to enclose it. A huge and bold fragment of rock by the road side, equal in size to the celebrated Bowder stone of Keswick, meets us on descending the hill where the view is obtained; and hence to the last point of the lake, the road follows the level of the water. Here, as well as in the first portion of Glen Falloch, many wild and beautiful scenes occur, of various characters; and, among the rest, several very picturesque views of the lake, which, now reduced to an apparently small compass by the looking over of the hills, displays some of its finest pictures. I know not that it contains any one superior, in this style, to the view from the hill above the inn at Glen Falloch, though almost a bird's-eye scene. This road, I need scarcely add, conducts to Tyndrum and Glenorchy; but

DRAWING.

A FRIEND who has been looking over my shoulder this last week, somewhat in the way I suppose in which the devil looks over Lincoln, to watch for prey, tells me that I talk so much about scenery and drawing, that it might be supposed I was an artist, that I am only writing for artists, and that I am as bad as Gilpin. With his permission, I should choose to bisect this compliment; as I have no esteem for the latter half of it. However that may be, console yourself that you are within sight of land. The days of the picturesque are drawing to an end; for Scotland is not every where what it is in the Perthshire lakes and on the bright margin of Loch Lomond. You will not always have to complain that the country is too beautiful, or that I am too warm an admirer of it. As to the former part, Lord Arundel says, that a man who does not draw, cannot be an honest man; and therefore I am writing for honest men. I think that I am writing for all the world, because I think all the world ought to draw. So does the noble antiquary: who seems to have viewed this art as Shakspeare did music. The axiom comes from a warm heart at least, in both.

But there is a greater authority. The Greeks contemplated the art of painting in so high a light, that they forbade their slaves to learn it. At the same time, it was part of the education of all children in the higher ranks; being considered as a liberal art. You may consult Pliny, if you please: or Aristotle, who, in his politics,

says that it ought to be, what it was in Athens, a branch of general education; "not to prevent its possessors from being cheated in the purchase of pictures, but because it taught the art of contemplating and understanding beautiful forms." It was the same with the Romans; who had very little respect for any art but that of fighting, or for any science but that of governing and plundering their neighbours. Hæ tibi erunt artes. Castiglione is not a very bad authority in matters that concern a liberal education. What he says of the utility of drawing, might have been said a hundred ways, and therefore I need not quote it. But the following sentence contains his opinion of what just now concerns us; landscape painting.

"Et veramente chi non estima quest' arte, parmi che molto sia dalla ragione alieno: che la machina del mondo che noi veggiamo, con l'amplo cielo di chiare stelle tanto splendido; et nel mezo la terra da i mari cinta, di monti, valli, et fiumi variata: et di diversi alberi et vaghi fiori et di herbe ornata: dír si puo che una nobile et gran pittura sia per man de la natura, et di Dio composta. La qual chi puo imitare, parmi esser di gran laude degno."

His notions of the nature of a courtier differed somewhat from my lord Chesterfield's; that is certain. But that is not the reason why drawing is not, in this country, considered a part of a liberal education. Neither can I assign one; unless it is that the gentlemen of this land are too much occupied in corrupting Cornish boroughs, driving barouches, reading newspapers, and practising law, physic, divinity, and horse-racing; and that all the knowledge of art which is requisite for talking about, can be acquired in a few hours by reading Pilkington, and Mr. Haydon's criticisms on the British Gallery.

I could be very learned, and diffuse too, on the utility of drawing. But to take the negative side, as the

shortest method of proof, I wish any body would point out a department of life, excepting law, divinity, and taxation, in which it is not of use; nay, in which it is not necessary. If it really can make a man honest, as Lord Arundel asserts, there are at least two of these trades in which it is particularly required. There are none, at any rate, to which it may not prove a relaxation; nor are there any persons who may not find, in some of its numerous departments, an amusement. And really, there are so many idle, so many tedious, so many mischievous, and so many bitter hours in life, that he will be a wise man who contrives to multiply whatever resources may diminish their weariness, add to their innocent employments, or lighten their weight.

Indeed, we have reason, every day, to lament the rarity of this talent among us, in the lighter matters of life, as well as in the weightier ones. It is not a small merit, that it saves vast and vain circumlocutions in many things of daily passage, and that it renders many an obscure tale intelligible. Many a tale, indeed, cannot be told without it; from the professor in his chair to the traveller with his quarto, the inventor with his schemes, and even the milliner with the project of a new cap. The lawyer and the beau are the slaves of Mr. Vickery and Mr. Stultz, because they cannot describe "the essential form of grace" in the swelling rotundity of a wig, or the iron constraint of a collar: one little line, less than that which Protogenes drew, might, in the hands of the hero of the barouche club, raise him to immortality; when he must now, with sleepless anxiety, watch the progress of his mail coach in Mr. Leader's yard: and even the fair must depend on Mr. Taylor's apprehension of the poco piu poco meno, which is to determine the beauty that she is compelled to commit to his charge.

Nay, the depths of old ocean have been ploughed for years, and countless are the myriads of shapeless monsters, nereides, vorticellæ, medusæ, salpæ, naides, holothuriæ, and other unspeakable things, whose souls and bodies have been cut through in vain, because they will neither pickle nor preserve, and because our children have not learnt to draw: and even when the hortus siccus has been dried and packed, and the beetles and butterflies have been boxed, and camphorated, and sealed, with infinite toil and thought, behold, they arrive, and all is swallowed up in dusty death. The cockroaches and the white ants would have found little temptation in a few strokes of a pencil and a halfpenny worth of Indian ink: but the pencil and the paint are created in vain, and the world remains as wise as it was before. Thus also we are dying with curiosity to understand some piece of architecture of the days of the Sassanides, or a monument of the age of Nimrod, or a mountain that lifts its head to the moon, and distributes its waters to half the globe; we read, and wonder, and wish, and when the tale is told, it is nothing: the traveller is nothing, and his toils are worth nothing: he could not draw. Thus too, in this enlightened country, we suffer taste to become a trade; and he who ought, alike, to dictate to the mechanical retailer of this commodity and to despise him, now opens his purse, and surrenders his house and lands, to every pretender; because he has not learnt to draw.

But putting out of the question, as too minute for the present time and purpose, the particular kinds of utility or pleasure resulting from a diffused knowledge of drawing, I am desirous to go further than Aristotle, and to maintain that it is a valuable branch of general education, from its cultivating one of the most needful powers of the mind; namely, the faculty of observation in general.

This mental quality, or power, is much more connected with accuracy of vision, and with habits of making minute distinctions, than careless thinkers imagine; and there is nothing which so cultivates accuracy of observation in all visible matters, as drawing. Accuracy, and tenacity, of memory, hang on the same faculty; and thus it is that minute and careful observation is accompanied by distinct and tenacious recollection. Costard will not allow that he forgot; but he confesses to the "not marking of it." It will surprise those who are not accustomed to analyze and study their impressions and recollections, to find how little of accuracy their ideas of visible objects really possess: not only in remembrance, but even at the moment of the impression. But it does not surprise a painter to find that, even at the distance of years, he can recall a subject which he once intended to paint; or give, at any time, the true characters of objects long since impressed on his mind. As far as painting is merely imitative, this is its essence: a correct notion of visible forms, and of colours: and he who cannot paint, differs far more from the artist, in his eye for present observation, or in his memory for past ones, than he does in dexterity of hand. In truth, ordinary observers have but vague notions of form, whatever they may imagine; and the test is, that they cannot draw them. When the eye has acquired its knowledge, the hand will not be long in learning to record it. It is something to be able, even to copy accurately, forms that are present; but the artist has yet much to learn, of the human figure for example, who cannot display it in all the attitudes of Rubens, or contort it into the postures of Michael Angelo. To do this, is to have acquired a thorough idea of the form of man.

He who will take the trouble to reflect on this sub-

ject at more length than I dare illustrate it, will be convinced of the truth of the principle; and will find, on trial, how little he really knows of visible objects as they ought to be known, and how fast his knowledge increases by the practice of drawing. When, after that acquisition, he compares or examines himself at two distant periods, he will soon become convinced of what he would not at first easily have admitted. Nothing else can produce this conviction; since, in every thing that relates to the senses, we all follow our own standard, and cannot, in fact, follow any other. It is in vain, therefore, to tell the idler who has travelled to Rome, that he cannot truly distinguish between St. Peter's and St. Paul's; since he judges truly enough according to his own vague scale: although, as an artist, or an architect, falsely, and therefore, incorrectly and imperfectly. It is no less vain, than it is to say to him whose optical defects disable him from distinguishing between blue and crimson, that he does not know colours. Modesty may make him yield his opinion to the majority; but he is not morally convinced that he is wrong. Yet he is so, because he judges by a wrong standard: and that is precisely the case with him who judges of art without the education; or, what is, fundamentally, the same thing, of the nature and forms of visible objects without the power of drawing. It is possible indeed that there may be an eye without a hand. But power of hand is at least the best proof of its presence; and we can never be thoroughly convinced that the one exists, if we can find no proofs of the other.

But, for the present purpose, it is of little moment whether that be true or not, as one of the chief objects here in view, was to shew the utility of drawing as a means of cultivating the faculty of observation. Whether we are to make drawings or not, that faculty is in con-

stant requisition in every step of ordinary life; and very particularly so, in many portions of its business. The enumeration would be as tedious as that which relates to the utility of drawing; and I will not therefore enter on it. Yet, among many other things, were it more generally diffused, the relations of travellers would differ far less from each other than they now do, even on ordinary matters; and would convey far more accurate as well as consistent ideas. No one who has not attended to this subject, can conceive the extensive influence which the art of drawing has in improving the power of observing; and that, even on points with which it would seem to have little connexion. Where works of art are concerned, and even where natural objects are to be described, no one who knows its value, I should rather say its necessity, will pay much attention to the narratives of ordinary travellers. It is the fashion, however, for every one to imagine that he can describe pictures and buildings; though ignorant of painting and architecture, and unable to mark on paper the outline of a column or the angle of a pediment. The public at large has no resource in these cases, but to submit with sad civility, or to believe and be deceived. But he who knows what art is, will pay the same attention to these tales, as he does to the criticisms which he daily hears in picture galleries; where a knowledge of all that belongs to art, is supposed innate or inherent in those who do not possess one of its principles, but whose claims to knowledge consist in wealth to purchase or in birth to dictate. Sir Joshua shifts his trumpet and takes snuff.

But enough of this; as I must not write treatises for you not to read: so let us turn from utility to pleasure; which, nine times out of ten, is the better thing of the two. And here I must limit myself to landscape, as the

only question that is before us, and as that which must make my apology; if an apology for all this sugary writing is possible. If the pleasures derived from any art, from painting, architecture, poetry, or music, are greatest to those who are educated, a truth which will only be denied on the general ground of the felicity of ignorance, then we ought to cultivate the art of drawing; not merely for the amusement which it affords by improving the taste, agreeably occupying the time, and preserving the records of useful or beautiful objects, but to enable us to derive from natural scenery all the pleasures which it is capable of affording. Nature, as Castiglione says, is a great picture painted by the hand of the Creator: it is an endless collection of pictures, offering inexhaustible sources of pleasure and study and criticism; containing, not only all that art ever executed, all its principles and all its details, but infinitely more than it can ever attain. If it requires deep and long study to understand art, if none can truly judge of it but he whose hand can follow his eye, or whose eye at least has acquired that knowledge which makes the painter, it cannot require less to understand nature. Nor must it be said that, in the study of art, any more than in that of nature, taste may be independent of this accuracy of knowledge, or that a perfect perception of beauty can exist without it. As well might it be said that a perfect perception of the beauties of poetry or music may exist without critical knowledge. I do not mean technical criticism; but a distinct comprehension of all the sources of beauty, of their nature and causes. In effect, taste, in its true sense, is the result of study and of critical knowledge. It is the produce of comparison and analysis, in all the arts; and it is futile to say that, in painting, more than in any other art, it can exist without know-

ledge; though there may be much minute technical discrimination without a great deal of taste, and much knowledge also in the possession of him who hardly suspects it.

Applying this rule to the simple enjoyment of natural scenery, as the object now before us, it is only the poetical painter, he who is, at the same time, every thing that a painter ought to be, who can derive from landscape, all the pleasures which it is calculated to yield. And the ignorant or uncultivated spectator will receive less enjoyment from it than he who, though not an artist, has studied the art of painting; or who, from his practical knowledge of drawing, has learnt to observe and compare truly, and to attend to a thousand minute circumstances, in colour, form, shadow, contrast, and so forth, which escape ordinary spectators. He is the poetical critic examining a fine poem. The obvious beauties may strike the coarsest reader; but the refined one alone will appreciate the whole.

There is an art, even in discovering landscape at all in nature, much more limited than will readily be believed by those who have not long and seriously studied design; who have not studied it in nature as well as in the works of artists, and even who have not reduced their studies and observations to some practice. Every one who, after a certain progress, will review his past experience, by travelling again among the scenes which he had before visited, will easily convince himself of this. He will often detect beauties which had before escaped his notice; and will often also be surprised to find, at some distant day, that he had unconsciously been long residing amid scenery of the most exquisite nature, heedless of it charms. In this art, as in all others, his powers in eliciting knowledge, in striking fire from the

dark flint, in discovering hidden or retiring beauties, will depend on his previous acquirements. The ignorant and uneducated man overlooks the phenomenon or the substance, from which the philosopher draws important conclusions or extracts valuable results; on which he founds the greatest discoveries. It is the experience, guided by the taste of Salvator or Poussin, which elicits the most sublime or varied landscape from a confusion of objects where a common eye sees nothing, or sees nothing but disorder and chaos.

Among artists also, each has his particular bent; each observes something which another will overlook. While the eye of Claude comprehends the whole extent of a rich or fertile country, dressed up in all the luxuriance of art and nature, adorned with mountains and rivers and trees and temples, and teeming with life, that of Cuyp will content itself with a sunny bank and a group of cattle, as that of Berghem too often does with a few ruined walls: while the degenerate taste of others is satisfied, where nature spreads all her beauties around, to grovel among hay-fields and pig-sties, to study and detail the anatomy of a wooden bridge or a muddy wharf.

As we are quite sure that, of the thousands who read Milton or Shakspeare, there are very few who can appreciate, or even discern the far greater number of the beauties of these writers, though, as they receive all the pleasure of which their standard renders them susceptible, they imagine that they are enjoying the whole, so, in the contemplation of natural landscape, we may be convinced that the far greater number of spectators receive but a very vague and limited pleasure; even admitting that, as far as it exists, it is legitimate. Were not the general principle true, it would be easy to convince ourselves of this practically, by observation on the

impressions which fine scenery produces on individuals of different talents or acquirements. Among the absolutely uneducated, there is an utter insensibility to this class of beauty. The rustic sees nothing in the rude magnificence of alpine landscape but its inconveniences and barrenness; and in the richest scenes of ornamented nature, nothing but the agricultural value. To him, that is the most beautiful country whose produce is the most abundant, where the corn is yellowest and the grass greenest, where the enclosures are most perfect and the woods fittest for the axe. As we ascend in the scale of society, we find similar insensibility, if in a less degree. The apprehension of natural beauty continues to increase with general education and general improvement; or with experience in it, which is education. Thus there is a gradation from insensibility to criticism; that last point of full enjoyment, which cannot be attained without a knowledge of art, and which is rarely attained in perfection but by the thorough artist; by the Salvators, the Claudes, and the Turners.

No point can be fixed where a high sense of natural beauty, unaccompanied by a critical knowledge of art, stops; because Nature must be felt as well as studied by means of art. Nor is this a false or a technical opinion; since the rules of art are derived from Nature: they are her own canons of beauty. Art is the concentration or quintessence of Nature; and it therefore forms her laws. Those, consequently, who are highly sensible on this subject, have made a step in art, even when unaware of it. They are artists to a certain stage, and are in the progress of their education. But as, in all the sciences, a single mind cannot do every thing for itself, but must profit by the observations of others, by the concentrated light of former cultivators, so, in this study of natural beauty, the

progress of education is accelerated by an acquaintance with that art which contains and concentrates the accumulated taste of ages. Hence the utility of art in directing the taste for natural landscape, and in forming that sensibility which must otherwise have been of slow growth, or which might never have been attained.

I will not proceed further to illustrate that, of which the truth ought to be apparent. But the Critic in Art finds other sources of enjoyment in landscape, which are unknown, even to those whose acquired taste may, short of this information, stand at a high point in the scale. A thousand circumstances attract his eye and delight his mind, which, to others, are imperceptible, or which they cannot appreciate. In the accidents of light and shade, he perceives beauties which those do not know how to feel or value, who are unaware of their powers in giving force and attraction to paintings. In the multiplicity and harmony of direct, reflected, and half lights, under a thousand tones for which there are no terms, he sees charms which are only sensible to a highly cultivated and somewhat technical eye. It is only such an eye that can truly feel the beauty of colouring, that is sensible to its innumerable modifications, to all the hidden links by which it is connected, and to all the harmony which results from arrangement and contrast.

Even omitting all consideration of the general landscape, not a cloud, a rock, or a tree, or even a casual bank or a group of weeds, can occur, in which he does not discover beauties that are insensible to those who have not studied as artists; who have not learnt to analyze and value whatever they may have occasion to transmit to paper. Thus also, a critic in forms, he learns, from the heap, to select and dwell on those alone which are fine, to make these his study and enjoyment; omitting such

as are unpleasing, and thus extracting beauties where ordinary spectators see only deformity. It is only the critic also in forms, who can trace those which are really beautiful, or who can derive from them the pleasure which they can yield, but will only surrender to him who possesses within himself a knowledge of the principles of beauty.

The mere art of omission in contemplating landscape, is a most material one; nor is it one that can be acquired without study and technical knowledge. Nature is rarely indeed faultless; more commonly she is full of faults to counteract her beauties. And as the deformities are commonly the most obvious, invariably so to the uneducated, so these often turn with neglect or aversion from scenes whence the educated and the critic, without difficulty, extract beauties. This is the species of criticism which is the result and produce of real knowledge: it is true criticism; a source of felicity instead of discontent: and thus the real critic in art, multiplies the enjoyments which are to be derived from nature. It is in that which is called composition in landscape, that this art of omission is of most use; for it is inseparable from the art of composition. To an ordinary eye, nature is often a heap of confusion, as it is a mass of faults. The artist omits, while he may also add and alter: and thus he extracts beauty from deformity, or discovers what appears to have had no existence.

This chiefly constitutes the art of seeing landscape, already noticed: an attainment, like many more, to be acquired by practice and by study of the principles of painting. He who possesses this art, will not only see innumerable beauties undiscoverable by a common eye, but will extract distinct and entire landscapes, where a less practised person feels no pleasure, comprehends

nothing, and finds nothing but confusion. Thus he may also, if he practises drawing, fill his portfolio with subjects, from countries where others would not make a single sketch; or, if that is not his object, he still travels in the midst of beautiful scenes, when his companions, if he has any, are dull and uninterested; with the additional satisfaction, if he thinks it such, that results from his consciousness of superiority, and with the much more legitimate one, that he is enjoying the reward of his own exertions and studies. Any one who will take the trouble to review his earlier impressions, will be soon convinced of the truth of these views; he will easily recollect the time when he saw little or nothing; and will the better know how to appreciate the deficient comprehension, and the far less perfect and lively pleasures, of those who are inferior to him in this acquirement.

Nor is it alone by altering and omitting, by varying, transposing, or adding, in his imagination, that he thus discovers or creates landscapes. To an uneducated eye, the very magnitude of Nature is often no less an enemy to her picturesque beauties, than her apparent confusion, or occasional want of grace, unity, and consistency. That magnitude he learns to reduce, as he acquires the art of bringing her confusion into order, till he sees it as it ought to be seen. She is every where full of graces, but they are often concealed from every eye but his. He too who knows how to produce consistency himself, will find it in nature; as he will fix on the point where every thing tends to a centre of character or composition; thus discovering that unity of intention without which landscape cannot exist. It is the same for the distribution of light, so essential to the composition of landscape, and so essential, even to its existence. Of all the lights which a day may yield, few landscapes can bear the whole; and

there are innumerable cases where, at certain periods, every thing is confusion, or even deformity, while, at others, all is beautiful. It is for the practised eye to see here, beauty in the midst of confusion: to anatomize and illuminate the mountain and the valley, according to the rules of art or the possibilities of nature; or to view in his mind's eye, under the broad shadows and subdued or harmonious colouring of a morning or evening sun, that which is lost in the glare of noon.

Such are the chief principles of the art of seeing landscape, on which I might easily dwell at great length, were I not sure that every one must coincide with me in these views. This is the education which, not only teaches us how to enjoy nature, but which absolutely creates the very scenes for our enjoyment. This too is the education which is attainable by all. But the artist who is versed in the works of his predecessors, finds still further sources of pleasure in comparison; as the critic does in comparing the several styles of authors. He traces, through the hands of the great masters of the art, the several sources in nature whence their ideas were formed, and compares them with each other and with nature, referring them to their great and original standard. He observes what different persons have selected for study and imitation, and thus improves his powers of criticism in art.

But even this is far from all which he derives from that source of study. Thus he learns to look at nature alternately with the eye of Poussin, or Claude, or Berghem, or Rembrandt, or Waterlo: detecting, by their aid, beauties that would otherwise have escaped him, and multiplying, to an incalculable degree, the sources of his enjoyment as well as of his studies. It is of the character of one artist, perhaps, as I before remarked, to dwell on all that is placid and rich in composition and colour;

another delights in the foaming torrent, the ravine, and the precipice; the simplicity of rural nature exclusively attracts a third; and others yet, select for imitation, the edifices of art, the depths of the forest, the ocean decked with smiles or raging with fury, or the merest elements of landscape, the broken bank, the scathed tree, or the plants that deck the foreground. Viewing with the eyes of the whole, personifying the infinite variety of tastes that has gone before him, stored with the ideas which he has accumulated from the study of their works, his attention is alive and his senses open to every thing; and not a beauty can pass before him but he is prepared to see it and to enjoy it. There are pleasures in nature for all, when they know where to seek or how to enjoy them. This it is to learn how to see Nature, and thus we must form our own minds: nor let any one imagine that he has exhausted half her stores, unless he knows all that his predecessors have extracted from them.

In every thing, moreover, the art of seeing is really an art, and an art that must and may be learnt. It must be learnt for the plainest of reasons. It is not a simple effort, nor the result of simple sensations. It is the consequence of short and quick, but complicated, trains of reasoning, and is necessarily connected with, or dependent on, a thousand associations, without which it were the same if the objects were exhibited to the eyes of a child or a quadruped.

After all, this is but the history of all human knowledge. It is only the application of a simple and admitted principle, to a daily and common pursuit, which the thoughtless are apt to imagine an easy one, because its objects are daily and common. He who views nature without previous and fundamental knowledge, is no other than he who expects to relish the beauties of poetry with-

out reading, or the works of art without study of their principles. It is he who travels into foreign lands without the requisite preliminary acquirements, and who returns as uninformed as he went. It is the incipient botanist or juvenile mineralogist, who presumes that he has only to open his eyes, to see and to collect treasures; but who, yet uneducated, discovers nothing but common weeds and stones. In every science and art, our acquisitions of novelty bear an exact proportion to our previous knowledge; and he who expects that it shall be otherwise, forgets the great law of nature, that neither the mind nor the earth shall yield its stores to those who do not choose to cultivate them.

It is natural for us to imagine that we must know well and thoroughly, that with which we are familiar; that we cannot fail to understand what we see every day. Thus the vulgar, which imagines itself a judge in music, forgets also that there may be more in this art than meets its own ear, and refuses to yield its judgment to the learned. As little can it comprehend the natural beauties which surround it, and thus also it disbelieves what it cannot understand. Yet this taste is of slow growth, and is among the last to appear. If we doubt that it requires much and various study, much practice, great delicacy of feeling, a warm and creative imagination, and many collateral acquisitions, we have only to examine our own progress, to compare our present state with any previous one, and, in admitting that there may be a much longer path before us than the one we have left behind, learn to be modest.

As to the public at large, we have ourselves almost witnessed the rise of the very slender degree of taste on this subject which it yet possesses. The varied and beautiful scenery in which Scotland abounds, had not been

dreamt of a century ago. That of England was equally unknown, though accessible to a larger population, and to one in which the number of the educated was arithmetically, if not proportionably, greater; and though the arts were there more diffused, from the presence of collections of pictures, the possession of ancient buildings, a longer existence of ornamented villas and rural scenery, and other causes that need not be named. So little was the scenery of its lakes known, that even the lakes themselves are scarcely noticed in the popular work on geography which goes by the name of Guthrie. These beautiful spots are barely mentioned, without even an enumeration, as being "called Derwent waters," and they are classed with Whittlesea mere, to which also the principal place is given. If Gray was not the first to notice them, he was among the first to direct the public attention to them, as Mr. Wyndham did to Wales; and how rapidly they have risen in fame since, I need not say.

You and I can yet remember when all the knowledge of Scottish scenery was confined to Loch Lomond and the most accessible of the Perthshire lakes. At the time of Pennant's and Johnson's tours, now only fifty years past, scarcely any suspicion of the beauty of our scenery was entertained; nor, excepting Staffa, too remarkable a spot to be easily passed without notice, was a single picturesque object named throughout the country; while even that was then but just known. Johnson, it is true, could not see them, from physical defects; but Pennant talked of pictures, since he described those at Duplin and had an artist in his service: yet he has scarcely mentioned one spot of all that he saw, as a man who felt the beauty of scenery. The account which Birt, long before, gives of the hideous Highland mountains and glens, is absolutely ludicrous. I know not exactly when

Edinburgh was first discovered to be the most romantic city in the world; but that is a discovery of no high antiquity. I myself was one of the first, and, I believe, the very first absolute stranger, who visited Loch Cateran. I had then a Scottish map in which it was not even inserted: you and the Lady of the Lake can tell another tale now. Even in another and kindred art, it is well known what was thought of Gothic architecture not very long ago; and whence, indeed, the very name originated. Every one knows what even professional architects thought of it; nor was it till the time of Gray and Walpole, that the public began to discover that it was not a ponderous, gloomy, and tasteless style, the produce of barbarism, and fitted only to delight barbarians.

The great increase of domestic travelling, while it appears to originate in a taste for the beauties of Nature, is that which chiefly tends to generate it. The people begins by imagining that it sees, and admires, and understands; and it ends in doing what it had but fancied before; in seeing and admiring and understanding. If a taste for the arts of design is also yet low in Britain, there is a certain moderate portion of it widely diffused, as is a species of rambling and superficial literature; and all this aids the cause, at it is equally an earnest of future and further improvement. Let us all strive for more; and, to attain it, begin by convincing ourselves of our ignorance. There are few pleasures better worth the pursuit, for there are few that cost less and produce less pain; few that yield more refined and delicate satisfaction, either in the present enjoyment or the future recollection. The contemplation of nature is a perpetual and a cheap gratification; improving the heart while it cultivates the mind, and abstracting us from the view, as it helps to guard us from the intrusion, of those cares, against

which it requires all our watchfulness and attention to shut the door.

Thus I have tried to defend the art of drawing, and, at the same blow, to answer my critic friend. I admit, that those who have never seen, and never are to see, the scenes thus described, are very likely to turn over the pages and to ask,—why all this. But I know that those who have seen them, will be very glad to have them brought again to their recollections, even by the vague and empty array of words; and I believe that this very array of words which, tell what tale they may, can never tell the reality, will induce others to search in nature for what might have escaped their notice, and thus, by stimulating their attention to the improvement of their discernment, tend to increase their pleasures. Let me have your approbation, my dear Sir Walter, and we will defy the Critic.

LOCH LONG, INVERARAY, TYNDRUM, GLENORCHY, LOCH AWE, TYANUILT, CRUACHAN.

I MUST now return to Tarbet, for the purpose of conducting you to Loch Long, separated from Loch Lomond by a low neck of land about a mile and a half in breadth, which here forms the sole barrier between Loch Lomond and the sea. This is the Tarbet itself, or carrying place, whence the hamlet derives its name; a term applied to many places in Scotland similarly situated, and, among others, to the narrow neck which occurs in Harris, and to that which, in Cantyre, separates the east and the west Loch Tarbet. The boat-carrying, is the literal meaning; and these places are analogous to the Canadian portages, and to the διολκοι of the Greeks, one noted example of which existed near Corinth. It is probable that, in this particular case, the name was imposed in consequence of the celebrated raid of Haco (Hakon) in 1263, performed by a detachment of his fleet while he lay at the Cumbrays; as it does not appear that the natives have ever made a similar use of it as a means of communication between Loch Lomond and the sea. At present, indeed, it is a Tarbet, but of a far other character; serving to convey, in carts, from one steam boat to another, the idlers whom Greenock and Glasgow evacuate daily in this direction, in pursuit of happiness.

In the general Historical sketch of the Islands hereafter given, I have noticed the leading facts which appertain to the affair of Largs; but there are a few particulars, and this inroad among the rest, which are de-

serving of a more particular mention. After the conquest of Bute by Rudri, or Roderick, Haco proceeded round Cantyre from Gigha, and anchored in Hereyiar-sund, or the sound of Arran: probably in Loch Ransa, as there is no other anchorage in Kilbranan sound, which must be the place meant. He there received some monks whom the King of Scotland had despatched to confer with him about a pacification, and soon after sent an embassy himself to treat about the proposed peace. Having given them an audience, Alexander returned a commission with counter proposals; and, as far as can be discovered, it appears that he was content that Haco should retain all the Western Islands, or all the Sudreys that lay beyond the mainland of Scotland, if himself was allowed to keep Arran, Bute, and the Cumbrays. No terms were, however, concluded; and as the weather was now becoming boisterous, the Norwegian fleet sailed up the Clyde and anchored in the sound between the Cumbrays and Largs. A fresh negotiation was then commenced; which, producing no results, Haco sent an ambassador, to propose that the two sovereigns should meet with all their forces, and treat about a peace; and that if they could not come to an agreement, they should engage with their whole armies and trust the issue to God. But as no decisive answer was given to this proposal, the truce was declared at an end: and it seems probable indeed that it was the design of the Scots, to draw on these discussions till the advance of winter should render the station of the Norwegian fleet untenable; while they were at the same time gradually collecting forces in the neighbourhood.

The war being thus recommenced, and the fleet being in want of provisions, the Norwegian king sent sixty ships up into Loch Long, commanded by Magnus the King of Mann, Dugal, of Isla I conjecture, who is also

called a Konongr, his brother Allan, Angus, and Margad, all Western Island chiefs, with Vigleik Priestson, and Ivar Holm. Having anchored, they drew their boats across this neck of land into Loch Lomond; wasting the islands, which are said to have been well inhabited, with fire, burning also the houses about the lake, and making a great devastation. Allan proceeded far into Scotland, killing many of the inhabitants and taking many hundreds of cattle. Returning afterwards to their fleet, they met with a violent storm in Loch Long and lost ten of their ships; Ivar Holm dying also of an acute disorder. The affair of Largs, hereafter narrated, followed immediately after this inroad: yet this large detachment did not return till it had terminated: a proof that what has been considered by some Scottish historians as a pitched and intended battle, is to be attributed to accident; as Haco could not have intended to fight with less than the half of his forces.

I have had occasion to remark incidentally, in various parts of these letters, that the condition of the Western Islands, and probably that of the Highlands in general, was superior, in point of civilization and order, previous to 1300, or during the period of the Norwegian rule, to what it was afterwards, when the separate clans had, not only renounced the controul of the Scottish government, but had set up as petty princes, and were engaged in a constant succession of mutual hostilities. I think that conclusion is justified, not only by a variety of facts which have been stated on different occasions, but by the conduct and character of Haco, who appears to have been both an enlightened and amiable personage; as does John, who seems to have been an ancestor of the Macdonalds, and who was the greatest, after Magnus, of the insular princes holding under the Norwegian crown; though, whether

he held his lands through the intervention of Magnus, as King of Mann; or immediately from Norway, does not well appear. The several embassies and negotiations seem to have been conducted with all the formality and dignity usual in modern and civilized countries; the Bishops of Hamar and Orkney, with other distinguished persons, having been among the Norwegian envoys. In a similar manner, all the formalities of the several truces were rigidly followed, even where these were demanded and granted for burying the dead; matters which formed no part of the system or fashion of clan warfare or policy in after times, where, on the contrary, we find that every species of treachery was, not only adopted, but held to be justifiable.

When Haco had anchored in Gigha, John came to meet him, in a single ship, accompanied by Bishop Thorgil, and without any precautions. But when, on a former occasion, he had consented to meet Alexander the second at Kerrera, it was on condition that four Scottish Earls should pledge their honour for his safe return, whatever the event of the negotiations might be. This marks a striking difference between the manners, or morals of the two courts; as his situation was nearly the same with respect to both, though holding lands of greater value under the Scottish than under the Norwegian crown, and therefore having stronger claims to its good faith and protection. John's conduct in this case was strictly honourable: as, although pressed by Alexander to deliver up Cairnburgh and three other castles which he held from Haco, with the promise of the King's favour, and of estates in Scotland of greater value, and though much urged by his friends and relations to comply, he persisted in refusing to break his oath to the Norwegian king. His conduct to Haco in the conference at Gigha,

was equally firm and honourable; refusing to join him, on account of his oath to the King of Scotland, and choosing to resign the lands which he held under Norway, rather than break his allegiance to Alexander. But although having this subject thus in his power, Haco used neither force nor treachery to procure his compliance; not even choosing to credit the imputations of rebellion and disaffection that were laid to his charge, until he should have the actual experience of facts. The same mild and upright conduct marked the whole of his transit through the isles; granting written protections to the churches which applied for them, dismissing the alarmed suppliants from various quarters in peace, and removing the apprehensions which they had justly entertained on account of their late rebellious conduct. In the same manner, he received the apologies of the rebel lords of Isla and Cantyre, Margad and Angus; countermanding the intended invasion of their estates, confirming them in their lands, and being content, in lieu of their merited punishment, with a supply of cattle for his fleet. When also he at length dismissed John, after having carried him to Arran, he loaded him with rich presents, suffering him to remain neutral, according to the dictates of his own conscience.

It is remarked in a general manner, in the historical sketch, that the defeat at Largs could not be considered in any other light than that of an accidental series of skirmishes, caused chiefly by the injuries which the Norwegians had suffered from the weather; and not as a battle, deciding the superiority of Scotland, and involving the cession of the islands. So far indeed is that from being the fact, that when Haco had arrived at the harbour of Tobermory in his return northwards, he confirmed Dugal and Allan in their estates, gave Bute to Rudri, or Roderick, who had

rebelled against Scotland and had been employed as commander in the invasion of that island, and also gave Arran to Margad. Thus even the two, and the principal, islands which had been the subject of negotiation with Scotland, and the immediate cause of the affair of Largs, remained in the possession of Norway: which could not have happened had the success of the Scots in this action been as decisive as has been commonly imagined, and asserted by Scottish historians. So far indeed was the Norwegian power in the islands from having been shaken by these losses, that the event of Haco's expedition was to regain, and once more to settle under Norway, all that had originally been acquired by Magnus Barefoot.

Though it is well known that the earlier northern invaders of Britain and Ireland conducted themselves with great cruelty, it must be remembered, that these Ostmen, or Easterlings, were not a people living under a regular government, but independent and fierce pirates. They were the Vikingr, the regular sea kings, whose home was, literally, on the deep; pirates by trade, without land or settled abode, and occupied in ranging the seas for plunder. But the Norwegian kings in after times, and their subjects equally, committed no unnecessary atrocities; and in the time of Haco, as I have already shewn, conducted themselves according to the received usages of civilized warfare, and probably with not much less moderation and regularity than is the custom of our own days. That they exceeded the Scots of the same age in civilization, is proved, not only by the facts abovementioned, but by other circumstances which have been elsewhere narrated, and by many which it is beyond my limits to enter on; and which, as no such parallel or conclusion is drawn from them by the narrators, are the more worthy of reliance. In the invasion of the isles by

the Earl of Ross, in the time of Alexander the second among other cruelties, the Scots destroyed even the children; lifting them on the points of their spears, and then throwing them on the ground. This practice had long been forbidden in Norway, by Olver, who thence acquired the name of Barna-kall, the protector of infants. Thus also when Haco, in his progress to Orkney, had landed at Giafiord, which I presume to be Loch Eribol, some Scottish prisoners were brought in; one of whom he detained as a hostage, while he suffered the others to depart, on a promise that they would bring in some cattle. On the same day, nine of the Norwegians had gone ashore for water, seven of whom were killed by the natives; notwithstanding which, and the failure of the former party in performing their promise, Haco dismissed his hostage uninjured. It is safe to conclude, from these facts, and from other circumstances which it would be tedious and unnecessary to state, that the inhabitants of the Western islands and of the western coast, whether Highlanders, (Celts,) or Norwegians, were a far more civilized people before the thirteenth century, than we find them in those after days, when they had split into many states, and were equally free of the controul of Norway and of Scotland.

I remarked that the character of "Haco the aged" himself, seems to have been that of an enlightened and amiable man. On various occasions, we find him studious of the comfort and accommodation of his friends and warriors, and conforming to their wishes, even when these did not coincide with his own views. At all times, the Norwegian nobles seem to have possessed an aristocratical influence, but of a far different nature from that of the turbulent nobility of Scotland; and in this particular instance, the king and his people appear to have

had a common and friendly interest, and to have lived together like brethren. His death, which took place in Orkney, was tedious, and his nights sleepless; and he passed his weary hours in listening to a succession of readers, who relieved each other at his bedside. When sensible that he was dying, all his friends were summoned, and each of them kissed him as he took his leave for ever.

It would be a matter of interest could we ascertain the nature and size of these Norwegian vessels, and of those generally used at that period in the Western Isles. But we can only form conjectures. When Haco had arrived at Kerrera, it appears that he had a hundred ships, most of them of a large size, and well provided with men and arms. The general dimensions of these are not stated, but those of his own vessel may be conjectured from some of the particulars that are related; and though it should have been the largest, it will convey an idea of the nature of these vessels, which seem to have been of three kinds, transports, galleys, or long ships, and boats. The king's ship was built entirely of oak, and ornamented with heads of dragons beautifully overlaid with gold. There was a quarter deck, a main deck, a fore deck, and a forecastle, to each of which a distinct set of officers was appointed, and there were twenty-seven banks of oars. According to the enumeration, there must have been 200 men, or more, and upwards of thirty-four officers; as the names of individuals to that amount are given, besides some chamberlains and priests who are not named. All else that we can discover about this vessel, is, that she had eight anchors; as it is mentioned that, in the gale at Largs, she could not be brought up till she had let go her eighth, or sheet anchor. But I need not pursue further that, on which every one, from these few facts, may form his own conjectures.

Having, in the account of the Clyde hereafter, described the lower part of Loch Long as far as it required description, I have only now to notice its upper extremity, so enclosed among mountains as to resemble a fresh-water lake, and only to be recognised as an arm of the sea, at low water, when the long lines of brown weeds betray its real nature. I know not but that the first view of this spot disappoints those who have just quitted the magnificent scenes of Loch Lomond; simple and unpretending as it is. But he who, after spending a few hours at Arochar, leaves it with the same impression, may proceed to Inveraray as fast as he pleases, for he would gain nothing by a longer abode. He, however, who has the faculty of seeing landscape in places where it is less obvious than at Luss or Stirling Castle, will easily discover that, with all its simplicity, Loch Long here affords many beautiful pictures, and in a style of considerable grandeur. Putting out of question the Cobler, the form of which is fantastical rather than pleasing, the general character of the mountains is no less picturesque than simple and broad; while, being sufficiently near to fill the eye, they give to the landscape a fulness and richness of effect not often found in lake scenery, and not much unlike to that of the upper and bolder parts of Loch Lomond. The fine trees which surround the inn, and the picturesque outlines of the house itself, form middle grounds, at once various and rich, to this bold distance; while the foregrounds, where there is an incessant variety produced by the sea banks, the trees, the mountain torrents, and the rocks, possess that happy congruity and continuity of character, which render the composition of these pictures as perfect and harmonious as they are numerous and striking. Many of the landscapes are, however, of a coy disposition, and will not be found without some study, and some of that

courtship which Nature, true to her imputed sexual character, delights in and demands. I may add that the whole of these picturesque scenes are limited to a very small space about the house of Arochar; nor need any one, to whom this is the sole pursuit, follow the margin of the water downwards, beyond the point at which the hills first appear to lock over each other; a point situated nearly opposite to the house of Ardgartan. I may also add that there is no peculiar interest in the road that leads hence to the Clyde, though it offers a convenient method of terminating a tour in this quarter.

I think the Highlanders are more interested in the act of drawing, and more civil about this matter than the people elsewhere. That is a consequence of their general intelligence and politeness; nor do they always suppose, as is common with the lower classes, that you are making "plans of the country." In Jersey, I have been taken up by a corporal and a file of men, and introduced to the main guard. In Cornwall, I have been marched ten miles to a justice of peace, as a horse stealer. In the same luminous county, I have been taken for the merry Andrew and distributor of drugs to a quack doctor. In Plymouth, I have been carried by a Frenchman before the Port Admiral. In Wales, a jack-ass, whom I met in the ruins of Lamphey, was the only person who seemed to take any interest in the matter. In every town and road of England, all the people crowd round you; the half pressing on your shoulders and elbows, and the remainder standing right in front. In the Highlands, they have held an umbrella over me to keep off the rain, smoothed a stone for me to sit on, lent a hand to hold down the leaves of my book in a gale of wind, and begged to look at the drawing when it was done. As I was amusing myself here with drawing the Cobler among a crowd of herring fishers,

one of them who had been very intent on the proceeding, said, when it was done, "I wish I could draw like you." I remarked that herring fishing was a better trade. "I canna think that," was the reply. I assured him I made nothing of it. "That's your fault," said the fisherman; "if I could draw like you, I would make money of it." So would I, were I Parmenio.

There is but little beauty in the ride round the upper extremity of the Loch, even to the mouth of Glencro; although, about the point where the road quits the water to plunge into this rude defile, there are some striking shore landscapes, including the house of Ardgartan. The sun never shone on a brighter vision than the house of Ardgartan contained in our younger days: doubtless, you remember it well: but many suns have rolled over your head and mine since that time, and our flaxen locks, at least, no longer glitter in his beams.

But, to the Cobler, time rolls on in vain. Still he lifts his head to the clouds, defying the sun and the storm; still he hammers at his last, unmoved, unchanged; looking down from his proud elevation on the transitory sons of little men, reckless as his noted namesake, of the turmoils and mutations of the world at his feet. Absurd as is this object, the resemblance is indeed striking. This name is, however, modern: as, to the Highlanders, this strange hill is known by the appellation of Arthur's Seat, like the ponderous guardian of your own smoky and romantic city. Arthur, who has a mountain and a seat also in Brecknockshire, Cadair Arthur, as well as a castle in Brittany, has been a puzzling personage at all times, in all his characters and places, since Milton and Hume are at issue even about his existence; but no where more than on this side of Tweed. The south of Scotland indeed was filled with his fame, while the romances of the

north of England even place his court at Carlisle: but how did he obtain a throne in Glencro. His Queen crossed me formerly, at Alyth and Glamis; and if I could not solve the enigma as to the lady and her ubiquity, I am not a whit nearer the mark here, where her lord is concerned. If, however, Arthur had three spouses, all of the name of Gwenhwyfar, then indeed Pennant and Glamis church-yard may be right still, and I must beg that worthy man's pardon: and the lady who lived at Alyth, is not the lady who deviated with Sir Launcelot and took the veil at Ambresbury, nor the lady, if that be a different one, whose skull was found by Edward Longshanks, and preserved, together with her lord's, as a relic. I hope that you have a theory on this subject, as you are in honour bound to have. Perhaps the Arthur of Loch Long is Owen's allegorical personage, and not he who is descended from the Trojan Brutus, who kept a round table, had a frail wife, was buried at Glastonbury, born at Tintagel, conquered all Europe, and is now flying about in the shape of a raven. If so, he is the Great Bear, Charles's Wain; the Northern Wain of our Scandinavian ancestry, the chariot of Odin or Thor. These allegorical personages are very convenient on occasion. If that will not do, then, Arar, in the ancient British, signifies a hero; so that this may have been the mountain of the hero, generically. It would be a base conclusion, after all this learning, to suppose it had been named after some modern Highland Arter, or Macarter, of the race of Campbell. But why should I trouble myself about what is not the business of Davus: as my concern at present is with the mountain itself, not with its godfathers and godmothers.

It is well worth ascending: and, as far as the foot of this extraordinary object, the ascent is not difficult. The resemblance is preserved in all its integrity, even to the

base of the precipice; but the whimsical effect of the form is there almost obliterated by the magnificence of these bold rocks, towering high above, and perched, like the still more noble Scuir of Egg, on the utmost ridge of the mountain. The effect here is truly grand; from the extent, no less than from the altitude, of these cliffs, and from the beauty and breadth of style which render these rocks a study for a painter. In one sense, however, it was my misfortune to have a day of bright sunshine: for I can easily conceive the romantic effects this object would assume, if seen, as I have seen the rock of Egg, amid the driving mists and among the wild and changing clouds of a stormy sky. Even amidst all the glaring and unpoetical truth of a full sun and an azure heaven, it was almost a scene of enchantment, like the work of a magician; the castle of the gigantic genius of the mountain and of the wide spread and wonderful landscape beneath. An English sçavant, whom I met in Glencro, was nearly of the same opinion. "Whose castle is that: the fellow must be a d——d fool to build it so high."

There is a tradition that the heir of the Campbells of this country, was obliged to seat himself on its loftiest peak, and that, in default of this heroic deed, his lands passed to the next heir. I had no lands to inherit or lose, no tenement but the uncertain lease of a worthless carcase, but was resolved to place it as high as ever did a Campbell. Not, however, to boast of more courage than was really my own, I could not well shun the honour; for I found myself, unwarily, in that position, common enough in these cases, where it was easier to ascend than to go downwards. This clambering of mountains is not unlike that moral clambering which leads us on, occasionally, to a descent equally involuntary and rapid. Whatever the fact may be in this latter case, it is often

much easier to ascend a mountain acclivity than to descend it: the labor et opus is to go down hill; and the steeper and the more difficult the ascent, so much greater is the necessity of ascending. We feel an imaginary security in the next step which we have not in the present; but when we have attained it, all the danger still lies downwards, and still we hope for a surer and a firmer footing on the next shelf or the next tuft of grass. Thus clambering, and thus moralizing, I reached the summit of the ridge, and found myself astride on this rocky saddle, with one foot in Loch Long and the other in Glencro: in the very position, doubtless, of the bold Campbell's bold heir. There is a pride and a pleasure in surmounting difficulties, even when there is no one present to applaud.

I was surprised to find the summit so acute and so narrow. It was the bridge Al Sirat, the very razor's blade over which the faithful are to walk into Paradise. But it was a magnificent scene; and, secure in my elevated seat, I could contemplate it without anxiety or fear. The cliffs themselves form a set of objects at once sublime and picturesque; and, most of all, that square mass at the western extremity, which rises, in lofty and broad magnificence, to a height of 200 feet or more, like a gigantic tower rooted on the mountain's brow. These huge masses of rock, equally grand in style and powerful in their effect, give this an advantage over most of the mountain views which I have seen in Scotland, by the wonderful foregrounds which they afford; but the surrounding and distant scenery is also various and splendid. To the sea of mountains eastward and northward, among which Ben Lomond towers, distinguished from all the rest, and to the bright gleaming waters of Loch Cateran and Loch Lomond, beyond which even Stirling is recognised, suc-

ceeds, to the west, the wild chasm of Glencro, on which we look down, a tremendous depth below. Beneath, stretches the whole sinuous extent of Loch Long; winding bright beneath our feet, and prolonged between its mountain boundaries till it reaches the Clyde and the sea. The glittering courses of the Gare Loch, of Loch Goil, and of Loch Fyne, add to the variety and brilliancy of this landscape map; and we pursue the Clyde through all its boundaries, displaying on its wide expanse the well-recognised Cumbrays, the lofty rock of Ailsa, and the rude mountains of Arran; while, beyond all, I could distinguish what appeared to be the island of Mull.

Glencro, with its continuation Glen Kinglas, has naturally attracted the attention of the general body of travellers; as it is the only valley of this peculiarly wild character which lies in the course of the ordinary tours. Yet it is very uninteresting: rude, without grandeur or beauty of any kind, and nearly as void of variety as of magnificence or grace. The prolonged simplicity of Glen Kinglas, is, in my own estimation, far more striking than the rudeness of Glencro; though, in neither, is there any thing capable of making a strong impression on the mind, and, certainly, nothing picturesque. The single point where the road attains the highest elevation, well known for its resting place and often-quoted inscription, is, perhaps, the only striking one along the whole line; though the small lake, surrounded by rude and misshapen hills and rocks, has neither beauty nor interest. At the termination of Glen Kinglas, the inn of Cairndhu introduces us to Loch Fyne and to disappointment.

To me, at least, it was disappointment at my first visit; and, instead of improving on the second, at each time

I have revisited it the disappointment has been greater. I ought to be in the wrong, nevertheless, as no place is more talked of or more visited than Inveraray. But how is it possible we should all agree on these and similar matters, when a man finds it sometimes difficult enough to agree with himself; as, if he keeps a journal of his travels during successive years, he assuredly will. What chance is there that half a dozen different persons, labouring under the various accidents of dullness, wit, inexperience, study, watchfulness, inattention, learning, ignorance, besides the other more casual incidents, of rain, sunshine, good humour, bad, before dinner, after, to say nothing of the toothach and other aches, should agree; and what wonder is it that we do not always agree with ourselves, when we are not always ourselves. At any rate, let us not quarrel about the beauties of Inveraray, but recollect the elegant apologue of Jack Sprat.

But if I am in a right minority, then the multitude is wrong, as happens occasionally in other matters than their judgment of picturesque beauty. And this is probably true, when the praises which are lavished on this place and on Taymouth, are withheld from Killin, and Dunkeld, and Drummond castle, and Blair, and Kinrara, and the Tumel, and a hundred other places which have had no advocate, which have not been puffed into fame. If there are places which are deservedly admired, it is not because their beauties have been discovered by these admirers, but because, like Inveraray, they have been written into notice; Loch Cateran by yourself, and Loch Lomond and others by a numerous herd of tourists. But it is the same, in this case, for men as for lakes and mountains. It is a mistake of the heathen goddess that she goes before with her trumpet, instead of following in the rear of performance. Thus the various wonders of the day are blown

into notice; in science as in literature; in talents as in—what not; it is all the same.

I know no term by which I can so well characterize the style of Loch Fyne from Cairndhu to Inveraray, as meanness. There is wood at Ardkinglas, and there is a profusion of it at Inveraray; but, excepting those places, the hills are rude and bare. Even rudeness and bareness may however be beautiful, as they are at Loch Long, provided the forms and the outlines are fine. But there are no such redeeming beauties here. The form of the water, the form of the hills, the shores, the outline, all is tame, though lofty, and, though rugged, deformed. And this is as true of Inveraray itself as of all that surrounds it. The hill of Dun y quaich is the only characteristic feature it possesses, and that is rather an object than a beauty. The style of the house, or castle, could not well be worse: a heavy solid square, one story of which is absurdly sacrificed by being sunk within the ground, bearing a sort of double casino; as if, in succession, the three parts had been protruded, one out of the other, like a telescope, or as if the whole, had, like the Santa Casa, flown, no one knows whence, to alight on the top of this ponderous mass, itself pitched naked on a green lawn. The praise of magnificence, in point of extent, and wood, and wealth, must however be allowed to the parks or pleasure grounds. But that is all. Nothing here displays that character which we should expect in an alpine country: and that splendour which results from their space and their profusion of fine trees, though it would render the pleasure-grounds of Inveraray a noble domain in an open country like England, is here insufficient to atone for the utter want of that picturesque beauty which we are entitled to expect among the mountains of the Highlands, and which we meet almost wherever we go. The present building,

I need scarcely say, is modern; but the stone of which it is built is not potstone, as is commonly said, but a soft variety of micaceous slate, approaching to the talc slate of mineralogists. There was an ancient castle here prior to 1480, but it has long since disappeared.

It was not very long since, that I was in a company, where a gentleman, describing Inveraray, mentioned, as if incidentally, that the castle was built of lapis lazuli. The company stared, particularly as he was what is called a man of science, and had been talking about rocks and minerals. In hopes of giving him an opportunity of recalling his malaprop blunder, which was obvious enough, I whispered the word ollaris; to which the dignified answer was, "you must give me leave, sir, to understand these things, as this is a subject to which I have paid particular attention." The argument was unanswerable, and lapis lazuli it remained. I have been for some time watching for the publication of this philosopher's travels; but it is probable that the printer's devil will interpose to prevent the catastrophe of the lapis lazuli. This class of people nevertheless does write books, and we read them: like Macaulay, whom I have elsewhere mentioned, and who found that St. Kilda was 5000 feet high. He was equally fitted for an observer and a traveller, with whom I was dining not very long ago. There was a white lilac tree in full bloom opposite the window, which he must have seen on every summer day of his life, for many years before. "You cannot conceive" said he "what a beautiful purple that will be in a week."

As I have elsewhere noticed the remainder of Loch Fyne, hence to the sea, I may now conduct you to Glenorchy; accessible from this quarter, as well as from Killin and by the way of Tyndrum. There is nothing remarkable in the valley of Glen Ara, nor throughout

this ride of twelve miles, till we gain sight of Glenorchy itself. And that I may here dismiss the greater portion of Loch Awe and of the country through which it extends, I may as well add, that almost the only interesting part of this lake is that which lies between its upper extremity, in Glenorchy, and its exit, which, contrary to the usual rule in our lakes, is at its side, and not very far from this extremity. To the mere traveller, there is no inducement to pursue this long lake throughout its extensive course; as it lies in a dull and uninteresting tract of country.

In approaching from Inveraray, the first views of the lake are very striking, and, I may add, equally magnificent and wild. They are very different in character from those which occur in approaching from Tyndrum; the water appearing to be a confined basin enclosed among lofty mountains, rude and savage in their aspect, but lofty and grand; filling at once the eye and the picture, and, literally, towering to the clouds. It is the elevated ridge of Cruachan which forms the distant boundary: majestic and simple, and throwing its dark shadows on the water, which, spacious as we know it to be, seems almost lost amid the magnitude of the surrounding objects. The castle of Kilchurn, hence a mere spot in the landscape, adds much to the sublimity of the effect, as affording a scale and an object of comparison.

Tyndrum, the ramifying point of the road to Glenco, is noted, only for the dreary aspect of its position, and, if it is not changed since my day, for its unspeakable badness and dirt as an inn. This is a base remark: but I only follow the example of all my predecessors. What would modern travellers do, without an inn to abuse. And then, when I have found three bad inns, why should I not say that all the Highland inns are bad. Here too I

am borne out by abundant examples: and besides, this is the exact mode of philosophizing laid down by my Lord Bacon; which proceeds to generalization from a few simple facts. He who does not find comfort, even at Tyndrum, must learn to make it: and if it is on this and such like things that he has pinned his happiness, let him stay at home; in Portsoken ward, or elsewhere. The lead mine in its neighbourhood was never very productive, and has been wrought, and again abandoned, at different times, as the price of the metal has fluctuated.

Pennant, whose general accuracy I need not here praise, as I shall often have occasion to do so, thought fit to imagine, I know not why, that Tyndrum was the highest inhabited land in Scotland; I think he says Britain, for I have not his book. It would be easy to shew him many houses in far more elevated positions, in his own principality; and, in Scotland, there are numerous inhabited places which far surpass it in elevation. Dalwhinnie exceeds Tyndrum by many hundred feet; as does Garva more, together with many situations in Badenoch. Boleskine, and an extensive tract of inhabited land about the sources of the Nairn, are much higher; and, about Blair in Atholl, corn is cultivated, both on the skirts of Beny-gloe and above the pass of Killicrankie, at a far more considerable altitude. It is the same in Glen Isla, and in many other places along the whole southern ridge of the Highland mountains: the Duke of Atholl's house at Fealair is probably not much less than a thousand feet higher: but I need not extend an enumeration that might easily be quadrupled.

If no one would willingly go to Tyndrum a second time, or remain there an hour, so, no one will, from choice, take the road from this point to the King's house and Glenco, which is dreary in the extreme. Loch Tulla

makes no kind of atonement for the hideous blank presented by the remainder of the way over Baadnashoag, or the Black Mount, and for the dreary vacancy of the moor of Rannoch, along the margin of which it is conducted. If there be any advantage in Tyndrum and its chilling deserts, it is that of rendering the first view of the vale of Glenorchy and of Loch Awe more acceptable. That view forms a fine landscape, more various, though less grand, than the first sight of the lake from the Inveraray road, and deriving from the tower of the church, bad as is its style, an air of civilization the more striking from its contrast with the preceding blank. The inn of Dalmally is a convenient station for those who are desirous of mastering all the beauties of this noble valley, which may assuredly be reckoned among the most attractive spots of the Highlands.

Of all the civil and political usages of the Highland inns, I perceived that the one which most surprised the London companion whom I had on one occasion, was the very kingly and courtly practice of keeping a fool. The Davie Gellatly at the court of Dalmally, seemed to be kept partly for the purpose of sweeping the court, and partly, I suppose, for the entertainment of the courtiers and the guests; unless there were better reasons in the raggedness of his nether garments and the club which he wore in resemblance of Hercules, whose duty also he performed in the stable. He of Tyanuilt, might have sat as a model for the god Anubis; wearing his arms by his sides with the most inveterate perpendicularity, and always moving both together as if they had been copied from a parallel ruler. But the varieties here are infinite. It is a branch of the human species indeed, well worth studying, and which has not yet met with half the attention it deserves; though you have given it a good-na-

tured push yourself in the poetical Davie. There was another here, a merry fool, who, had he been well rubbed down and decorated with a cap and a bauble, might have procured a place at a higher court than the miry court of Tyanuilt, in the olden time. I cannot discover that any particular worship is now here paid to this much neglected race, as of yore; but it is plain to be seen that some latent wisdom is thought to lie hid under the obvious deficiency of it; as, in the world at large, a want of common sense is ordinarily held to conceal sense too deep for vulgar use and every day wear.

Whatever grandeur and variety the lake may here derive from the lofty mountains by which it is surrounded, from its fine expanse, and from the bold and various character of its margin, Kilchurn castle forms its leading object and chief attraction; producing, in itself, many fine pictures, and being the principal feature of many more. In the Western Highlands, at least, it claims the pre-eminence, no less from its magnitude and the integrity of the ruins, than from the very picturesque arrangements of the building; nor indeed has it many rivals in the country at large. If there is nothing very marked in the style of its architecture, the lines and masses are finely disposed, and the irregularity of its form causes it to appear under a great variety of picturesque aspects. At the same time, the various and bold back-grounds produced by the surrounding hills, and the fine sheet of water in which it is nearly insulated, serve to add, materially, both to the beauty and the number of these landscapes.

It is not recorded, as far as I can discover, that the rocky elevation on which it stands was ever an island in the lake. Yet there can be no doubt of this; whether the building was originally erected on the island, or only

after it had become a peninsula. The flat and wide meadow which now connects it with the higher shore, is evidently alluvial, even now subject to inundation, and obviously rescued, at no very remote period, from the water. This has probably been the result of two distinct operations: the one being a gradual elevation of the bottom of the lake at this part, from the deposits of mud, and the other being the deepening of the bed of the Awe by the action of the river, causing a partial drainage of the water. Whether that bed might not yet be further deepened by art, so as to rescue much more land in the same manner, is a question which does not appear to have been examined as its importance merits.

The date of Kilchurn castle is 1440; having been built while Sir Colin Campbell, who was a Knight Templar, was absent at the crusade. While it bespeaks a degree of architectural taste, such as it is, and of splendour, unusual in Scotland at that period, it is also an evidence of the opulence of this ancient family. That opulence is rendered more striking by the number of castles possessed by his son, the next Sir Colin, named Dhu; consisting of Finlarig, Taymouth, Dochart, Bercaldine, and two others whose names I cannot at this moment recollect, as well as by the great extent of that property which now belongs to the title of Breadalbane. Kilchurn was garrisoned in 1745; and it would be a stigma on its present and late owners that it should have been allowed to fall to decay, were it possible to maintain and occupy all the ancient buildings on an estate of such enormous extent. On Innis Fraoch, elsewhere noticed as the region of one of the Highland fairy tales, there are also the ruins, now trifling, of a castle which is said to have been a royal one, and to have been granted by Alexander III to Mac Naughtane, on the condition of entertaining the

King whenever he should pass that way. Two other small islands in this lake, are also marked by ancient ruins: Innis Hail, as the seat of a nunnery of the Cistercian order, and Innis Eraith, containing the remains of a chapel.

The hereditary family of blacksmiths, Mac Nab, that sempiternal artist who, like the Lama, never dies, and the tombs of Glenorchy burying ground, have so often been described by all the tourists, that I may safely pass them over. Not so the magnificent scenery which occurs before entering the rugged and deep pass of Loch Awe, where the road winds high along the face of the hill amid overhanging woods and rocks, looking down over the summits of the oaks on the black and deep water far below. The remainder of the pass, conducting the road and the river, is singularly wild; particularly near the bridge which is here thrown across this boisterous and rude river. Here was fought the celebrated action between Bruce and John Lord of Lorn; the ratification, if not the original cause, of the downfal of that great family, formerly noticed. This chief had taken the side opposed to Bruce, and the impulse on the part of the king seems to have been revenge, as he had already gained the contested ascendancy. A detached party of archers having taken a commanding position on the hill, annoyed the Argyll men so much that they retreated; and, having attempted in vain to break down the bridge across the Awe, they were defeated with great slaughter. John escaped by means of his boats on the lake. This defeat argues little for the military tactics of John and his followers; as the pass of Loch Awe might easily be defended by a handful of men against a very superior force: it is a stronger position than even Killicrankie.

There is no longer any beauty after arriving at Tyan-

uilt, which forms the intermediate stage to Oban, and is, at the same time, the alehouse of the workmen employed at the iron furnaces of Bunawe. As here also I have arrived at the spot which I shall reach hereafter from another quarter, I need proceed no further in the description of the country round Oban. This is the most convenient place whence to ascend Cruachan, though still at a considerable distance from its base. While strolling about these wild moors, my eye was caught by a huge erect stone, which I concluded to be, of course, the grey stone of Ossian, or Carril, or Rhyno, or of some of the bards or heroes of old. No; it was the monument of a hero to whom even Fingal must bend; whose deeds have eclipsed those of the Cuchullins and the Oscars and of the Norwegian ploughers of the deep. It was an obelisk to Nelson, erected by the labours of the workmen of Bunawe. Of all the monuments which have been placed to this great name, there is not one, of which the effect is so striking: striking, from its very rudeness, and from the simplicity of the testimony, from the condition of those who erected it, and from its unexpected occurrence in this wild and vacant country, which we might fancy the sound of his deeds had never reached. It was here indeed that I could feel that his name had gone out into all lands; while the huge, grey and rude fragment, lifting its head among these wild mountains, the scenes of the exploits of the heroes of other days, seemed already to have ranked him among the worthies of the past and poetical ages, a name long consecrated to history; as it is a name which will descend to posterity till these rocks and mountains shall pass away.

I was amused with the disappointment of the fierce antiquary who happened to accompany me. He had expected to find it a Druidical monument, and had scram-

bled over bog and heath with much energy to reach it. When he had attained it, he turned round with great contempt; not deigning another look. As if it was the only merit in the eyes of these learned personages to possess none; the only fame, to retain no record. He must have been a powerful Druid or a formidable Celt, let his stone be shewn where it may, who has lived to better purposes and higher fame than Nelson; whose name shall descend louder and further to posterity. He must have performed other deeds than even the poetical Fingal, if his arm has been in more battles than that of Nelson, if the nations have been more humbled beneath it. The antiquary who shall succeed to my friend a thousand years hence, will not turn his back on the stone of the mighty warrior which lifts its grey head on the skirts of Cruachan.

The ascent of Cruachan is tedious, but not difficult; and, from its position no less than its altitude, it presents some of the finest and most extensive mountain views in Scotland. Compared to Ben Lomond it is a giant; and its grasp is no less gigantic. From the bold granite precipices of its sharp and rugged summit, which is literally a point, we look down its red and furrowed sides into the upper part of Loch Etive and over this magnificent group of mountains, which, extending northward and eastward, display one of the finest landscapes of mere mountains in the Highlands. Its commanding position not only enables us thus to bring under our feet the whole of this group as far as Appin and Glenco, and even to Ben Nevis, but opens a view of the whole of the eastern ocean of mountains, reaching from Rannoch as far as Ben Lawers and Ben Lomond, and, beyond them, to lands which only cease to be visible because they at length blend with the sky. So marked also are their characters, so rocky and precipitous their summits, and so varied

their forms, that this landscape excels, in variety as in picturesque character, all other landscapes of mere mountains, excepting perhaps that from Ben Lair in Rossshire. The view which it yields, of the opener country, is not much inferior to that from Ben Lawers, if indeed it is inferior; and, in this respect, it can only be compared with that mountain and Ben Lomond. While it looks down on the long sinuosities of Loch Awe and over the irregular lands of Lorn, bright with its numerous lakes, it displays all the splendid bay of Oban and the Linnhe Loch, with Jura, Isla, and all the other islands of this coast: commanding, besides, the horizon of the sea, even beyond Tirey and Coll, together with the rude mountains of Mull and the faint and blue hills of Rum and Sky; a scene as unusual as it is rendered various by the intermixture of land and water, by the brilliant contrast of these bright and intricate channels with the dark and misty mountains and islands by which they are separated, and by the bold and decided forms of all the elements of this magnificent landscape.

If I did not choose to tell you how I breakfasted at Callander, at Mrs. Maclarty's inn, that is no reason why I should not tell you how you may breakfast at Tyanuilt. I admit that the inn at Tyanuilt is a vile pot-house; but the fashion of a breakfast here is not so singular but that the resemblance may be found in more places than one in this country. Have I not undergone it myself.

The morning is fine, it is seven o'clock, and you are in a hurry to depart for the top of Cruachan, which you know will occupy you nine or ten hours. Consequently, you have no time to lose; nor can you afford, either to wait, or to go without your breakfast, as you will find nothing to eat till night. You order it immediately—immediately; having ordered it, the preceding night, to be ready

at six, having ordered it again when you got up, an hour before. After ringing, stamping, and knocking nine times, that is, three of each notice, up comes a bare-footed woman again, half dressed, without a cap, and her hair hanging about her ears like a mermaid; wondering what you want. You repeat, breakfast, immediately. "Aye," says she, "is it breakfast you was wanting," and down she goes. In another quarter of an hour, you repeat the same complicated notice. The maid re-enters. "Is it breakfast you want." "Yes, to be sure, did I not tell you so an hour ago." "It is coming," says she. You must not be angry with the fair sex, and therefore you wait patiently another quarter of an hour; assuming much merit to yourself. At length she walks in, with a look of much self-approbation and a table-cloth: having evidently made no common exertion to deserve your praise.

All this time the sun is shining temptingly bright on the summit of Cruachan, as it may not shine again for six months, and another period of patience is passed in wishing yourself there. Lo, the tea-board arrives; displaying a tea-pot never washed since it issued from the furnace, a milk-jug containing half as much milk as you are likely to want, and a tea-canister holding a mixture of black dust and little white sticks. In the mean time you are carrying on two new wishes besides the wish to be on Cruachan; one, for the tea-kettle, and the other for some peats to repair the fire, which is at its final gasp. As the maid enters, the last spark is extinguished. You console yourself that at least the kettle is come; behold, it is the sugar-dish. You point to the fire and ask for the kettle. She returns after the usual time; not with the kettle, but with an apron-full of wet peats. You sigh, first at Cruachan and then at the peats; but the kettle really comes; think of that. With the kettle, there arrives a delicious herring, hot from

the fire, and you perceive that Peggy takes no small praise to herself for having brought two things at once. Having poured the water on the tea, it floats. Why would you not give the kettle time to boil. This is, however, a minor evil, and you turn up the top plate and regale yourself with the smell of the herring. That is a consolation for the want of knife, fork, and bread. You have ordered the bread; you hear her heavy foot on the stair, you draw the herring close to you; when she enters—with a couple of eggs. You ask again for bread. "Is it bread you was wanting?" To pass the time, you crack an egg, and it is hard. You pour out a cup of tea, and, going to sweeten it, find, in the sugar bowl, a dingy mixture of white and brown sugar, damp and melancholy. You ring, somewhat violently perhaps, for white sugar. "There was some last month, but its a' dune." You wonder where the bread is. "She should have brought it, but she thought you rang for something." You then discover at last, that although you can bring up Peggy, you cannot bring up what you want at the same time. You pour the milk into your tea: it curdles. You go on drinking it nevertheless; now out of hope. But she comes. With the bread? No, with the salt. The herring is now cold, but you eat your herring and your salt, and when it is done, the bread arrives; a musty damp loaf. You desire to have it toasted. "The toast is making." It comes, half brown on one side and more like paste than before. You resort to the oat cake. It sticks in your throat for want of butter: you call for butter: she brings a platefull of cheese, and another of salt butter pulled out of a pot by her fingers and plastered into it. You depart for the top of Cruachan, and arrive just with a cloud that remains there the whole day, and will probably remain till you come this way again.

APPIN, ARDMUCKNISH, BENGENIUM, DUN MAC SNIOCHAIN.

THERE are few parts of the Western Highlands more beautiful than the district of Appin; and travellers, particularly the gentlemen and ladies who drive gigs and barouches, have only to lament that the two ferries of Connal and Shian are, not only wide and boisterous, but not so convenient for exit and entrance as a few pounds spent on landing places might make them. The former is in fact abominable. Are ferries always to be bad because it is classical. Because there was a villainous one across the Styx, must there be a bad one at the Shian; and because the gentlemen whom Achilles dismissed to this navigation, were obliged to wait shivering in the cold till Charon chose to admit them, must we wait, in a Highland shower, on a naked rock, till he of the Connel chooses to see or hear. He who comes to the Connel ferry, will require a large share of the patientia ferryboatica: it might be well to take a previous course in South Wales. To say nothing of a landing place where you can neither enter nor land, since there is no landing place at all; or of being landed, or rather tumbled out, two or three miles out of your road, under a precipice, or in a bog. As if it was not enough to have a Highland horse who does not choose to take his seat in a boat,—neither recté nor retro, nor blindfolded; and whom, even the hat, which, by a sort of figure of speech, is assumed to contain corn, cannot entice. The Athenians committed a blunder when

they made Neptune the progenitor of horses: and if I was condemned to live among Highland ferries, I would feed my horse on pitch and tar till he had learnt to hand, reef, and steer. I wish they would take pattern by Balahulish; but I have praised the general management of Highland ferries elsewhere, and if I pick out two or three for blame, it is from the wish to see every thing in this country such as to enable it to defy censure.

As to the want of civility, generally speaking, those who have met this, must have provoked it; which is not very unusual among the gentlefolks who wander hither from the precincts of Cheapside. At Ulva, I met a party who were indulging themselves, for the honour of Oxford, if they were rightly entered in Mr. Macdonald's album, with abuse and noise, and with coarse jokes on the barefooted girl who attended, and who received it all with a silent contempt, and with that proud air of Highland breeding which you know so well. She came to apologize for some deficiency; assuring us that when these English gentlemen (with an emphasis) were gone, it should be rectified. Really, we have little reason to complain if we are not always very particularly respected; here or elsewhere. It is absurd enough sometimes, to meet these bucks, as they consider themselves, blowing bugle horns, wearing Highland bonnets, drinking whisky in the morning, talking of the "Heelands," provided with stores of biscuit, wine, and hams, in their gig seats, as if they were come into Churchill's land of famine, and looking at every hand they see, in expectation of that which must not be named. Then out comes the memorandum book, with a tour or a guide, written forty years ago by some one who knew and saw as much of the country as themselves; and, in due time, we have the old stories fresh hashed, manners that have become

a dream, and a race of people that are now at least as rare as that disorder itself; which he who would find, had better go into an English barrack.

When they do not take the people for Fingalians, they at least suppose them bare-legged savages with "plods;" and are astonished to see hats and breeches, and, still more, to find a good dinner, and, that criterion of merit in the eyes of a true Englishman, a bottle of port. One of this tribe came up to me here at the inn door, with a fishing basket on his back, containing, not fish but shirts; and, "pray, Sir," said he, "what is that for;" taking me, I suppose, for a road surveyor. The end of the handle was visible out of my pocket. "I'd thank you to take that out, Sir," said the cockney, expecting to be obeyed at a word. "Sir, I want to see that instrument." As Donald is not at all accustomed to this style, except from his chief, I declined. "I suppose, Sir, I am taking a liberty," said the man of the basket. "Really, Sir, I think you are." "Sir, I dont understand this usage, Sir. Sir, I'd have you to know, Sir, I'm a person of consequence in my own country." And these are the people who go home and write tours. I suppose I have figured in his journal as a savage Highland road-maker.

As to the Shian ferry-boat, it would not be amiss if there was a step to the mast. The Charon made a step of his foot, and held on with both hands. That answered the purpose very well as long as it was not wanted; but a breeze came, and away went the mast and sail into the water; nearly carrying overboard Donald himself and both the ponies. The scenery here is beautiful; but every thing is beautiful between these two ferries. There are but five miles; yet it is a day's journey to a wise man. The wooded and rocky intricacies of this narrow strait produce endless pictures; as does the whole

of Loch Creran, from numerous points of view. I do not suppose that the name of the ferry has any such allusion; it is more likely to have one that I do not know; but it is fairy land, as far as scenery is concerned. Bercaldine Castle is a heavy mass of building, and its extinguisher turrets are far from ornamental. But the views from it, and near it, are magnificent; and it is, with all its deformity, an important and an interesting object in the picture. It is not, apparently, very ancient, but was, I believe, built by the same Sir Colin Campbell who built Finlarig, though I do not know its date; and it is the only castle of this particular style that I have seen in the remote Highlands. But, with its freshness and all its living trees, it carries us back to the habits of times past, with more vividness than most of these buildings that I have met with.

The granite hills that bound Loch Creran, are equally the boundary of Loch Etive, and are exceeded by few, in elegance of form. They constitute the great features of the outline; but, on the opposite quarter, the mountains of Mull are also visible. On this side, we catch a glimpse of the Linnhe Loch; and, from different points, obtain views of the bay of Oban and of the distant islands; the castles of Dunnolly and Dunstaffnage, and all the shipping that frequent the sound, adding to the landscape that vivacity and living interest which so especially belong to all the views of this inlet, from whatever quarter. But the promontory of Ardmucknish, with all its deep woods of oak, always a striking feature, is here also the most characteristic and conspicuous part of this varied and splendid landscape; nor do I know a place where all the elements, often incongruous ones, of mountains, lakes, wood, rocks, castles, sea, shipping, and cultivation are so strangely intermixed, where they are so

wildly picturesque, and where they produce a greater variety of the most singular and unexpected scenes. I need not say that wood abounds throughout the western Highlands, in all the sheltered sea lochs and valleys; but I know not many places or tracts of equal extent among them, where the richness of woody scenery is more striking than here. It is not only that the great forests of coppice, which cover the whole promontory of Ardmucknish and skirt the declivities of the mountains, are conspicuous, from their extent, but their effect is heightened by the contrast of their deep green with the surrounding rocks, with all the grey and airy tints of the distances, and with the bright expanse of sea and lake. This strange intermixture, while it adds to the splendour of the whole, gives often the effect of ancient wood to that which is only coppice; while that deception is aided by the innumerable trees of fine growth which surround Ardmucknish house and Airds, and are scattered up and down in various places about the margins of the water and the declivities of the hills.

There is something in the presence of ancient trees in a country, which produces a greater impression on the mind than can arise merely from their picturesque or ornamental effect. The effect of such coppices as these, and that of young wood, are often nearly the same, as to the landscape; but the impression is far different, and I believe that we must seek it in those moral influences to which the consequence of buildings, however mean, and of castles and ruins, however insignificant or uninteresting, is owing. The coppice conveys with it notions of commerce, or of want, or waste: we foresee also the day when it is to fall before the axe, and the prospect is that of ruin and deformity. Young wood may excite hope; but that is to the possessor only. The spectator may be

pleased at the prospect of improvement or the sight of industry; but he contemplates, whether truly or not, the upstart wood, as he does the upstart villa and the mushroom proprietor. But ancient trees imply gentility, for they are ancient wealth; and that, according to Cicero's definition, is gentility. They remind us of all the splendour, the comfort, the protection, and the kindness, which surrounded the baronial residence or the mansion of the ancient gentleman: they are the marks of a country that has long enjoyed peace and wealth, and they are the records, as they are the proofs, of an antiquity that had looked forward to be perpetuated in a long posterity, and that was solicitous about the preservation of all its usages and fashions, of all its dignity and opulence.

It would be endless to specify all the points in this neighbourhood which afford particular landscapes; but I cannot help mentioning the view from the tower above Ardmucknish house, which, for magnificence and variety, is scarcely rivalled in the Western Highlands. I am among the unfortunate few now, who have not visited Athens: I do not mean the modern Athens, formerly called Auld Reekie, but that town which contrived to unite the largest number of great and wise men with something approaching to the worst government which the world ever saw. But I have seen it in the Strand; and, judging by the Panorama, there is a correspondence of character between Attica and Appin, which is quite striking. Nor does the view from this point yield to that of Athens in grandeur of style, while it exceeds it both in extent and variety.

It is time to enquire about some other matters, in this narrow but amusing district, which must not be forgotten. It is the seat of Dun Mac Sniochain, which was once a volcano but is now a vitrified fort; and of a capital

city, which was once the capital of Scotland, and called Berigonium, and is now nothing at all. Who Mr. Mac Sniochain was, is rather an obscure point. He must therefore wait till we elucidate the other, which is marvellously clear. We have all seen antiquaries who could find Roman camps on ground where a mouse could not have lain in ambush, and discover a Gordian or a Galba on an unminted Bromagem flat. Such optics may find the streets of Berigonium. Tradition, for he is the steady friend of the feeble historian, points out, or rather talks of, a meal street and a market street, the Cowgate and the Kyning-gate (not Canon-gate, mind that) of Berigonium the capital of Scotland. The people also pretend to point out a causeway. If there be one, it is likely to have led to the vitrified fort; for, in Aberdeenshire, that is an appendage to these works. But when it is pretended that wooden pipes for conveying water to this capital have been discovered, we have nothing to do but to believe or wonder; unless we have courage or scepticism enough to deny or doubt. At what age the Berigonites discovered the art of boring and laying wooden water-pipes, it would be well to know; while we must lament, for the sake of some of our senses, that they did not teach it to the rival capital of Dun Edin. When water was conveyed under ground to a Highland city, it must have been when there was no rain in Appin; as there is now every day. The world must have been very dry three centuries before the Christian æra. Thus antiquities prove history; and we must now see how history proves antiquities; tradition proves them both, and they all prove each other; and it is pretty much the same how the matter is managed.

The Highland name of Berigonium is Balenrigh, or Bal-an-ree, the king's town; which proves that it was

a capital city: exactly as Ossian's tomb does that he was buried in five or ten different places. The minister in the statistical survey says it was the residence of the Scottish kings at the end of the third century. So his nurse told him. But Maule is more particular. He says it was a strong castle built by Fergus the first, in the year 330 before Christ. He, at least, is not sparing of his antiquity. He says, moreover, that it was the usual dwelling of the ancient Scottish kings: but really when a man is writing Scottish history from the times before the flood, he need not trouble himself to be very precise in the evidence. We cannot wonder that people write any thing; but in this sober age, worse than sober, worse than sceptical, we well may wonder to find that there are believers in Hector Boethius, and Maule, and such like things as Berigonium. Unluckily the historians cannot agree; for others hold that it was built by Fergus the second; and the still better informed, that it was the Selma of Ossian; in which case it was built by Fingal. The people say that this Fergus built seven towers, like the king of Bohemia; and some one says that king Josina, the ninth of the Scottish kings, was buried here. Last of all, comes the catastrophe; for Berigonium was destroyed by a fire from heaven.

This brings us a little nearer to a solution; for the whole affair resembles, if I mistake not much, the history of the three black crows. The causeway I explained before; some rotten and hollow fir tree, found in the peat moss, has probably been converted into water pipes; the seven towers, and the strong castle of Maule, are palpably a magnification of the vitrified fort on Dun Mac Sniochain, and the fire from heaven is the same thing. Here then is a three-headed specimen, of tradition, history, and antiquities: if I were to say Highland, or Scot-

tish, I should affront all Highlanders and all Scots: and yet they need not care; for all the world can produce parallels; even Græcia mendax and fabulous Rome. I am very sorry for Berigonium; and so I am for King Fergus and his seven castles, and for King Josina, and the volcano, and the kingdom of the Highlands three hundred and thirty years before Christ; for there is here a great destruction of knowledge at one blow. But really it is so laborious and so puzzling to make out what has actually existed in history and antiquities, that we may be excused for not loving to encumber ourselves with ascertaining the dates and existences of what never belonged either to time or space.

The solution however is not complete till we can explain the name Berigonium, which has a very strange sound, that might pass for Greek in Appin. I at first thought it the contrivance of some of those monks who invented King Constantine Centimachus and such like gentlemen; who smell strong of the shop in which they were compounded. Awkward dogs these; who had not wit enough to cover their forgeries with a few well-sounding Celtic or Teutonic names. But the blunder seems of another cast, and is somewhat more amusing: though whether Maule is the original blunderer, or who is, we need not much care. The etymologists will, of course, tell us, as they have done, that Berigonium is a corruption of Balanree, or Balanree of Berigonium; 'tis all one. But we need not mind them, as there seems to be another road to the capital of King Fergus.

Loch Ryan appears to be the Ῥεριγόνιος κόλπος, of Ptolemy; and the name Ῥεριγόνιον, in some of the copies Ῥετιγόνιον, belongs to a place supposed to be now Bargeny. The anonymous geographer of Ravenna, who appears to have borrowed the little knowledge he possessed of Britain,

from the Greek mathematician, and whom, by the bye, he misquotes, converts the first P into B, retaining the second ρ; and he therefore writes Berigonium. Thus the real Rerigonium or Berigonium, of antiquity, is a place in Ayrshire, not in Appin. Moreover, Ptolemy has no town at the mouth of Loch Etive, which he supposed to be the estuary of a river, and has called Ἴτυος ποταμου ἐκβολαί; which should have been the case had there been an ancient capital like the visionary Berigonium here. And it is quite plain that his Loch Etive and his Ρέριγόνιον are distinct places; as the astronomical situations are laid down widely asunder: thus, Ἴτυος, lat. 60. long. 27: Ρέριγόνιον, lat. 60. 40. long. 20. 10.; and the κόλπος, lat. 60. 45. long. 20. 30.

As to Ptolemy's geography, or astronomy, I need scarcely say that he misapprehends the form of Scotland; making the western parts the northern, and thus interchanging latitude and longitude. However, to give Berigonium all the chances we can, let us suppose that the Fergus who built it, was Fergus the second, the true and real Fergus; and that his reign commenced about 503, instead of being nearly 900 years earlier, as some Scottish antiquaries choose to say. Then, as Ptolemy wrote in 140, he might have known nothing of this Berigonium. I shall leave you to consider the value of this solution; which I offer to the friends of Berigonium, lest they should hereafter discover it, and think that they had knocked down my theory, as I wish to knock down their capital.

It would have been rather odd if King Fergus had alighted on this very name for his new city; not less than that he and his wild Dalriadans should have built a capital, when Scotland had no capital for many centuries after, and in such a country, and with water-pipes.

That it is a modern blunder, or invention, or rather a transference of a name, is almost certain. By what slight of hand the real Berigonium became thus transferred, is another question; but it does not appear a very difficult feat. Richard of Cirencester, following the Greek, writes Rerigonium; but if we may judge of this learned Theban's geographical acquirements by his works, he seems to have been about as well acquainted with the real topography of Scotland, as the gentlemen in Messrs. Lawrie and Whittle's drawing room are with the mountains and rivers of Africa; which, with a pair of compasses in their hands, they create and allot as is most conducive to the picturesque beauty of their work. Now if you will look at the map which belongs to this Monk's description and itinerary, or to Ptolemy's, to Scotia veteribus nota, in short, where things are placed strangely enough to puzzle a better man than Maule or Boethius, you will find that his Lelanonius sinus is Loch Fyne, and that our Linnhe Loch is his Longus Fluvius; reaching from Mull, between the Epidii and Cerones, to the Varar æstuarium, or the Murray firth. But you will be very much troubled to make out a place for Oban bay or Appin; and, what is much worse, if you do not understand the Longus fluvius, you will, perhaps, look for these places in the Clyde, or even further south. There, upon Loch Ryan, which looks still more strange than the rest, stands Rerigonium, as a town; long since vanished, and without a mark, unless Stranraer is come in its place, or unless Bargeny was intended to be there. Now it seems plain that the inventor of the present Berigonium, mistook Loch Ryan for Oban bay or the mouth of Loch Etive, in this map; and it only required the same blunder which has been made by the Ravenna geographer, a blunder resembling that which has irrevocably palmed

the Hebrides on us for the Hebudes, to do the rest. A city in an ancient map, B for R, a vitrified fort, a rotten tree, a transposition of place, tradition, or rather invention, and to sum the whole, the close of all, King Fergus. Thus rose Berigonium: thus it falls.

If it does not, I will believe in the fire from heaven which melted these walls, or, with Pennant, in the volcano. Not that he is the only believer in this matter, here or elsewhere. In Aberdeenshire, they believe still, in the neighbourhood of Noath. Pennant was a bad antiquary, says Walpole; but he never spoke well of any body, except General Conway. He was a good naturalist, thinks the same gentleman. Not in volcanoes at least: nor in marble either; for he rides over miles of "white marble" in Sutherland, striking fire at every step, and does not find out that it is quartz. Spite of all this, he is a good traveller: the best that we have had: better than all his followers. But that is nothing to ———, I must not name him, for he is alive and may repent. He too saw mountains of bare white marble in Sutherland, bare from the foot to the summit, and white; and that there may be no mistake, he compares them to icebergs. This too is part of a tour in two quarto volumes. Certainly, travelling is a very difficult art: truth is a very difficult art; seeing is a very difficult art: but every thing is difficult in this difficult world. The traveller, however, might have been allowed to mistake quartz for marble, because he was not a lime-burner. Still, what are we to do about the icebergs. But the very lime-burner in Loch Torridon, holding the ipsissimum fragment in his hand, told me that he had burnt the quartz into lime, and used it for mortar. Really these things make us rub our eyes; and truly, as Bayle says, it is not very surprising that so many people "ayent donné dans le Pyrrhonisme," for

other reasons than that it is, "la chose du monde la plus commode."

But to return to Dun Mac Sniochain, which, though it is not a volcano, displays a very good specimen of a vitrified fort; because it is very accessible, because the plan is distinct, and because it is instructive. If more ruined than Craig Phadric, Noath, and many others, it is still not difficult to trace the design; while, in respect to the condition of the materials, it presents a greater variety of substances than any among the whole that I have examined. Those who, like Pennant and the people of the country, had not the requisite knowledge to guide their opinions, may really be excused their error; as there is often a very striking resemblance between its fused and scorified stones, and the produce of volcanoes. Many kinds of rude glass occur among them, and some of the scoria are so light as to swim on water; while, in other cases, some of the slaty rocks are inflated, bent, or contorted, in a manner very instructive to geologists.

It is situated on a small rocky hill which forms a kind of island in the plain, of a narrow prolonged shape, and scarped all round, except at one extremity, which affords access to the summit and the fort. The height of this hill, or rock, above the plain, seems to be about forty or fifty feet; and it is, even in the modern military sense, a strong position. It is important to remark, that the rock consists of limestone and slate intermixed; the plain itself being chiefly alluvial, and the nearest hill and rocks being of trap, and of that pudding stone, so well known to all travellers, which also abounds in the vicinity of Oban. That stone is itself formed of fragments of various trap rocks, and is remarkable for its ready fusibility, while the rock on which the fort stands is of an infusible nature. The fort itself is so contrived as to occupy nearly the

whole summit, which is about 250 yards long, and consists of three distinct parallelogramic enclosures. The dimensions of these are as follows, as nearly as that could be measured by pacing: The outer is about thirty yards long and about twenty-four broad; the next is about thirty-seven, with a similar breadth; and that at the further extremity is about fifty-six yards in length; but, being imperfect, it may formerly have been longer. Besides this, between the first and second works, there is a transverse wall which reaches from the one precipitous face to the other, so as, when entire, to have cut off the communication from without to the two inner works. The circumferences of the two inner enclosures make, collectively, a line of about 260 yards; which, according to the modern military computation for a redoubt, would contain more than 500 men. The external work would dispose of about a hundred more. Hence it is plain that this must have been a military work of some consequence, as capable of holding a large garrison.

Now this disposition is so well calculated for defence, that, bating the necessary differences between modern and ancient modes of warfare, a modern engineer could not have occupied Dun Mac Sniochain in a better manner. It might be a redoubt to command and defend a pass now, or it might have been a garrison and a citadel then. Of whatever age, it bespeaks considerable ingenuity, and much practical knowledge of the art of defence. Of the height of the walls, it is impossible to judge from this specimen; so much is it ruined. Except where the ground has been broken from curiosity, it is chiefly covered by turf, so as to present only the appearances of an earthen bank: and the quantity of soil that has accumulated, here and in other specimens in Scotland, assists in indicating the high antiquity of all the works of this

class. It is only, therefore, by the comparison of many different specimens in different parts of the country, and by estimating from such parts as remain entire and from the quantity of fallen materials, that we can conjecture what the height of the walls was in this instance. Every thing leads us to conclude that they did not exceed five or six feet, or that they were perhaps little more than breastworks: and, in this respect, they seem to have resembled the circular works in loose stone, dispersed all over the country, and popularly, though wrongly, attributed exclusively to the Danes. From their ruined state, it is also somewhat difficult to be certain about their original thickness, as the fallen parts are heaped up or dispersed about them; but, from various measurements and comparisons, that of the walls in this place may be taken, with sufficient accuracy for any useful purpose, at twelve feet.

When it is said that the walls, here or elsewhere, are vitrified, it must not be supposed that they form a solid mass of glass or slag. That condition is very various in different specimens throughout Scotland; and if it is here more perfect than in many, it is less so than in some others. To speak more accurately, many of the stones which form the walls are more or less perfectly slagged or scorified; so that while some have been thus changed throughout, the surfaces only of others are affected; while others again, consisting of less fusible materials, are only burnt. A certain proportion has escaped the fire altogether, or has never been exposed to it: and if we may judge from the ruins, this has taken place chiefly towards the upper part of the wall. The general result, however, is, that, in some parts, the wall forms a solid mass, but of an irregular composition; consisting of scoria, slag, burnt stones, and stones scarcely altered.

united together, but with vacant intervals; while, in other places, it is separable into lumps of various sizes and into single stones.

I need not be more particular in describing this specimen; as although many conclusions of some value may be drawn from it, with regard to the nature and origin of these works in general, the subject at large could scarcely be made as intelligible as it ought, without a reference to other examples. At the same time, it deserves much more consideration than attaches to this single instance. The very obscurity of the subject would demand this, even if it had not been made a question of controversy, and had not unnecessary difficulties been accumulated on it, by persons who have not studied these works with the attention which they deserve. The high antiquity of these fortresses renders them further interesting; but their highest interest arises from their being hitherto confined, with scarcely an exception, to Scotland; while they abound in various parts of this country. They form, in fact, by far the most curious branch of our local antiquities; nor is it easy, even to conjecture the age and people to which they have belonged. At any rate, whatever is to be conjectured respecting their age, their uses, or the means by which they were produced, that can only be done, to any purpose, by the examination and comparison of different specimens; and I shall therefore make no apology for deferring that subject to another letter.

VITRIFIED FORTS.

That very friend, who, like other friends, loves the sound of his own advice, even when he knows it is too late, looks over my shoulder again, and complains now that there is too much vinegar, as there was, before, too much sugar. As the drummer said, strike where I will, it is impossible to please you. If such things as Berigonium and cockneys and ferries and Tyanuilt breakfasts will come in the way on one day, and Loch Cateran or Castle Campbell on another, what can we do, except, as the faculty says, follow the indications. If you care not, my dear Sir Walter, I shall answer him from an old countryman of yours: "They say—what say they—let them say." So, now, let us attack the vitrified forts.

I am far from thinking that I am acquainted with the whole of these singular buildings that have been discovered in Scotland, nor do I think that all those which it contains are as yet known. Many years have not passed since they first attracted attention, and they often exist in situations not much frequented; particularly now, that so much of the population has been transferred from the interior. Besides this, from their state of ruin, and from the soil and grass which have accumulated above them, they are often so thoroughly obscured, that nothing but an accidental fracture of the surface can detect them. I am convinced of this, in particular, from examining that district in Aberdeenshire which extends from Noath to the North Sea. Fragments of vitrified matter abound all over this tract, and are carried by the rivers along their

beds, even to their estuaries. Yet, with the exception of Noath, the sources of these have not yet been discovered; although I have found large blocks and even quarries of such scoria and slag, which must have formed parts of these forts, and are possibly their very seats, though their forms can no longer be traced. I shall however give you a list of such as I have myself seen, or have found mentioned by others; making the proper apology for its imperfection; ignorance.

Dun Mac Sniochain: Argyll.
Knock Farril: Ross.
Craig Phadric: near Inverness.
Dun Evan,
Castle Findlay: both near Calder.
Tor Dun: near Fort Augustus.
Dunjardel: in Glen Nevis.
One near Balbegno, in Mearns.
Finhaven: near Brechin.
Creich: in Sutherland.
Dun Jardel: near Fyers.
One near Troup.
One near Cullen.
One near Stirling.
One near Forden: Mearns.
One near Invergarry.
One in Bute: parish of Kingarth.
One in Cantyre: bay of Carradale.
Barryhill: parish of Meigle.
Laws Hill: near Drumsturdy, Forfar.
Dun Fhionn: on the Beauley.
One in Loch Sunart.
One in Loch Teachus: Morven.
Amwoth: Galloway.
The Moat of the Mark: ditto.

Castle Gower: Galloway.
Dunscaich, in Sky: doubtful.
One in Isla: Thurot's Bay.
Dunadeer: Aberdeenshire.
Noath: ditto: with many indications in the same vicinity.

Vitrified substances had been observed in more than one of these places, long ago; and they had, by some, been attributed to volcanoes, by others to the accidental demolition of buildings by fire, and, by a third party, to the effect of beacon lights. Mr. Williams, well known as an able miner, must have the merited honour, not only of pointing out their real nature, as being forts, but of explaining the mode in which they were constructed. As is usual in all similar cases, no sooner had he rendered the subject clear, than every one recollected that he had understood it before; while a few, ambitious of the merit of discoverers, as is also an invariable rule, propounded other explanations. The history of all discoveries has been similar. Every thing that has ever been found is as obvious as America: when it has been found. Every one can explain what has already been explained: while those who have not judgment enough to appreciate the real explanation, nor candour enough to yield the honour to whom it is due, hope for some poor fame by assigning a new or a bad hypothesis. But Mr. Williams's memory must bear this, as it best may. Many have endured it before him, and many shall endure it hereafter. On the question of their construction, at least, there is little left for me to do, but to state his views; but I may add some facts, unknown to him, and some reasonings which did not occur to him, to confirm what appears as perfectly demonstrated as any thing of which we have not witnessed the rise and progress can be.

In constructing these singular buildings, it was suggested by Mr. Williams, that, by raising a mound of earth on each side of the intended wall, and filling it with firewood and stones, a sufficient heat was produced to operate the intended effects. Of course, this acute observer presumed that the design of the artists was to produce a cemented or solid wall; while it was a natural conclusion, that structures of the forms which these present, were of a military nature. These works having thus been taken out of the rank of volcanoes, and the matter being now obvious to all, another philosopher set himself forth to prove that Mr. Williams was wrong, and that he himself was right; that the walls had been originally constructed of wood and stone intermixed, and that they had been vitrified by the assailants, who had destroyed and taken these works by means of fire. A third party, determined also to intrude for some portion of fame in this question, assured the world that both his predecessors were wrong, and that he was the real Œdipus: that these works were merely beacons, and that they had been vitrified by the lighting of the beacon fires. Thus our unlucky world is fated to be pulled and pushed about, in deeper matters than vitrified forts, by every man who cares not what becomes of it, provided he can find an opportunity of displaying himself on the arena.

It is beyond my intention to describe all the specimens in the preceding list which I have examined. To do this, would not convey instruction or amusement commensurate to the tediousness of detail it would require; and my object is rather to investigate the general question. It is a highly interesting subject; as well from the singularity and ingenuity of this mode of architecture, as from its being limited, nearly, perhaps entirely, as far as is yet known, to Scotland, and from its obscurity, and ap-

parently remote antiquity. A sketch of the two remarkable forts of Noath and Dunadeer, added to the preceding account of Dun Mac Sniochain, will however be necessary, for the purposes of the general illustrations in view.

The hill of Dunadeer, having an elevation of about 600 feet from the irregular plain on which it stands, with a steep acclivity all round, has a flat oval summit, which is entirely occupied by the enclosure, so as to form a strong military position. Though much ruined, and consequently obscured, having apparently been used as a quarry for building a more modern castle in the same spot, it is not difficult to trace, either the dimensions or the disposition of the original work. The form is a parallelogram, of which one extremity is curved so as to be nearly semicircular: and its longest side is about 58 yards, the shortest being about 24. The thickness of the wall seems originally to have been 18 or 20 feet; although, from the state and nature of the ruin, it is impossible to be very accurate in this particular. The highest remaining portion is about six feet above the present surface; and if one foot be added for the increase of soil, and two for the loss which it has sustained at the summit, to be computed from the ruined part at its foot on each side, we shall have eight feet as the probable original altitude.

The materials of the hill are chiefly grey granite, an infusible rock; but there are scattered in the surrounding plain, blocks of a black variety, which, from containing hornblende, is very fusible. To pass over the obviously more modern ruins at this place, as not concerning the present question, there are, at a certain stage down the hill, the well-marked traces of a work which once seems to have encircled the whole. It is a kind of fortification

well known to antiquaries, as occurring frequently in the ancient British hill forts; and it resembles a modern military field work, as it consists of a single ditch and wall; the latter being formed of loose stones, not vitrified. I consider this as part of the original defences, because a similar one is found on Noath.

The materials in the vitrified wall are, as at Dun Mac Sniochain, partly roasted without adhesion, and partly vitrified, or glazed, or scorified, in a similar manner. It is easy to see that the dark granite forms the vitrified and scorified substances; but, not to enter on the more minute details, which rather concern the chemist and mineralogist than the antiquary, but which are very interesting to them, I shall only further remark, that wherever stones not capable of vitrification themselves, have undergone this change, it has been produced by the alkali of the wood used in the process; whence the glazed surfaces of many unvitrifiable substances.

Now I remarked that, at Dun Mac Sniochain, the materials of the hill itself were not vitrifiable, but that a very fusible rock was present at a short distance, or scattered in fragments about the plain. The same is true here; and, in both cases, the forts are not erected out of the materials nearest at hand, which are infusible, but collected with considerable labour from a distance. It is hence evident that the builders of these works were aware of the qualities of these various rocks: and it is equally evident that they chose the fusible in preference to the infusible, although with a considerable increase of labour. The obvious conclusion is, that they designed, from the beginning, to vitrify their walls: and this single fact might serve, in itself, to establish the truth of Mr. Williams's views, against the theory of his ill-informed opponent.

To turn now to Noath. This mountain is the highest point of its own ridge, rising to a height of about 1800 feet above the level of the sea, and of 300 above any part of the surrounding ground, with a steep acclivity. The summit is a plain: and, as at Dunadeer, that plain seems to have regulated the size of the fort, as it occupies the whole space: an arrangement which is equally found at Dun Mac Sniochain. Nothing can more clearly prove the military and common design of all these works: since they vary in form and size according to the ground they stand on, and are so contrived, just as a military work would be in the hands of a modern engineer, that they may command all the points of access, and prevent the enemy from advancing any where under cover. If the Duke of Wellington chose to occupy Noath to-morrow, he would order his works on the same principle. The area on Noath is nearly twice as large as that on Dunadeer; yet the same system is followed; and in Dun Mac Sniochain, as I already showed, though the mode of occupying the ground is different, the principle of a complete command is equally kept in view; while other variations are made for the purpose of conforming to the peculiar shape of the hill. If the same great soldier were to fortify this hill too, he could only follow the plan of his predecessor General Mac Sniochain; whoever he was. I notice these points, to shew the folly of that fancy which chooses to consider these as beacons merely; a notion which could not have entered a mind that had ever seen or heard of a military defence.

The enclosure on Noath is a long parallelogram, of about 90 by 32 yards, slightly rounded at the angles; and it contains a well. Hence also we may conclude that this was a station and a garrison. An entire deficiency of the wall at the eastern side, seems to indicate the entrance, or

gateway: a notion confirmed by its being continuous with a spacious causeway that extends a considerable way down the hill. That connexion also leads us to conclude that this causeway was not a posterior work, but that it originally belonged to the fort. It is made of laid stones, of considerable bulk, with great care and strength; resembling a Roman road: and it is remarkable that a similar causeway leads to the fort of loose stone on the top of Ben-na-chie.

At Noath too, as at Dunadeer, there is a similar field-trench and wall, or outwork, on the declivity of the hill; and though much obscured, it seems also to have formerly surrounded the whole. In both cases, it seems to have been intended as a covered way to retard the attack on the body of the place. The vitrified enclosure is far more perfect here than in any of these works in Scotland: and it is infinitely more remarkable, since, being unencumbered with soil and vegetation, scarcely even bearing a lichen, we see at a glance the whole effect of its blackness, its bulk, its regularity, and its extent. We may indeed wonder how any one could have imagined such a work the produce of a volcano; and not less, how any one capable of the least degree of observation or reasoning could have conceived it the effect of beacon fires.

The parts of the wall which have been most perfectly vitrified, are, as might have been expected, the most entire: where highest, they measure eight feet from the ground, and the accumulation of soil at the base would justify the addition of two, or perhaps three feet more in some places. That rubbish prevents the breadth from being correctly estimated; but this seems, as at Dunadeer, to have been eighteen or twenty feet. And if, from that rubbish, we may form an estimate of the total height of the wall before dilapidation, and before the growth of

soil below, it may probably be taken at 12 feet. I must also remark that the fallen rubbish, where the standing and vitrified part is eight feet high, consists of unvitrified stones: so that here, as at Dun Mac Sniochain, and in other examples, the wall, after having been vitrified to a certain height, seems to have been raised, by some courses of dry masonry, to its total altitude.

The state of the various materials that have here been exposed to the fire, is so like their condition in the instances already described, that I need not repeat the description. But it will be useful to remark, that in many of these works, and remarkably here, the largest fragments of micaceous schist and gneiss are inflated and contorted; and that where quartz and felspar, or quartz and mica, have been in contact, a species of porcelain has been produced. These effects will enable us, will enable chemists at least, to judge, both of the duration and the intensity of the heat, and to prove, if additional proof were wanted, the futility of that theory which supposes they had been vitrified by accident, or by an attack.

The presence of stones untouched by fire, of those which formed the upper part of the wall, is equally valid against both the idle hypotheses which I have here noticed. No stone could have escaped, had the wall been originally compounded of stone and wood, and burnt down: and, in the same way, had the walls been the enclosures of beacon fires, every stone from the summit to the base must have felt their effects alike. It seems indeed a waste of words to argue against such a hypothesis as this last, when we consider the great variety found in the forms and sizes of these works, their obviously military and defensible character, and the enormous size of some of them; as, for example, of the pre-

sent. The work on Craig Phadric is also very extensive and complicated, and is as obviously a military post as the present. At Amwoth, in Galloway, the hill has been scarped by art, so as to form a deep ditch, close to the foot of the wall. Nothing of this kind could have been required for a beacon; and it is further remarkable that the transverse wall at Dun Mac Sniochain is a common expedient for defence, in the ancient British works that occupy peninsulas or promontories; as at Castle Trereen, Zenor, and Tintagel, in Cornwall. The advanced covered ways of Noath and Dunadeer, and the causeway of the former, would be equally unnecessary on such a supposition: nor, at Noath, could any possible purpose of a beacon have demanded or justified such an enormous work, whether we consider the area enclosed, or the height and thickness of the walls. To imagine an area of 2700 square yards covered with burning wood, and to conceive a wall that would have required the labour of many hundred men for weeks, built for no other purpose than to enclose what did not want enclosing, are dreams not deserving a serious examination. If a chemical argument were wanted in addition to these, it would be found in the fact, that though all this wood, a forest in itself, were collected and lighted, and lighted too when a square yard would have served the purpose as well as two or three thousand, it would not vitrify its enclosure in the manner in which these walls are vitrified; as the current of air from without, would, by cooling the external part, impede its action on the outside; where the fusion is as complete as within.

It has been asserted that these vitrified forts actually did communicate in chains, or in connexion, throughout the country. Nothing but a similar ignorance respecting these works and their places, could have led to such an

assertion: it is not the fact: in many instances it is physically, geographically and optically impossible: and the mere supposition involves equal ignorance of the political state of Scotland in ancient times, or else a hypothesis respecting its union under one organized government, which is purely gratuitous. Many of them indeed are placed in situations so low or so entangled among hills, as to preclude all communication of this nature; as is the case in Isla, in Morven, in Airdnamurchan, in Galloway, and apparently along the course of the Bogie in Aberdeenshire.

It is fruitless to say more on this hypothesis, and not necesary to say much more respecting the manner in which these works became vitrified. I remarked already that the appearances of the burnt and vitrified substances proved that a long continued heat had been applied, and that this heat had also been intense. Neither of these effects could have arisen from the burning down of a wall formed of stone and wood; even if it were easy to imagine what the nature of such a wall must be. It must have been of far greater dimensions originally, of dimensions inconceivable, to have admitted of wood enough for the production of this effect: and the result must have been the subsidence of the stones into a formless pile of rubbish; whereas the walls, at Noath in particular, where they are most perfect, are erect, and, if not possessing parallel sides, are at least of a mural form.

The antiquary who is the father of this theory, had forgotten that he was unacquainted with chemistry. But really there are so many sciences which must conspire to the making of a good antiquary, since there are none on which his pursuits may not touch, or whose aid they may not require, that we may perhaps pardon the present one,

as not more presumptuous than many of his fraternity. It has been an unlucky opinion, that antiquities, or antiquarianism (to coin a word) was a pursuit and a distinct trade, of itself. As if it was not the very perfection and overflowing, the luxuriance of accurate knowledge in every art and science on which it may touch: as if it was not the most abstruse and refined species of criticism, and as if he could be a critic in antiquities who was not a critic in all those arts and sciences which they may involve; in literature, poetry, language, history, architecture, music, painting, geography, the art of war: but why prolong the enumeration. The Roys and the Rennels are the true antiquaries in their own departments; as are the Burneys in music and the Carters in architecture; and even the gigantic Seldens and Lipsius', if they have grasped more than one department, it is because they were Lipsius' and Seldens.

The plan suggested, that of constructing a species of furnace by means of earthen mounds, into which stones and fire were introduced till the structure was erected, not only answers all the conditions, and among the rest, that of vitrifying the materials below more perfectly than the upper ones, but is confirmed, as to its efficacy and probability, by a practice in use in some parts of India, where, according to the report of a French engineer, M. Legoux de Flaix, houses of clay are burnt into a solid brick, in this very manner, and at this day, to prevent the effects of inundations. Nor does this art appear, from other circumstances, to have been absolutely limited to Scotland; although the same proceeding has been resorted to for the production of a different effect. Not very long ago, there was demolished, in Shropshire, Gatacre house: a part of which was of unknown antiquity, and, in all probability, very ancient, as the same vener-

able family has now resided on the same lands from the time of Edward the Confessor. This part, the western gable, was covered with an entire crust of glass; apparently designed to guard against the effects of weather. But enough of these details: as it must be impossible any longer to question, either the purpose for which these works were intended, or the manner in which they were erected.

Before attempting to form any conjecture respecting the antiquity of these buildings, which, after all, is perhaps a hopeless task, it is interesting to remark the analogy existing in the practice of Hindostan, just mentioned. It is the same principle, the same system, applied to different materials, and to different purposes. It is not less remarkable, that *in* Sir John Chardin's travels, a similar process is described as in use in some of the territories which he visited. And I have also read, what it is almost fruitless thus to recollect by halves, since I cannot now refer to the author, that vitrified towers existed in some parts of Tartary. I did not then foresee that I should ever care whether even Ben Nevis itself had been vitrified; else my Tartarian evidence should have had two legs instead of one. In spite of this deficiency, there appears thus to be an oriental cast about the history of this art and these vitrified forts, which leads us back to the early Celtic tribes; while this species of antiquity and origin, is countenanced by all those numerous facts noticed in various parts of these letters, which indicate the remote eastern origin of that far-spread people.

There is little to be conjectured respecting their date, from any local evidence or appearances. If indeed, putting aside Berigonium as a visionary capital, we could find any proof, or render it probable, that Fergus, the real Fergus, had actually built the fort on Dun Mac

Sniochain, as is not impossible, we should have discovered the date of these works, or the age at least which produced them. But as Fergus and his followers were Irish, or Hibernian Scots, we should be entitled to expect similar structures in Ireland, where none have as yet been found.

I can extract nothing like an argument from nearly all the rest of these buildings. Noath and Dunadeer alone, are situated in a country where the presence of other ancient remains may allow us, at least to form conjectures. These seem to be of different ages, and to have been the works of different people. Druidical works, as they are called, sculptured stones, and circular stone forts, are the chief, The age of the latter is so far conjectured, that they seem to be safely referable, both to the natives before the northern, even the latest Norwegian invasions, and to those invaders themselves.

Now it is remarkable, that although in this part of Aberdeenshire, where these works abound, the work, or masonry, if it may so be called, of the vitrified forts, and of the stone forts, is so very different, the same military principle pervades both. It is equally the case in Cornwall, where the principal work, or body of the place, has a detached or advanced field work, or covered way, like those at Noath and Dunadeer. Further, the stone fort on Bennachie has a causeway like that of Noath; and there is a similar causeway to the most splendid and perfect of all our circular forts, that of Castle an Dinas in Cornwall. These are remarkable coincidences: they may probably be nothing more; yet they may give a colour to the supposition that the vitrified and the circular stone forts are the produce of nearly the same age and people.

I know of only one other point which we might endeavour to bring to bear on this question. These works

occur in Galloway, in the Highlands, and in the Low country of Scotland on its eastern side. If therefore, as might be concluded without much presumption, they were the works of one people, they ought to have been built when one people possessed all this country. Now the ancient Caledonians, or Picts, never seem to have possessed the Highlands. The Scots, the real Scots I mean, whether the Dalriadans or others, and the more modern Highlanders, consisting of Scots and Norwegians, had, on the other hand, no possessions on the east of Scotland. Thus, if built by one people in these widely separated places, they ought to belong to a time prior to the division of Scotland into a Pictish or Caledonian, and a Scottish, or a Celtic and Norwegian dominion. Thus they should be referred to the aboriginal Celts, or first settlers of Scotland; that people whom the Pictish invaders found, and on whose defeats they settled themselves. This speculation may probably be thought to give support to the notion of their being specimens of remote Celtic or Oriental art; and, in the same manner, to receive support from that view of their nature and origin.

But, after all that we can do or conjecture, the date of these works, and the people by whom they were erected, must remain a problem: and it is one not very likely to be solved. Yet I should be unworthy of the office of antiquarian bottle-holder into which I have unwittingly intruded, if I also did not declare my own hypothesis, by stating my hope that some future traveller in the East, will find further reasons to prove that they are among the earliest military works of our oriental Celtic ancestors.

APPIN, LOCH LEVEN, GLENCO, MOOR OF RANNOCH.

THE road from the Shian ferry to Balahulish is, throughout, interesting, and presents much landscape scenery. It is perhaps most so where it skirts the margin of the water; displaying a lively and moving picture produced by the crowd of vessels and boats which navigate the Linnhe Loch; a picture much enhanced in value by the magnificence and rudeness of the mountain boundaries, and by the islands which are scattered through this part of that great inlet. Among these, Eilan Stalker is a striking object; from the strange disproportion, often remarked, between the building and the domain on which it stands. It is a very perfect and entire specimen of the ancient incommodious Highland castles, but is utterly without beauty: a kind of square tower with different roofs, in the worst possible taste. But I need not detain you on this road; as there is no want of a guide here, where every thing is open to the most inattentive spectator.

It is with justice that Glenco is celebrated as one of the wildest and most romantic specimens of Scottish scenery; but those who have written about Glenco, forget to write about Loch Leven, and those who occupy a day in wandering from the inns at Balahulish through its strange and rocky valley, forget to open their eyes upon those beautiful landscapes which surround them on all sides, and which render Loch Leven a spot that Scotland does not often exceed, either in its interior lakes or its maritime inlets. From its mouth to its furthest extremity,

a distance of twelve miles, this Loch is one continued succession of landscapes, on both sides; the northern shore being accessible by the ancient road which crosses the Devil's Staircase; but the southern one turning away from the water near to the quarries. The chief beauties, however, lie at the lower half; the interest of the scenes diminishing after passing the contraction which takes place near the entrance of Glenco, and the furthest extremity being rather wild than beautiful.

I was much amused by meeting here with an antiquary and virtuoso who asked me where he should find Loch Leven castle. He had been enquiring among the Highlanders, and was very wrathful that he could obtain no answer. I was a little at a loss myself at first; but soon guessed the nature of his blunder. He had been crazing himself with Whitaker, and Tytler, and Robertson, and Chalmers, like an old friend of mine who used to sleep with the controversies under his pillow, and had come all the way from England to worship at the shrine of Mary; stumbling, by some obliquity of understanding, on the wrong Loch Leven. This genius would have made a good antiquary for Foote: but he was a perfect Hearne, compared to an old Lady I had met not two months before at Bullock's museum. Among other things, there was a bronze of the well-known wolf; and her companion, who was reading the catalogue, came to the names of Romulus and Remus. Romulus, said the old lady: "Ah, I remember, he was Serjeant at arms in the time of Burdett's riots." The good old gentlewoman had entangled her identities in no common manner; first confounding the Officer of the House with Sir Samuel Romilly, and then turning him into the Roman King.

Approaching from Ardshiel to Balahulish, the roadside is a continued picture: the bright water of the

Linnhe Loch stretching away on one had, bounded by the rugged mountains of Morven and Ardgower, and the hills, on the other, descending with a rapid and various slope; covered with woods, and diversified by rocks and torrents, and by valleys leading into many wild and picturesque recesses among the hills. Some striking landscapes occur, in particular, as we approach to the narrow strait which forms the ferry; the two inns, on opposite sides, appearing like the guardians of the passage, and the remarkable saddle-shaped mountain which rises beyond the house of Glenco, forming a conspicuous feature in the distance. You may take your choice of these Yspyttys, for each has its merit. I had asked an old dame whom I met by the way side, which was the best, seasoning my question with a sneeshing. She assured me that I ought to go to Mrs. Forsyths', as she was "a very sensible woman, a very sensible woman indeed; she had always plenty of good meat and drink in her house." This is not a very bad definition of sense to a hungry traveller: and if it is the Highland one, we can only lament that sense is so rare a quality in the country. The definition of wisdom is not so well judged. I had hired a horse that would only go his own way, and his way was not mine. On complaining to his friend—"Ah," said he, "he is a wise horse." This is a scene which particularly demands two feudal castles in the place of these mean buildings: and if ever I regretted the past days of Highland turbulence, it was here, where I could have wished Cameron of Lochiel and Stewart of Balahulish at war, each threatening the other from his high tower, and each levying pontage and murage on the wights who should pass between their hostile shores.

The ascent of Ben-na-vear, on the south side of the ferry, is not difficult, though long, as it is a lofty moun-

tain; and if its prospects are not to be compared with those from Ben Lawers or Ben Lomond, they are far more interesting than the views from Ben Nevis. Of Ben Nevis itself, this position affords a very perfect view; affording even a glimpse of Loch Treig, with a detailed picture of the wide range of wild mountains which extends to the eastward. Thus also it displays, in great perfection, the no less wild, but more marked and picturesque groups of mountains which stretch from Glenco to Cruachan, surrounding Loch Etive and Loch Creran; the variety of their outlines, and the intricacy and distinctness of their valleys, producing much more beauty than is usual in scenery of this class. The bird's-eye view of Loch Leven itself, forms a very splendid and amusing scene; as does the long inlet of the Linnhe Loch, holding its course northwards beneath the rugged mountains of Ardgower, till it is lost among the mountains of Lochaber; and, at the other extremity, exhibiting the endless variety of the bay of Oban, and all its creeks and islands. The western sea presents a picture equally various and engaging, in the whole of the islands from Jura even to Sky: among which Mull forms a leading object; as the eye ranges over the promontory of Airdnamurchan and along the shores of Loch Sunart, hence exhibited with all the distinctness of a map. Unfortunately, Glenco is but partially visible from this point; taking a sudden turn among the hills, so that we can only conjecture its place, from the general appearance of a chasm among the rugged summits that enclose this wild valley.

As I have so recently noticed some of the Highland ferries for evil, it is but justice to say, that the readiness, and precision, and commodiousness, of the Balahulish ferry, confer great credit on the proprietors. It is fortunate when a ferry does fall into the hands of men of

business and right feeling; who, instead of tyrannising over a helpless public, because they dare so to do, are anxious for their convenience and accommodation, and justly attentive to render services for reward, not to take the latter and withhold the former. In a country like ours, where the whole empire is in perpetual motion, where so much of its commercial prosperity depends on facility of intercourse, and where so much has been done for that end, by means of roads and bridges and public carriages, it is perfectly incredible that this barbarous remnant of feudal monopoly should be suffered to continue, to the injury of the public, and often to the defeat of all the other conveniences by which travelling is secured or accelerated. While a long line of road is the public property, managed for the public benefit, by persons who can have no motives, from interest or temper, to do wrong, and placed under the controul of laws which prevent them from doing wrong by neglect, that portion of such a road, its waters, which is the most important as it is the most inconvenient, is suffered to remain a private monopoly, where every species of abuse, of delay and danger and extortion, may be accumulated, and almost with impunity; as there are scarcely the means of legal redress, and as these means are too expensive and operose to be available in the ten thousand petty delays and vexations which thus occur in the course of travelling, and which are not the less grievous because they would not make much figure in a court of justice. Thus the public is obliged to bear with every kind of hazard, as well as of delay and extortion: incommodious or dangerous landing places, insufficient boats, and incapable, or insolent, or drunken boatmen, whose convenience, or will, they must conform to or wait for, and who exert their petty powers of tyranny with impunity, because they too are

monopolists, not subject to competition and scarcely to legal controul. We may bring an action, possibly, for the loss of life or property, against the proprietor; but we have no remedy if a drunken boatman keeps us for hours in fear and risk of our lives, or exposed to storms and rain; or if an insolent or a lazy one chooses to delay us for half a day, perhaps to our serious inconvenience or loss. Nay, while these absurd rights are suffered to exist, a proprietor may, as happens now in Wales, refuse to keep a sufficient boat, and refuse to permit any other boat than his own to land on his estate; thus having it in his power to put a total stop to travelling.

That this view is not overcharged, must be well known to all those who have travelled much in England and Wales. In the latter country, it is notorious; and the Conway ferry, in particular, is not only a disgrace to its proprietor, but to Great Britain: it would even disgrace the negroes of the Congo and the Niger, or the barbarians of the Jenisei or the Lena. The numerous and serious accidents which occur every year at our ferries, arise indirectly from this system of monopoly: from misconduct on the part of the proprietors or the lessees, over whom the public has no effectual check. There need never be any loss of lives at any ferry in Britain; and when there is, it may always be traced to causes that might, with proper care, have been avoided. It would be easy to collect a volume of tragic events in proof of this assertion: but I am not writing the preamble of a bill for Parliament. The very last time that I crossed at Conway, and with a heavy cargo of cattle and carriages and passengers, both the boatmen were so drunk that they fell, one after the other, overboard into the water. It was with great difficulty that we saved them from drowning; but we were obliged to stow them away in the

bottom, and to navigate the boat ourselves. Had there been no male passengers, the boat and the men too would probably have been lost. Yet this event neither excited comment nor enquiry; a sufficient proof of the ordinary state of things here. We may well ask, what are the feelings of the proprietor of this ferry. Having none of his own, it should be the business of the law to make him feel, by obliging him to part with a property which he is unfit to manage. It would no more be an oppression to compel the lords of ferries to sell their rights to the public, than it is to oblige them to give passage to roads through their lands. Ferries should, in all cases, form a part of the system of the roads, and be placed under the same controul; so that the public might have a complete check over their management, and over the conduct of the people employed on them. If ever, like Sancho, I should be King and Parliament for a day, Charon and his crew, wherever they may be found, shall be among the first to feel the weight and impulse of a new broom.

The north shore of Loch Leven is much superior in point of scenery, to the south one, whether as to the character or the number of its landscapes. For a considerable space, even from the point where it turns northward towards Fort William, the road side presents a continued succession of pictures, in a style which is at once grand and simple and ornamented. The noble extent of water is bounded by a distant screen of mountains, as striking in the outline as they are various in the forms; descending in a gradual succession of lower lands to the edge of the Loch, varied by woods, and terminating, at length, in an intricate and picturesque line of cultivated, rocky, and rude ground. In the middle and fore grounds, we have a long shore sprinkled with scattered trees and farms and houses, in variety of disposition; rising gra-

dually up into a beautiful range of hill, which is covered, on its lower declivities, by ancient woods, and by groups and scattered trees; while its higher region is diversified by rocks and intersected by torrents, which, as they reach the lower grounds, become beautiful mountain streams, ploughing their way through their wild channels, under the shade of ancient ash trees of the most luxuriant and picturesque forms. These objects, ever varying, and united to the numerous boats which are drawn up on the shores or employed in navigating the Loch, and to the frequent passage of sloops and vessels of larger size to the quarries, combine to render the whole as lively as it is picturesque.

Proceeding westward along the ancient road, the character of the nearer or immediate grounds undergoes an important change; while, as we also rise higher above the level of the water, the distant mountains and the intricate expanse of the Loch, assume new consequence and new forms. The hilly ridge above us becomes here more rocky; rising into cliffs or precipices, which, in many places, tower over head, or descend suddenly to the water beneath. Protruding rocks, and deep hollows, often giving passage to some mountain stream, also conduce to vary its surface, and to multiply its intricacies; thus producing a peculiar class of mountain scenery, independent of the lake and the distant hills. The general character is precisely that of the beautiful declivity of Ben Venu at Loch Cateran; and it is wooded in the same various and intricate manner, with wide forests of oak and birch, or with the lines and groups of wood which take advantage of some rivulet or sheltered spot, or with single trees, perched on the shelves of the rocks and the summits of the knolls, or rooting themselves in the fissures. The elegant pendent forms and light foliage of the birch,

here, as in that place, give that airiness to the outline which produces an effect so beautiful, and, at the same time, so peculiar; communicating a lightness and a grace even to the solid masses of rock, and conferring a tenderness and transparency on the colouring, which no one who has seen Loch Cateran can ever forget.

That similarity is even more remarkable in wandering along the margin of the water, wherever that is accessible. At the place now mentioned, the boundary of the Loch is very irregular, and strongly marked; projecting in bold and varied promontories, and retiring in deep and intricate bays; the trees, as they start from the precipices or crown their summits, hanging over the lake, or descending along the intermediate hollows till they are seen reflected in the waves; while the cliffs sometimes rise suddenly out of the deep water, or, descending more gradually, are skirted with insulated rocks and fragments, adding much beauty and endless variety to these rich and uncommon foregrounds. Thus there is produced a species of scenery partaking equally of the shore scenery of lakes and of that which belongs to mountain declivities; presenting numerous landscapes of great beauty, resembling in many places the analogous scenes of Loch Cateran, and, in others, excelling them, by uniting, with these details of rock, and wood, and precipice, and water, the magnificence of a more varied expanse of lake and of a grander alpine distance.

The upper extremity of Loch Leven, is rather wild than picturesque; and the cascades which are mentioned in some of the tour books, are rather grotesque than beautiful. The slaty rocks which conduct the torrent, are excavated into bad forms, which are at war with all the principles of grace or of landscape. But the road never ceases to be interesting, and the navigation of

the Loch is not less pleasing. In many places, the views from the water are extremely beautiful, but no where more than under that singular hill which rises above the house of Glenco; where a continued sheet of wild rock and wood towers aloft to the skies, not unlike a part of Killicrankie, and where, as it reaches the lake below, it produces a continuous fairy landscape of wood and water and rock intermixed, luxuriant as it is wild, and strange as it is new. Every where, at this part of the navigation, we forget that we are upon an arm of the sea; nor even when we see the brown weeds laid bare by the falling of the tide, can we easily convince ourselves that the trees, whose branches are dipping in the water, and whose roots are laid bare by the wash of its waves, are growing on the shores of the ocean.

At the upper extremity of this Loch indeed, though an open inlet, the water is quite fresh for a considerable space. And such indeed is the check to the tide at the very narrow strait of Balahulish, that it is no where thoroughly salt: the great supply from the rivers, not only serving to freshen it, but generally staining it of a dark colour throughout: a colour often carried out, even to the sea. Hence also there is a rapid current of fresh water at the upper extremity, at the fall of the tide; from the great accumulation which has taken place during its flow. I have reason to remember it well. To have been drowned in a boat, by settling on a stone in a current in Loch Leven, in a calm, after all that I had weathered for so many years among the endless perils of the Western Islands, would have been as provoking as the case of the unlucky Admiral, who, after retiring from forty years service, and having escaped a dozen of shipwrecks, was drowned in his fish-pond.

St. Mungo's Island is an interesting spot, no less

on account of the various views which it affords, than because of its burying ground, crowded with grave-stones and ornaments, and with sculptures which, in a place so remote and unexpected, attract an attention that more splendid works would scarcely command in the midst of civilization. There is an impressive effect also, a check, and an awe, produced, by thus suddenly meeting with the emblems of mortality in these wild and secluded spots: a feeling well known to those who have thus, in their wanderings among the Highlands, unwarily fallen upon these repositories of the dead. The English church-yard is habitual to our sight, nor is it ever unexpected; proclaiming itself from afar, by its spire or its church, by its walled enclosure or its ancient elms. We pass it coldly; and if we look at its monumental stones, it is seldom but to amuse ourselves with their barbarous emblems or the absurdities of their mortuary verse. But in this country, in the midst of the beauties and sublimities of the fairest nature, when, rejoicing in the bright suns of an alpine summer, in all the loveliness that surrounds us, we are suddenly and unexpectedly recalled to the thoughts of that hour when these glorious scenes shall be to us as to those who are sleeping at our feet, then it is that we feel the full force of the narrow green mound, the rude letters, and the silent stone, which seem to say,—the time is at hand when thou too shalt see these bright lakes and blue hills no more.

But St. Mungo's Island is the cemetery of Glenco; and it is impossible to contemplate it without recalling to mind an event which the lapse of more than a century seems to have left in all its freshness of horror. We cannot help feeling that we are walking on the remains of those unfortunate victims of feudal cruelty, and that we are now viewing the very spot where this tragedy was

acted. The tale, too painful to relate, is also far too familiar to be related again, since it has passed into English history. But whatever blame we may throw on William, we must remember that, like other kings on too many occasions, he was misled by interested advisers: advisers so conscious of the wrong they were meditating, as to force him to the unusual step of doubly signing his warrant. Let us remember too, that the really guilty were Breadalbane and Glen Lyon; guilty of every thing; of unjustly extending the power of the unjustly obtained warrant, and of enforcing it, thus doubly unjust, by an act of cowardly treachery. Let us do justice to all. The massacre of Glenco was not the act of William. If his ministers were culpable in having sanctioned the eventual and possible penalty, they were wrought on by the demon of feudal and civil jealousy and revenge; but the deed itself was executed by Highlanders against Highlanders, in the true and ancient spirit of clan treachery and clan vengeance. Such a deed could have been perpetrated, only in the spirit of ancient feuds, and by none but Highlanders of the ancient leaven. Let the stigma remain where it is due; not on the house of Nassau, but on that of Campbell.

The slate quarries of Balahulish have generated a considerable village: and the workmen, the noise, the shipping, the women and children, and the confusion of all kinds, form a strange contrast with the dark and dreary solitude of Glenco itself, scarcely a mile removed. It is a busy-looking and an industrious population; yet possessing all those Highland peculiarities which are more or less rapidly disappearing, wherever similar manufactories produce an intimate communication with Lowland shipping and Lowland opinions. Here only, and among the poor people at Bercaldine Castle, (let me

say it for the honour of the country) throughout all my wanderings, I found in vogue that pleasure which our Solomon is reported to have thought too great for a subject. My English companion, on this occasion, was delighted, as I had persisted in denying the existence of this pleasure in modern days. I was obliged to allow him his triumph at last; after having long assured him, on the faith of the well-known French proverb, that it was indifferent whether it was in his imagination or his fingers, which were never to be seen without gloves. Whether the name of this amusement proves it to have been peculiarly a Celtic one, gale quasi Gael, is a question of etymology into which I cannot enter.

Here too I saw, what is not often to be seen now, the wauking of a cloth: coming suddenly on the bare legged nymphs in the very orgasm and fury of inspiration, kicking and singing and hallooing as if they had been possessed by twelve devils. Surely the twelve Valkyrs whom Darradus saw, and whom the Saga and Gray have sung, must have been one of these living fulling-mills: or the Highland practice has been derived from the mythology of Ostrogard and Asgard, from the Pantheon of the North. The web of fate here, was but a blanket; notwithstanding all this labour, which a couple of wooden hammers would have performed much better, and, if with less fun, certainly with far less noise. As to the music, it is worthy of the dance: and with all my regard for Highland airs, I must confess that the fulling song, as well as that of the Highland Argonauts, the Ho ieroe of your Lady of the Lake, is too sublime for my comprehension. But they have all equally the merit of classical antiquity and example in their favour. If the music of the Quern is no better than their argonautics, still the auld wife who drones it through her nose ayont the fire,

may boast that she sings, probably, as good a song as the Lesbians, who, as Clearchus tells us, had a Quern song also, called, 'επιμύλιον. I have heard the 'επιμύλιος ᾠδὴ in St. Kilda, and it is worthy of the fulling song.

No contrast can well be more striking than that of the rich, and open, and beautiful scenery of Loch Léven, with the wild, and narrow, and terrible Glenco; and no transition can well be more sudden than from its smiling banks and green woods and glittering waters and bright sunshine, to this rocky and dreary valley, without tree or verdure, a valley of shadows, where the sun scarcely penetrates, and where there is twilight even at noon-day. We entirely lose sight of all the previous scenes, as we enter its narrow depths; the commencement of a succession of barrenness and desolation, which is scarcely to quit us again till we reach Killin or Rannoch. "I must not forget that Ossian was born in Glenco; or buried: it is indifferent which; and that the little stream, the Cona, which runs out of it, was sung by him: or by Macpherson. He who sang Caracalla, may be allowed to sing Cona: be he who he may. There is nothing to which the scenery of Glenco can be compared: there are only two scenes with which it can be named: Coruisk in Sky, and Glen Sanicks in Arran. But there is no resemblance, in either case. Coruisk is a giant, before which this valley, even such as it is, sinks into insignificance. Glen Sanicks is single and simple in its sublimity: a terrible vacuum. In Glenco every thing is wild and various and strange: a busy bustling scene of romance and wonder: terrific; but terrific from its rudeness, and its barrenness, and its spiry rocks, and its black precipices, not from sublimity of forms or extent of space. In its own character, it excels all analogous scenes: and yet there is in it, that which art and taste do not love; a quaintness of outline;

forms unusual in nature, and therefore extravagant: when painted, appearing fanciful and fictitious rather than true. Such it is also when viewed in nature: we rather wonder than admire: and the gloom of its lofty and opposing precipices, the powerful effect of its deep shadows, the impression produced by its altitude and extent and bulk, are injured by a form of outline which attracts the eye as unnatural, and which forces it to analyze and reason, instead of allowing it to feel.

Thus, though Glenco presents many scenes of sufficient unity, its pictures are scarcely pleasing, and they are also deficient in grandeur. If the bizarre which it displays in nature is somewhat overcome by its magnitude, that advantage is lost in the representation: and we dwell on what is wrong, unable to balance or overcome it by what is right. Nor, even in nature, does it display much variety, though its extent is so considerable. The southern mountain outline, which is alone visible, although it undergoes variations of form as we proceed, is never thoroughly altered. We trace the same shapes from the beginning to the end: and are almost wearied at length by finding that our hopes of promised novelty are disappointed. Thus also it diminishes in interest in proceeding from the eastward: the most perfect view being found near a bridge at the commencement of the descent, and nearly all the scenes that follow being depreciated changes of the same. Hence it is preferable, if we have a choice, to enter it from Balahulish, or, what is best, to pass it twice. He who has time, however, must be told that all the beauty of Glenco will not be found from the road side. The noble ravine which conducts its waters, the deep chasm through which they flow, the perpendicular precipices, the varied rocks, and the scattered trees wildly dispersed among them, offer

many scenes of a close character, of great interest and of much grandeur. But, for these, we must labour, as they are not otherwise to be attained. The change of character, in proceeding eastward, is completed as soon as we have surmounted the ascent, and reached the common head of the eastern and western waters. But here Buachaille Etive forms a noble object; rising in a regular pyramid, the king of the rude chain to which it seems to belong. All, every beauty, every thing, vanishes before we reach the King's House; where the hideous, interminable, open moor of Rannoch is spread before us, a huge and dreary Serbonian bog, a desert of blackness and vacuity and solitude and death; the death of nature.

It was on my last visit to Glenco that I formed the courageous resolution of exploring this almost unknown spot; unjustly, perhaps, neglected, since it might form an easy connexion between the central Highlands and the Western Sea. If you know how you may breakfast at Tyanuilt, why should I not also tell you how you may hire a horse in Glenco. I had taken the precaution of engaging mine on the preceding evening, and it was promised by six in the morning; the distance to Rannoch being called twenty miles; a day's journey. The price for the horse and guide was two guineas; which, for one day's ride upon a Highland poney with two shoes, whose value was five pounds, and whose annual keep was nothing, while the usual day labour of the guide was a shilling, should have satisfied even a Glenco conscience. The same sum would have procured a chaise and a man and two horses, for the same distance, or more, at London or York; but Donald, no longer able to make a creagh on Saxon cows, must now, he seems to think, compensate for it by a creagh on a Saxon purse. In the morning,

the equipage, of course, was not to be found; as the horse had slept on the hill, and was to be caught, not before six, but after nine, and was then to be shod, and saddled, and haltered; and as the shoes were to be made, the saddle to be borrowed from some one, two or three miles off, and the halter from some one else. There is a pleasing prospect in all these cases, a train of pithy reflections, by which you amuse the hours of waiting: calculating at every hour that passes, in which of all the coming bogs you are to spend the night, on which mountain you will break your neck, or in which ford be drowned: knowing that the longest day is too short, knowing that even the sun himself could not perform the journey in view, in less than the time you have allotted for it.

After walking three miles in search of the horse, and waiting seven hours, he was found: but it was plain to see that, even then, all was not right: Sandy Macdonald "could not leave his harvest to-day," though he was paid for it. Let no man imagine that he understands the true nature of patience, till he has made a Highland tour, on Highland ponies, and in Highland boats. I agreed to go on alone and sleep at the King's house; to wait for his convenience. As usual, we were to start the next morning at six; but the Highland six—to day it was only nine. Even then, though the horse was ready, the man was not. I departed alone, but was speedily lost among rocks and bogs; nothing was visible but the wide, black, open, flat waste, all around; and far away, the blue hills of Perthshire rising in the distant horizon. Not even the mountain bee was on the wing to give life to the scene; nay, the very midges seemed to scorn the moor of Rannoch: no water stirred, to indicate that something yet moved or lived; but the black pool stagnated among

the scanty and yellow rushes of the dark bog. The heart-sinking stillness of this solitude, the more dreary that it was so spacious, was undisturbed even by the rustle of a breeze; since there was not even a bush of heath in which a breeze could have rustled, had it been so inclined. I and the world were alone together, as some one says; always excepting the horse, who, very sensibly refused to go any further. At length the guide appeared, and soon found a track, which, in no long time, neither man nor horse could follow; for in no long time there was no longer any track. What distance remained between this and Loch Rannoch, I know not, and nobody knows; but at five o'clock, the guide, the patient, and the horse, found themselves, severally, at the head of the lake; having spent eight hours of hard labour in traversing twelve miles, as it is called. As to the horse, he might as well have remained at Glenco. A ride, this was not, by any figure of speech: I cannot even call it a walk; for half the space was traversed by jumping over bogs, and holes, and ditches, and pits, which were generally so wide as to demand much serious meditation. I may fairly say that I jumped half the way from Glenco to Loch Rannoch.

Pray imagine the moor of Rannoch; for who can describe it. A great level (I hope the word will pardon this abuse of it) 1000 feet above the sea, sixteen or twenty miles long, and nearly as much wide, bounded by mountains so distant as scarcely to form an apprehensible boundary; open, silent, solitary; an ocean of blackness and bogs, a world before chaos; not so good as chaos, since its elements are only rocks and bogs, with a few pools of water, bogs of the Styx and waters of Cocytus, with one great, long, sinuous, flat, dreary, black Acheron-like, lake, Loch Lydog, near which arose three fir trees,

just enough to remind me of the vacuity of all the rest. Not a sheep nor a cow; even the crow shunned it, and wheeled his croaking flight far off to better regions. If there was a blade of grass any where, it was concealed by the dark stems of the black, black, muddy sedges, and by the yellow, melancholy rush of the bogs.

As our trio proceeded in such a saltatory and disjointed manner, I had not much opportunity of talk with Mr. Macdonald; but if he thought he had caught a Saxon, I knew full well that I had caught a Highland Tartar. He talked of his harvest, and of the favour he did me by coming, and of the time he should lose in returning; with much more that, I well knew, was, in no long time, to lead to some demand beyond his bargain. This however was a point not to be argued in a bog: I hoped that it would be reserved for terra firma. On terra firma we at length found ourselves; some whisky and a supper were ordered as an extra gratuity, and the two guineas were presented, with all imaginable thanks in addition. "I shall lose another day of the harvest," said Sandy Macdonald, "and I expect ye'll give me another guinea." I could only request him to excuse me, as he had named his own price, and as two guineas was not a bad exchange for the two shillings he would have gained by his harvest. He remained inflexible: no, did not remain any thing; but became insolent. At length, finding his eloquence unavailing, "Then you maun give me aght shillings for carrying your umbrella." The knave had carried this in his hand for a few miles, at his own desire. I went up stairs. In a minute however he was at the door, swearing that he would stay there all night, that I should have no supper, and that I should not stir till he was paid all his demand. Accordingly, I betook myself to my little Horace; listen-

ing to much objurgation and vituperation, both in Gaelic and English: the former having a very ferocious sound, but being, fortunately, a dead letter. But finding, after an hour, that he made no impression on Saxon obstinacy, he at length consoled himself by saying that I was not a gentleman, but that he would take the money. I assured him that he was right, that I was not a gentleman, but an informer, and that instead of paying him, I would lodge an information against him for letting horses on hire without a license. I had learned this expedient from your friend and mine, Daniell, who had been driven to it on similar occasions. I thank thee Daniell for teaching me that word; for it was an astounding and an unexpected blow: and like oil on the stormy sea in the Naufragium of Erasmus, it caused the rage of the mountaineer to fall at once to a moderate level; but not till after he had protested that he had been once ruined already by an information, and would be ruined again rather than submit to a Sassanach. I need not tell you that the man got his money and departed: vowing revenge against the next Saxon who should fall into his clutches. It is not very wonderful that travellers in the Highlands call the people extortioners: for, in the matter of horses, you will find nearly the same wherever you go.

BEN NEVIS, FORT WILLIAM, INVERLOCHY.

He who does not know what is the meaning of a "soft day," must come to Fort William; or he may go to Inveraray, which will do as well. This is the usual friendly salutation when it is raining what the Scots denominate an even-down-pour, what the Americans call stoning rain, what the Cornish very expressively term lashing, and what is vulgarly denominated cats and dogs. Expressing my dissent from the propriety of the Highland epithet, after having been confined three days and three nights at Mrs. Bell Mac Lauchlan's inn, by what is called a shower, in these quarters, the Highlander said with a mixture of fun and surliness, "If you want fine weather you had better go back to England." If dew, as the poet says, is the bridal of the earth and sky, the rains of Fort William bear some resemblance to a Georgian wedding, where the bride is taken, like a hostile garrison, at the sword's point. I remember that when I was at Inveraray, I was told by the ostler, with a knowing leer of the eye, that it would certainly rain, as the clouds were coming from Fort William. When at Fort William, they always determined when it was to rain by looking towards Inveraray. Just so, the rain of Keswick comes from Wastdale, and that of Wastdale comes from Keswick. Either, I believe, might say of the other, "The self-same heaven that frowns on me, looks sadly too on Richmond." I should like to know where the Inver is, where it does not rain two months out of the three which pass by the name

of summer here; but I never found the man who would allow it could be fair any where when it was raining at his own Inver.

Thus three years had passed; and as it had rained, in each of them, on all the days and weeks that I had been within sight of Ben Nevis, I guessed, and perhaps truly enough, that it had done nought else during my absence. At length, in the fourth year, the shower ceased; and, on the 20th of August, as I looked out of the window of the inn at Balahulish, at six o'clock in the morning, it was a fine day. It was but twenty miles to the top of Ben Nevis. To wait for the boiling of the kettle, to say nothing of the lighting of the fire and the awaking of Peggy, and of the ostler, and of much more, was out of the question; so I stole my own horse, saddled him, roused the ferryman, launched the ferry-boat, rode off to Fort William, breakfasted, and by one o'clock was on the top of the mountain. In half an hour, it snowed as if it had been January; and as it has probably been raining or snowing there ever since, it is certain that I secured the only opportunity which occurred in the space of ten years, by copying Cæsar, or by recollecting that valuable maxim in Cordery which all shivering school boys remember. By the same rule it was that a single vessel of a fleet slipped her cable one morning, made her voyage to Smyrna, and returned, full of oranges, to find her comrades still wind-bound in the Downs. The morality of this is on the surface. We may all owe it deeper debts, if we choose, than the sight of a shower of snow in August.

From the rarity of fair weather and a cloudless sky at Fort William, and because the distance to the top of Ben Nevis is considerable, and the ascent laborious, it is not often visited. Measuring it as well as I could by pacing, I found it about eight miles; the path on the

mountain, which is very circuitous, amounting to about six, out of which there are two of a very steep and laborious ascent. The perpendicular height is more than 4000 feet; but it is exceeded, geometrically, by Ben Muic Dhu, and, I believe, by others of the mountains of Mar. But it must be remembered that Ben Nevis (the Hill of Heaven) is a much more independent mountain; and that, on the west side at least, it rises, almost immediately, from a plain which is nearly on a level with the sea. Hence it is, in reality, still the highest mountain in Scotland, though not the most elevated ground; while its effect to the eye is far more striking than that of any other: all the rival elevations, either springing from high land, or being entangled among other hills so as to lose their consequence. Its form is, at the same time, heavy and graceless; particularly from Inverlochy and Loch Eil, where the eye takes in the whole. That form is also very peculiar, as if one mountain had been placed on another; and this effect, as of a casual and posterior addition, is rendered still more striking by the difference in outline and character between the two portions. This appearance, so remarkable to the ordinary spectator, is easily explained by the geologist; who finds that the lower portion is formed of granite and schistose rocks, and that the upper is a mass of porphyry.

Doubtless, the ascent of Ben Nevis is considered a mighty deed; and, in consequence, there are various names inscribed on the cairn within the plain; while some had been written on scraps of paper, and enclosed in bottles which had been drained of their whisky by the valiant who had reached this perilous point of honour. Such is the love of fame, "that the clear spirit doth raise," to carve its aspiring initials on desks, and to scratch them on the windows of inns. Is there a man so unworthy of

a name, were it even Macguffog or Bumfit, as not to desire that it should be heard of hereafter; even did it prove no more than that its owner had emptied a whisky bottle on Ben Nevis. If I read names here that none but the god-mothers and gossips had ever heard of, and none but the sexton would ever hear of again, there was not one of them all who did not feel a secret satisfaction in thinking to himself, "nomenque erit indelebile nostrum;" in reflecting that some future Mac Jock or Mac Taw would read that Angus Mac Lehose or Dugal Mac Breeks had been able to scratch his name here on a slate with a horse-shoe nail. But we must not enquire too curiously into this folly; and when we are inclined to sneer at those who are now inscribing their unheard-of names on the tombs or barracks of Pompeii, we must remember how grateful we are to those, who, probably with no other or greater ambition, scratched their own, two thousand years ago, on the statue of Memnon.

Some of the rarer alpine plants grow on Ben Nevis; conveniently situated for the botanist, as they lie chiefly near the sides of the path by which the upper portion is accessible. But the summit itself is utterly bare, and presents a most extraordinary and unexpected sight. If any one is desirous to see how the world looked on the first day of creation, let him come hither. Nor is that nakedness at all hyperbolical; since the surfaces of the stones are not even covered with the common crustaceous lichens; two or three only of the shrubby kinds being barely visible. It is an extensive and flat plain, strewed with loose rocks, tumbled together in fragments of all sizes, and, generally, covering the solid foundation to a considerable depth. While these black and dreary ruins mark the power of the elements on this stormy and elevated spot, they excite our surprise at the agencies that

could thus, unaided by the usual force of gravity, have ploughed up and broken into atoms, so wide and so level a surface of the toughest and most tenacious of rocks. Certainly Nature did not intend mountains to last for ever; when she is so fertile in expedients as to lay plans for destroying a mountain so apparently unsusceptible of ruin as Ben Nevis.

Situated in the midst of this plain, whence nothing but clouds and sky are visible, the sensation is that of being on a rocky shore in the wide ocean; and we almost listen to hear its waves roar, and watch as if for the breaking of the surge, as the driving rack sweeps along its margin. As the clouds began to close in around, curling and wheeling over head, and hurrying up in whirlwinds from the deep and dark abysses which surround it, a poetical imagination might have imaged itself on the spot where Jupiter overthrew the Titans; the bulk, the apparent freshness, and the confusion of the fragments, resembling a shower of rocks just discharged by a supernatural power from the passing storm. The wild and strange sublimity of this scene is augmented by the depth of the surrounding precipices, whence the eye looks down into interminable vacancy, on the mists that are sailing in mid air, or into the rugged depths of chasms, black as night, impenetrable to the eye or to the light of day. The distant view presents no interest. The whole is a heap of mountains; but so remote and so depressed, from the altitude of this station, that scarcely any marked feature is to be seen; and the effect, on the east side in particular, resembles a congregation of mole-hills.

I had not time, however, to walk round the whole plain before there came on as dense and bitter a storm of snow as I ever experienced: so that what else remains of Ben Nevis, must be told by some more fortunate person.

I was not, however, alone, since I had with me what is commonly called a guide; a lad who had volunteered his services, and whose good humour had secured him the place which his talents in pilotage would not have commanded. I had gained too much experience in guides not to know that, for the purpose commonly understood by that term, they were, generally, either useless or mischievous; and had long been accustomed to trust to my organ of geography, as well as to another organ, of not much less use. The event here did not belie my theory; for when my guide found himself in a whirlwind of fog and snow, so thick that we could scarcely see each other, and without prospect of any thing better, he began to cry; lamenting that he should never see his mother again, and reproaching himself for having undertaken the office. I might have been angry and alarmed both, and with good reason; nor did I think him too much punished with half an hour of despair. Feeling safe also, there was something ludicrous in a terror which I knew to be unfounded, and which was rendered much more amusing by the mixture of Gaelic and English in which it was expressed, and the extraordinary gestures of the unhappy animal, who vowed that if ever he lived to get home, he would never guide a gentleman again. He would even surrender his five shillings, if I would show him the way down the hill. In truth, it might have been a very serious adventure to both of us, had there not been a piece of philosophy in the world of which my friend had never heard. There was but one way down from this wide plain, scarcely visible at any time; while every point of the surface was exactly like every other, and the whole was surrounded by precipices, which we might have stepped over without being aware of it; landing in mid air, like the eagles, to whom night would, in any case,

have probably left us for a supper. I had observed the bearing of this path at first, and therefore, taking out the compass, walked boldly on; while my guide followed, crying, and wondering where all this was to terminate. But to express his astonishment and rapture when I found the very track, close to the edge of the deepest precipice, is impossible. I thought that he would have fallen on his knees and worshipped me and the compass; nor did I succeed in making him understand how, though it would show the way to Fort William, it could equally direct him to Inverness.

It was intensely cold, and my pilot, who had squatted down on a stone in the snow, till we could venture to proceed over this dangerous descent, lamented that he had not his Βράκας, if indeed the braccæ of Diodorus were breeches, and not a coat or waistcoat; which seems to be the real fact; since, according to Aulus Gellius, the braccæ covered the whole body. The ἀναξυρὶς was probably the very trews of our own Gael, as his σάγος must have been the plaid: and if the χιτῶν was a jacket or upper coat of any kind, then the whole dress is really as well described as we could desire, even to the πλινθίοι, or little tiles, or squares, if we may so translate this word, which formed the checquer, and rendered the whole dress so καταπληκτικὸς. The virgatum sagulum of Virgil is equally a tartan plaid: and, according to Propertius, the Gaul Virdomarus had striped braccæ. You see how anxious I am for the honour of the Gael, by recurring to this subject on the top of Ben Nevis in a snow-storm; and, I ought to add, for that of Diodorus, to whom I did not do full justice. But when I said there, that the ancient Highlanders did not esteem their own dress as we esteem it now, I might also have quoted the authority of Mrs. Gilderoy, that was to have been; who boasts that her

lover "never wore a Highland plaid, but costly silken clothes:" and that he was a Cateran, need not be told, since the lady never wanted for "cow nor ewe," and the hero "never annoyed those who paid their cess" to him.

By the time his kilt was thoroughly cooled, and that he had vowed never to wear one again, the storm cleared away, and we returned by the road of Glen Nevis: his spirits so elated, that he frisked about like a goat, and would, I believe, have followed me all over the world, as he besought me to let him attend me through the Highlands.

The descent from Ben Nevis by the glen is not inconvenient, and it is wild and romantic. It is said that Cameron of Glen Nevis holds his lands by the tenure of an unfailing snow-ball when demanded. He is certainly not likely to fail in his rent; but as this is said in other places also, I know not if it is a truth or a popular tale. There are the remains of a vitrified fort in this neighbourhood which stands enumerated in the list lately given, and requires no further remarks; and my guide also pointed out a rocking stone, which is poised in a very unusual manner on the flat and bare ground near the river.

The peculiar magnitude and situation of Ben Nevis, serve to account for the singularly rainy climate of Fort William, as they do for the violence of the winds. I was informed by a seaman long engaged in this coasting trade, that he had seen one of the small sloops blown out of the water and laid on the beach; nor, from what I had seen, did I doubt his report. The situation of the town is wild and rude; and, in general, the surrounding country is very bare of wood. The margin of the western branch of Loch Eil, and the elevated land immediately west of the canal, afford the most picturesque views of

Ben Nevis; the castle of Inverlochy always forming an interesting object in the landscape. The town is sufficiently respectable, in appearance, and is the capital of this part of the country; while it is the port of a country coasting trade, and the center of a fair for sheep and cattle. The loss of the garrison has probably contributed to diminish the means and employment of the inhabitants; and it remains to be seen whether, and what, it will gain by the opening of the Caledonian canal. The operations required in constructing this work formed a source of wealth for a considerable period, and something of this must still adhere. The town contains all such trades and shops as are required for rural consumption; and, the latter, in an abundance which impresses strangers with a notion of a more dense surrounding population than they are able to discover. A casual visitor might indeed wonder how all these shopkeepers exist, unless they have agreed to live on gingerbread kings and carraway comfits, and to buy all their pins and tape from each other; forgetting, or ignorant of, the distances whence the people resort to have their wants supplied.

In one respect, Fort William possesses the distinguishing marks of a capital: idleness. This is precisely the consequence which the Highlanders themselves say is produced by the building of Highland villages. Perhaps it is more conspicuous because more condensed: while social or gregarious idleness is more prominent than the solitary doing of nothing; being active instead of passive. It is the agere nihil instead of the nihil agere. To lounge about the streets, impede the way, and to be busily and offensively idle, is a Scottish fashion: and to those therefore who are well acquainted with the High Street or the Gallowgate, Fort William will not appear very new. To Londoners, it may be new to see the

single street of which it consists, crowded with idle men walking about with their hands in their pockets, or collected in groups to yawn together or converse in monosyllables; except when roused to louder talk by an occasional sojournment to a whisky house. Even the rain of Fort William has no effect on these coteries, which stand under the torrents that are showering down on them, unheeding, undiscomposed; less concerned than the very ducks, which quack remonstrance against the sky, and not even retiring into their own ever-open doors. My very guide, whose respect and confidence the compass had secured, lamented the bad example and the want of employment, complained that his own morals were in danger, and was willing to attend me for any thing or nothing, if he could but escape from Fort William.

If the project of building Highland towns is to be pursued, as certain politicians seem still to wish, it would be convenient to discover some better employment for the people than that of loitering about in the rain with their hands in their pockets. To build hives for drones, was never reckoned good policy: and that contagion which is most condensed, is commonly reputed to be the most active. To form these into communities, is to provide for their perpetuity, and to diffuse and extend it by reverberation and example. It is a premium also for population, as well as for idleness: and, to borrow from the argument of the nominalists against universals, " Entia non sunt multiplicanda præter necessitatem."

In the case of country towns, where a Highland laird or a speculating society has not interfered, it is matter of analysis, for the fashionable science of political economy, to discover how one of them has grown, or by what cement it is united. There is a church; that is the ordinary foundation: Where there is a church, there must be a

parson, a clerk, a sexton, and a midwife. Thus we account for four houses. An inn is required on the road. This produces a smith, a saddler, a butcher, and a brewer. The parson, the clerk, the sexton, the midwife, the butcher, the smith, the saddler, and the brewer, require a baker, a tailor, a shoemaker, and a carpenter. They soon learn to eat plum-pudding; and a grocer follows. The grocer's wife and parson's wife contend for superiority in dress, whence flows a milliner, and, with the milliner, a mantua-maker. A barber is introduced to curl the parson's wig and to shave the smith on Saturday nights; and a stationer to furnish the ladies with paper for their sentimental correspondences: an exciseman is sent to gauge the casks, and a schoolmaster discovers that the ladies cannot spell. A hatter, a hosier, and a linen-draper, follow by degrees; and as children are born, they begin to cry out for rattles and gingerbread. The parson becomes idle and gouty, and gets a curate, and the curate gets twenty children and a wife; and thus it becomes necessary to have more shoemakers and tailors and grocers. In the mean time, a neighbouring apothecary, hearing with indignation that there is a community living without physic, places three blue bottles in a window; when, on a sudden, the parson, the butcher, the innkeeper, the grocer's wife, and the parson's wife become bilious and nervous, and their children get water in the head, teeth, and convulsions. They are bled and blistered till a physician finds it convenient to settle: the inhabitants become worse and worse every day, and an undertaker is established. The butcher having called the tailor prick-louse, over a pot of ale, Snip, to prove his manhood, knocks him down with the goose. Upon this plea, an action for assault is brought at the next sessions. The attorney sends his clerk over to take depositions and collect evidence: the clerk, find-

ing a good opening, sets all the people by the ears, becomes a pettifogging attorney, and peace flies the village for ever. But the village becomes a town, acquires a bank, and a coterie of old maids; and should it have existed in happier days, might have gained a corporation, a mayor, a mace, a quarter sessions of its own, a county assembly, the assizes, and the gallows.

The Fort is not dismantled nor absolutely abandoned, as was intended; the Duke of Wellington, with his usual steadiness of character and contempt of idle clamour, having opposed this design as to all the Highland garrisons. Originally it was built by Cromwell, at Monk's suggestion; and it was then called the garrison of Inverlochy, being calculated for 2000 men. It was rebuilt on a smaller scale, but on a stronger plan, by William, whence the present name: yet it is still a feeble work. It was besieged in 1746 for five weeks, but that siege was abandoned. I need not however dwell on matters known to every one, nor describe its military details. I need only add that the town was originally built by James VI with the intention of "civilizing the Highlands;" Campbelltown and Stornaway having also been made boroughs with the same view. It is said that Corpach, where the canal basin has been formed, is the place where the bodies of the kings were deposited before their final journey to Iona. The same has been said of Pencross in Ayrshire: we may let that question cool for the present.

There is a good deal of military and historical interest about this spot; but it has been so often printed and reprinted, that it is all a tale told. Of early and distant events, one of the most remarkable is the battle of Inverlochy, fought by Donald Balloch in 1427, against the Earls of Mar and Caithness; and another, is that fought

between Argyll and Montrose in 1645, when the former was defeated. Whether the fame of this action, or that of Major Dugald Dalgetty, is to be the most imperishable, time must prove. The occurrences that took place in this quarter also, during the days of Cromwell, in which the energy and fame of the Camerons are so deeply involved, add not a little to its interest; but the memoir of Sir Ewen, a name not soon to be forgotten by friend or foe, having been printed by Pennant, they are tolerably well known. Every one has heard of Sir Ewen Dhu and of his duel, and I need not chronicle again a ten-times told tale.

The castle of Inverlochy, however, possesses a distinct interest; arising partly from its former magnificence and the obscurity of its origin, and partly from the share which it has been supposed to possess in the early fabulous history of Scotland. Those who choose to believe in that arch fabulist, Hector Boethius, may continue to enjoy their belief; but the doubts of profound historians and laborious antiquaries, are surely far from deserving their indignation. Romance and history, each possess their separate kinds of merit: but the value of the latter would be low indeed, were it founded on any other laws than those which the judicious have, in all ages, acknowledged. Scotland has ample stores of real fame and honour, without wishing to augment them by such means. She need not have recourse, as Pinkerton has remarked, to false history or false honours of any kind: the truth would render her far more illustrious. He therefore who refuses his assent to the imaginary league between King Achaius and Charlemagne, signed at Inverlochy, may be permitted to indulge his doubts in peace, even though he could not shelter himself under the shields of Hailes and Chalmers.

But Inverlochy is not only the place where this visionary treaty was signed, since, it is, like Berigonium, the reputed capital of ancient Scotland. Nay, Dunstaffnage is a third: so that the former kingdom of Scotland has no less than three competing capitals, when it is, by the same patriots, held to have been one undivided powerful kingdom. The life of St. Columba, if that is held worthy of regard on a historical question, further proves that Inverness was the capital, and others assert the same of Abernethy; so that there are no less than five places claiming the honour of a metropolis, when all the judicious and acute antiquaries who have examined this question, deny that there existed any. It is something to show that tradition is at variance with itself; even though these antiquaries should have judged incorrectly on the bare question. If tradition be authority, we must take it as it exists; for if we only admit what suits our own hypothesis, it might as well not have existed. But thus it always involves itself in a chaos of moral, physical, and historical contradiction, and then gravely calls on us to believe: scarcely even gravely; as the indignation, in this, as in all other cases, is commensurate with the feebleness of the arguments.

But not to quote Hollinshed and others, whose testimonies to this point have been adduced, and who are just as good authority on Scottish history as the immortal Xixofou would be, the Bishop of Ross, Lesley, pretends, as does Boethius, that the Highlanders had a great trade with France and Spain, in ancient times, from the city of Inverlochy. He calls it "opulentissima civitas Inverlothæa appellata." These foreigners, as he says, came there with ships and carried away the valuable commodities of the country. His indignation serves to fix something like a date; since he is very angry that this

city was not restored after it had been burnt and plundered by the Danes. He should have told us whence he derived his information and opinions; what species of commerce could have been carried on with these countries, and what produce exported to them, from a region, which, even in the present state of improvement, can do little more than maintain its inhabitants, and which, in the days of Highland independence, could scarcely do that. According to the Fingalian theory also, and the acknowledged manners of the Fingalian æra, to which his date must allude, Caledonia, if it was not here a forest, which, according to the very theory of the Parallel roads, it was, was then, in its mountains at least, said to be a nation of warlike hunters: and that this stage of society is incompatible with commerce, the Reverend author appears to have forgotten, or never considered. It requires more knowledge of history and policy, of man and of morals, than the Bishop of Ross or the natives of Glen Roy possess, to construct theories and invent fables that will even hang together.

Enough, and more than enough, of this. But such is the extent of this belief, as even to cause the faithful to assert that the present castle of Inverlochy was the very palace of these imaginary kings. The date of this building is not known; but we have here, fortunately, a species of evidence, which, within certain limits, is quite satisfactory, and by which we can so far approximate to the æra of its erection, as to show that it cannot be very ancient. It is, at the same time, as a Highland castle, a specimen well meriting description. Its situation near the river, and on the borders of the great peat moss of Inverlochy, is a strong one; but is scarcely such as a Highland chief would have selected, if we may judge from the various examples dispersed all

over the country, and on which I have made some general remarks elsewhere. If its situation is not well chosen, according to modern military systems, still it is more consonant to these than the generality of the Highland castles, as it also differs from them in the nature of its defences; both marking, alike, a different set of military opinions, and the engineering of a distinct people. It is also of superior masonry and construction to most of the Highland analogous works, and consists of a quadrangle, with round towers at the angles. The walls are about nine feet in thickness, and the measure of the curtains is about an hundred feet; so that the flanking defences are here perfect, and formed on a regular design; while, in most of the Highland castles, they are wanting, and, in many, appear to have been accidental. That opinion is the more confirmed by the prevailing want of loop-holes in the towers of the latter, or of other means of defensive annoyance, in them. Here, on the contrary, there are both loop-holes and sally-ports; so that while its size proves it to have been intended for a garrison, its defences show that it was prepared for a siege: the whole of the system being utterly different from that of most of the other castles of the Highlands. Not to enter into details unnecessarily minute, it is surrounded by a moat, and there are the traces of a former drawbridge between the south and the east towers; circumstances in which it also differs from the general plan of the Highland castles; as I have more fully shown elsewhere.

It is impossible for any one who is acquainted with ancient castles, and who has studied the principles of their fortification in England and Wales, not to detect here, an imitation at least, if not the work of the English engineers of that day. However various are the works of Edward in Wales, and those of parallel date which

may not have been his, they almost all develope sound principles of defence; often so very remarkable, that Harlech, which might, in other respects, almost be the work of a modern engineer, possesses a complete fausse-bray; a contrivance supposed peculiar to modern fortification. Inverlochy is palpably of the same school; and the nature and integrity of its ruins, bespeak also an age that could not have been much higher than that of Edward. It was probably therefore the work of the Cumins, about that date. They were the possessors of this territory, and the building bears the marks of an opulence, and of a knowledge, of which, except at Kilchurn, we see no display, and which is there accounted for in a similar manner, by the wealth and the education of his Colin, the Knight Templar. The abilities or information of the Cumins, may be supposed, like their wealth, to have been of a superior nature to those of the age in this country, from obvious causes; and their political connexion and history are too well known to require mention in aid of this supposition. The probability therefore is, that Inverlochy was not only built by this family about the time of Edward, but with assistance or advice from his engineers; nor is it even impossible that, as Aylmer de Valence both built and garrisoned Bothwell castle, this work also was an English fortress and an English garrison. But the records of friends and foes have vanished alike. I need only add, that the western tower is still known among the natives by the name of Cumin's tower.

To him who is in search of picturesque beauty, this neighbourhood affords little temptation besides those I have already named. The road from Balahulish is pleasing, without offering any striking scenery; as there is little of character in the rude hills of Ardgower, which form

the western boundary of Locheil. There is as little temptation in the western branch of this inlet, which, but for the ebb and the sea weed, might be mistaken for a fresh water lake. High bridge is a striking object; from the depth of the ravine and the height of the arches above the water, which is ninety-five feet; nor is it wanting in picturesque beauty. Of the surrounding country, however, Glen Roy most deserves attention; not merely on account of its singularity and its philosophical interest, but of its truly picturesque beauty, and of the very striking and magnificent effect of the Parallel roads, as they are called. The subject itself is, however, too intricate for the tail of a letter, so that I must defer it. It is, unluckily, one of the Fingalian stumbling blocks; but we become habituated to this eternal contest, and must learn to bear it as well as we may, in hopes that the age of reason on these subjects will arrive at last. My heterodoxy, I grieve to say, cost me a dinner and a night's lodging: for, armed with the best of letters, I was not invited into a house, at the door of which I stood, because it was known that I was an unbeliever. Highland wrath must be powerful, so to overcome Highland kindness. It was far otherwise at good old kind-hearted Keppoch's: but he is gone where my gratitude is alike useless and unwitnessed.

GLEN ROY.

THE popular opinion to which I have alluded, respecting the singular appearances in Glen Roy, is no proof that they had been observed by the ancient Highlanders: nor does the existence of that opinion prove that it is an ancient and traditional one. I have already remarked, what I shall probably have occasion to remark again, that the personages who figure in the Fingalian drama, have, since the time of Macpherson, been invested with a right over all streams, caves, mountains, and stones, every where; even where some of these objects have only been brought to light in our own days. It may be doubted whether the fancy in question respecting these Parallel roads, is of much earlier date than the christening of the stone in Glen Almond and of the cave in Staffa, which we have ourselves witnessed. So little was known also, out of the bounds of the Highlands, of their antiquities or scenery, even at the time of Pennant's visit in 1772, that the public was ignorant of the very name of Glen Roy, until he printed a short notice of it in his appendix, from the communications of a neighbouring clergyman; not even having seen it himself. Ten years have indeed scarcely elapsed since these very singular appearances attracted any further notice: my own visit was among the earliest; and, even now, I doubt if they have been seen by twenty people beyond those of their immediate neighbourhood, though so interesting and so accessible.

The scenery of Glen Roy, of its lower part at least, is both pleasing and picturesque: and indeed, indepen-

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dently of its Parallel roads, it is among the most beautiful of the Highland valleys; being richly ornamented with scattered wood, and its boundaries being marked equally by simplicity and grandeur of style. The upper portion, distinguished by the turn which it makes to the eastward, is bare and wild, and the most remote, which is only terminated by Loch Spey, the summit of the eastern-flowing waters, is without any other interest than that which belongs to the appearances under consideration. It is a part of the geographical description of this valley, required for understanding the nature and consequences of these phenomena, to say that it terminates, so as to be lost, in the great valley of the Spean, which includes Loch Laggan; a valley with which Loch Treig, communicates: and that there is also a communication with Glen Gloy, by means of Glen Turit; while some shorter valleys, such as Glen Glastric and Glen Fintec, also open into it.

On entering Glen Roy, where the Parallel roads are most remarkable, every one must be struck by their appearance and their effect. Nothing indeed that I have ever seen in nature or art, is so striking. There is a magnificence, a grandeur of apparent effort in them, which excites more than wonder: incredulity: and we look again and again, as if there was some deception, as if that which is before us could not be. The impression, in fact, is that of a work of art; because Nature produces nothing similar: yet we contemplate it as impossible art. Nature deals not in mathematical lines and forms: and thus, even though we know it is her works that are here before us, we cannot shake off the impression that we are contemplating a work of man, and still, that it is a work, of which the gigantic dimensions and bold features exceed mortal power. We need not won-

der, if the Highlander should have attributed to the ideal and poetical beings of his heroic ages, works which, scorning the mimic efforts of the present race, hold their undeviating course over the mountain and the valley, heedless alike of the impassable crag and the destroying torrent.

The more calm impression is, that these traces, so strongly marked, drawn with such mathematical exactness and truth, so regular in the midst of irregularity, so unlike every line by which they are surrounded and to every form on which they seem to rest, are not in the landscape. It is as if they lay between our eye and the hills, as if they were drawn in the air, or as if they were the transverse wires of a telescope through which we are contemplating the scene before us. Let it be added to this, that the world has not yet produced, any where else, a similar phenomenon; and while we may pride ourselves on possessing what might once have ranked among its seven wonders, let us also add to that wonder, the still greater one, that it should hitherto have received so little attention.

I need scarcely tell you, that if the Highlanders have their theory, so the philosophers have theirs. This is, that they have been produced by the action of water. As to the mode, however, in which this has acted, opinions have differed. My own solution, of course, I consider the only and the right one; else, you know, I should not be a true philosopher: while, having been the first to investigate and describe them, I must also swagger and assume the honour of a discoverer and a teacher; as is usual among this race, not less watchful over their visionary property than kings and nations are over their boundaries and rights, and not one whit less ingenious in attempting to encroach on those of their neighbours.

Never let us hear, my dear Sir Walter, of the jealousies and squabbles of the fair sex. Did they know us as well as they ought, now that they are become our rivals in science and literature, they might retort on us our academies and our societies, our geologists and our chemists, our Pinkertons and Ritsons and Scaligers.

I will not allow Donald, however, to be treated with injustice: for, let his betters romance as they may, there is a bottom of good sense and a sharpness of intellect in him, which, while they may give to Fingal all that is his due, and to his ancient clans and chiefs as much respect as they merit, will not suffer him to surrender his own senses and his own reasonings to any one. I met one of them here who entertained me much with his own philosophy on the subject, and who smiled when I remarked that the roads had been made by Fingal. Whatever the value of his priori arguments might be, he was very deficient, poor fellow, a posteriori; yet I recommend future travellers to apply to this Gymnosophist, who held even his minister in great scorn on this point, and whose theory was not so wide of the truth but that a very few words sufficed to render it perfect. He was delighted that he had found a partizan, and fresh arguments; and I doubt not, has, by this time, converted all his neighbours to the true belief. Yet he too could point out the Dal Sealg where the deer were killed, after having thus been deluded into the mouse-trap, the kettles where Fingal and Rhyno cooked their venison, and the lee rock where Carthon, or Fillan, or some other hero of the swift foot and the bright shield, was detected in an intrigue with the "Wabster's dochter." So careful has tradition been, and so delicately minute.

But before we enter on causes, it will be proper to enquire a little further about effects. In the inferior part

of the valley, where these parallel lines are most perfect, there are three, traced above each other. The correspondence of each of these to its representative, or fellow, on the opposite side, is such, that they are on an exact water level, as determined by levelling. Of the three, the vertical distance from the lowest to the second, or middle one, determined in the same manner, is 212 feet; and that from the second to the upper one 82: and, these distances being invariably preserved wherever they occur, hence arises that parallelism whence they have derived their name, and of which the effect is so striking. At the lower part of Glen Roy, the lowest line is about 600 feet, perpendicular, above the bottom of the valley, or 633 above the junction of the rivers Roy and Spean; but as the bottom of the valley itself necessarily rises in proceeding up the stream, the two lowest lines become, in succession, excluded, and disappear; the upper one alone, continuing to be traced to its most remote extremity.

These lines, however, are only found, in this perfection, in some places, and chiefly in the lower part of the glen. There, the whole three are often to be seen, on both sides, and for a considerable space; but, in other places, they are interrupted or wanting, so that but two are present, or only one is sometimes to be found; while, in a few, they are all deficient. In many cases, this can be accounted for by circumstances in the nature of the ground: a very steep acclivity, or a rocky bottom incapable of receiving the impressions, or the sliding of the loose surfaces of the hills, or the posterior action of water; while, in a few remarkable cases, no apparent cause for the deficiency can be assigned. In one or two points moreover, there are errors of level, evidently caused by a descent of the loose ground; and some frag-

ments of lines also appear in some places, which do not belong to the principal ones, but which are easily explained by an action of water similar to that by which these were produced.

I need not detail more minutely what could not be rendered intelligible without a map; nor is a more minute detail necessary for the purpose of this popular view of the subject. But it is important to describe the nature of the lines themselves, that it may be seen how small the resemblance is which they bear to roads. As the surfaces of the hills are alluvial, except where rocks occasionally interfere, the lines are necessarily and unavoidably formed in, or of, alluvial materials, as roads might be. This, which has been used as an argument for their being roads, proves nothing; as they could not have been formed in any other manner; and, indeed, had not these alluvia been present, would not have been formed at all, by any action of water. Both the internal and external angles are very much rounded, and their surfaces are extremely irregular. There is no where an inferior talus or slope; nor a superior one, except in one casual spot; circumstances inseparable from a road constructed on the side of a hill. In one most essential circumstance, they bear no resemblance to roads, inasmuch as they are not level or flat; the angles of their deviation from the horizontal plane varying from twelve to thirty degrees, in which last case they are scarcely distinguishable from the slope of the hill on which they lie. Hence it is that they are sometimes invisible, or nearly so, except from below, where the shadowy line produced by the foreshortening, renders them apparent. When we are on the same level, so that they are prolonged from the eye, and when we look down on them, we often cannot see them at all; and when even on them, it is frequently very difficult to be

aware of it, far less to suppose that we are standing upon a road. Where widest, they are about seventy feet in breadth; and from that they vary to one as low as ten or twelve; fifty or sixty being perhaps the most common dimension; while, as might be expected from their causes, they are most perfect, or most flat and most wide, where the slope of the hill is least and the alluvia deepest, and most obscure where the declivity is greatest and the ground rocky. Where there are protruding rocks, they do not exist: and they are deficient in the ravines and water courses, although marked in some places, on the outer parts of these.

Where the smaller valleys above-mentioned open into Glen Roy, the lines are traced on them in a similar manner. But what is of much more importance, the same appearances, to a certain extent, are found in the greater valleys with which it communicates. In Glen Spean, one line only is found, corresponding in level to the lowest of those in Glen Roy; much interrupted, but capable of being traced in different places, and on both sides of the valley, from the furthest extremity of Loch Laggan to that spacious and open vale which lies between Teindrish and the foot of Ben Nevis; disappearing finally about this place. This is not far from the point on the north side of the valley, where was fought the celebrated battle between Keppoch and the Macintosh; the last act of private warfare which the Highlands produced; but a tale that has been told again and again. The same line enters into the valley of the Gulban, and also surrounds Loch Treig. Lastly, with respect to the geographical distribution, similar appearances are found in Glen Gloy, which opens from Low bridge, where it discharges its waters into Loch Lochy, and which communicates with Glen Roy by a level so high as to exclude

the connexions of their respective lines. I need only remark that the uppermost line of Glen Gloy appears to be twelve feet higher than the highest in Glen Roy; which, if there is no error in the measurement, would lead us to conclude that the appearances in the former valley were in some measure independent of those in the latter.

It is only further necessary to remark as to these appearances, that where the lines terminate in the upper parts of Glen Roy, by their meeting or approaching to the bottom of the valley, they often end in those deltas and terraces which are so common in alluvial valleys every where. Numerous terraces, at various levels, also skirt the present course of the river in these parts; and similar ones are found at the lateral entrances of the streams which join the Roy. This also happens in Glen Spean; but I need not detail with geological minuteness, what is not necessary for a popular sketch of this curious subject.

But to understand it, it is still necessary to point out the relation of the heights of these several lines to the present elevations of the surrounding communications with the sea. Supposing that water were now elevated to the highest level or line in Glen Roy, it would flow out at Loch Spey till it was depressed thirteen feet; that being the difference of their respective heights. Its elevation above the western sea is 1262 feet, and above the German ocean 1266, as far as the barometer can be depended on; while that of the lower line above the former is 968, and above the highest part of the great Caledonian valley at Loch Oich, which is 90 feet above the sea, 878. Thus, through Glen Spean and this valley, water, so circumstanced, might flow, either into the Murray firth or the Linnhe Loch; while it might also find its way through

Loch Eil and Loch Shiel into the western sea, as the elevation of the land is here also inconsiderable. At the eastern extremity of Glen Spean, near the head of Loch Laggan, the land is 304 feet below the uppermost line of Glen Roy, or ten beneath the lowest; so that if Glen Roy and Glen Spean formed one lake, as must have been the fact, at least at the lowest line, the water might have issued at this aperture also, as well as by the greater western communication. The same reasoning, as to the western communications, applies to Glen Gloy.

Enough of the facts and appearances; and we can now more easily enquire about the causes. I need not return to the subject of Inverlochy, or the Fingalian kings, or the imagined traditions. But the use of these pretended roads, is said to have been to give facility in hunting the deer of former days. The valley, it is added, has been covered with wood, so that these avenues give access to it; while, being fenced in with stakes, which are said to have been actually found, they served as decoys to force the deer into some spot where they were afterwards killed. That stakes should have been preserved for more than a thousand years, is not the least wonderful part of this theory. It would be useful also to show the necessity of avenues so numerous and so parallel; to shew further why they cease where they do cease, in consequence of the rise of the valley, when the Fingalian engineers might have continued them by assuming a higher level; why there are no remains of bridges, as well as of stakes, since without these they must have been useless; why that enormous, yet variable breadth; why they follow every useless indentation, useless for the professed object, merely for the sake of preserving a mathematical level, where a mathematical level was also useless. Deer never were, and never

could have been hunted on any such principle, as every true Highlander knows; so that, even if artificial, they could not have answered the imaginary purpose, or any other. We should also be pleased to know how the Fingalian engineers contrived to preserve, not only in Glen Roy, but throughout all the other valleys, levels which would cost a modern surveyor, with the best of instruments, no small toil and thought, and which, without them, could not be executed at all: and, more particularly, how this could be done when the valley was a forest, and the surface, of course, invisible. I have already shown that they bear no resemblance to roads, in their form; while it is further evident, that if they had ever been roads, they must have been most perfect or best preserved where the bottom was rocky, where, on the contrary, they are, invariably, either imperfect or wanting. But, enough of these fancies.

It has indeed been said by some who still choose to consider them works of art, that they were levels intended for irrigation. Every objection already urged, applies equally to this most unreasonable notion; while we might ask, in addition, what probability there is that irrigation was used when agriculture was little known, and refined systems of domestic pasturage, less; and in a forest, and on the sides of barren hills, by a nation of hunters, utterly wanting in the arts that could have enabled them to execute such works; since, of their high antiquity there can be no doubt.

The mode in which they have been produced by water, seems perfectly clear and simple; whatever difficulties there may be in explaining the posterior changes which have taken place. Of four modes, however, that have been suggested, there are three evidently incompetent to the effects, and which could not have been proposed

by any one who had bestowed the requisite attention on the subject.

They could not have been formed by a diluvian and temporary current, or rather by three successive currents, depositing on their margins, as is said, a line of gravel or alluvium. The forms of the valleys and of the surrounding land, will not admit the possibility of such a current: it could have had no origin: while, even could it have existed, it must have formed the lines on a declivity, not on a level, by spreading in dimensions, and thus losing its depth, in advancing from the shallower and narrower, to the deeper and wider parts of the valley. Nor could it thus have been distributed through the communicating valleys, by any contrivance; nor could a current through Glen Spean and one through Glen Roy, have maintained a common level. And, to say no more, the appearances at the salient and re-entering angles, are not those which such a current would have produced; as it would have left its deposits in those places only where the motion of the water was retarded.

Next, they are not the traces of the action of a river on a solid alluvial plain which it has cut down; the remains of the terraces so common in such cases, and of which there are examples here. The river which wanders through such a plain from side to side, as it cuts its way downwards, leaves, necessarily, the terraces of opposite sides at different levels: nor, in any case, could such an accuracy of dimension, so prolonged, so distinct, and so narrow, and such a regular correspondence, have been preserved; while, to suppose that the common level line of Glen Spean and Glen Roy could thus have been maintained over ground of such extreme irregularity, throughout such an enormous extent, and through val-

leys of forms and dimensions so various, is to suppose more than a miracle; a physical impossibility. The connexions of these lines with some of the terraces, are easily explained on the true theory of their nature and causes.

Lastly, they cannot be the shores of the sea, as has also been suggested. To suppose this, is to suppose that the sea once stood here, 1262 feet higher than its present level. It could not, since it was the sea, have stood thus high without covering more than the half of Britain. It could not have stood thus high over Britain, unless the whole ocean had once been 1262 feet higher than it is now; and we need not ask, either respecting causes or consequences, in this case. Those who propose such explanations, must be strangely unwilling to admit an obvious and simple solution, for the sake of suggesting an impossible one, or of appearing to have a distinct system of their own.

The Parallel roads are the shores of ancient lakes, or of one ancient lake, occupying successively different levels, and long since drained. In an existing lake among hills, it is easy to see the very traces in question, produced by the wash of the waves against the alluvial matter of the hills. By this check, and by the loss of gravity which the stones undergo from immersion in water, they are distributed in a belt along the margin of the lake: a belt broadest and most level where there are most loose materials and where the declivity of the hill is least, narrowest and most imperfect where these circumstances are different, and, wherever rocks protrude, ceasing to be formed. In every one of these points, the shores of a living lake agree precisely with the lines of these valleys; and were such a lake suddenly drained now, it would be a Glen Roy. Thus also is explained the

coincidence of the great terraces and deltas of Glen Roy with the lines. In the living lake, the delta at the main entrance is necessarily prolonged into its shores, as are those of the lateral streams; and this is precisely what occurs in Glen Roy.

Ancient Glen Roy was therefore a lake, which, subsiding first by a vertical depth of eighty-two feet, left its shore, to form the uppermost line, which, by a second subsidence of 212 feet, produced the second, and which, on its final drainage, left the third and lowest, and the present valley also, such as we now see it. At its lowest level at least, it formed a common lake with the valley of the Spean, of which lake Loch Laggan remains a memorial, as does Loch Treig of the portion which occupied that valley. Whether Glen Gloy was united with this great lake at its lowest extremity, is a difficult point, to be examined immediately; but I have already shown, that, from the high level of its communication through Glen Turrit, there could have been no communication at that end.

Thus far all is simple; but the difficulty that remains, is to account, not merely for the waste or destruction of the barriers which dammed these lakes, but for the places which they must have occupied. Whether they were demolished by the usual causes, the corroding actions of the issuing streams, or by more sudden and violent ones, it is not easy to conjecture; but the decided interval between each line, would induce us rather to suppose the latter, of whatever obscure nature they may be. We cannot admit, in this case, of the action of earthquakes, the vulgar solution of most similar difficulties; because such catastrophes should have disturbed that beautiful regularity which forms the most striking part of these appearances.

A very violent supposition, violent in every sense, might be proposed on this system, capable of solving the whole difficulty of the western barriers, and of the Great Glen na Albin also, at one blow. But such theories transcend the bounds of legitimate philosophy, and must be left to those to propose seriously, who are fonder of system than anxious for evidence or truth. Let it be imagined that the Great Glen had formerly no existence, and that its opposite or including mountains were once in contact. If it is further supposed that the present separation had actually been produced by some great subsidence or enormous fissure in the line of the stratification, or by what the vulgar call a convulsion of nature, then the waters in question would find an exit, and produce the appearances under review. This supposition, it is plain, requires many modifications, and it is also liable to the objections just stated.

The more important difficulty, however, is to assign the places of these dams or barriers. There must have been one at Loch Spey, at least equal to the present difference of its elevation and of that of the uppermost line. But that is trifling; and it is not very difficult to suppose causes capable of wearing it down to the present level of this waterhead. There must have been another at Loch Laggan. If Glen Spean and Glen Roy formed a common lake at the level of the highest of the lines, of which there are no indications, that obstruction must have had an elevation of about 300 feet, as before shown: if this was not the case, except at the lowest level, one of ten feet would have been sufficient. In this case, Glen Roy, at its two higher levels, was a distinct lake, and must have had a dam towards Glen Spean, where the two valleys join, which must have given way at successive intervals, before these two valleys formed one common lake.

Of the causes which destroyed the barrier, or eastern dam at Loch Laggan, it is unnecessary to enquire further; but it is now plain that, under any supposition, there must have been one at some point beyond that where the lines of Glen Spean, which are the lowest of Glen Roy, terminate, and where the valley is about five miles broad. If this were the case, then Glen Gloy must have had a separate barrier, because it opens into the great Caledonian valley at a distant point; and in this case also, the phenomena of Glen Gloy must have been independent of the others, and its lake a distinct one. If the lines are really on a different level, this must have been the fact.

There is only one other supposition to be made; which is, that this latter valley communicated at its mouth with Glen Spean, through the intervention of that portion of the great Glen which lies between them. But from the circumstances I already stated respecting the elevations of the land in this quarter, it would require, in this case, that the Caledonian Glen should have had one barrier to the north, one towards Loch Shiel, and another towards the Linnhe Loch; a supposition which is still more complicated and eventful. Unquestionably, from the great breadth of the valley of the Spean near Teindrish, where the lines terminate, the difficulty of imagining a barrier there, and that barrier removed so as to leave what we now see, is considerable: while, in this case, we must suppose a distinct one for Glen Gloy, as well as a separate one for Glen Roy, as far, at least, as the lowest line, besides the eastern ones, which, however, under any view, are necessary. Yet perhaps this is the least difficult supposition of the two, and ought to be that in which we should rest. Whatever difficulties yet remain to be explained, it must be remembered that there is in this

theory, neither geological nor mathematical impossibility, nor even improbability, involved: and, such as the difficulties are, they are analogous to hundreds that we meet with in every attempt to explain the posterior changes of the earth's surface.

Thus the solution of the phenomena of Glen Roy and its associated valleys, is as complete as we can expect in the present state of our knowledge; and it is, at any rate, sufficient, as including a positive class of proofs, to establish their natural origin in opposition to their artificial one, even independently of the negative arguments before adduced against this theory. I will not examine the other remarkable geological deductions which may be made from these appearances, because that is beyond my prescribed limits. But if the indignation of a Fingalian can be satisfied by any thing, he ought to be proud in the possession of one of the most striking and magnificent phenomena of the universe; singular, unexampled, and no less interesting to philosophy than it is splendid in its effects and captivating by its grandeur and beauty. Let us hope that we shall all at length be reconciled, and that we shall learn to pride ourselves on our real, and not on our imaginary, merits.

ARASAIK, GLEN FINNAN, LOCH OICH, FORT AUGUSTUS.

Every one who can find time or make it, should bestow a day on an excursion from Fort William to Arasaik. It is a beautiful ride of forty miles. As to the road itself, it is, like all the new ones which are so little used, a kind of plusquam perfectum road, more like a gravel walk in a garden, than a highway. Indeed there are few gravel walks to be compared with them: for it is no exaggeration to say, that you might often eat your dinner from them without a table-cloth; so smooth and so compact are they, and so much resembling a piece of dressed sandstone. It is a great pleasure, unquestionably, to see and to use such roads as these; but it would be much more pleasing to find them cut up, or, at least, marked by wheel tracks and hoof marks; that we might have the satisfaction of knowing that they were used, and that some interchange of something, if it was but that of ideas, was going on in this country.

After losing sight of Ben Nevis and of Loch Eil, although the road is wild and varied and pleasing, it displays no very distinguishing features till we arrive near Glen Finnan. The form of this valley, opening in four different directions, is uncommon; and, from some points, picturesque. Its interest is much increased by the termination of Loch Shiel; of which lake, two or three miles are seen, till, by the closing of the hills, it disappears. The boundaries of Loch Shiel, however, have the irremediable fault of smoothness and uniformity, though in a much less degree than many other of the remoter High-

land lakes. In Glen Finnan, the most striking scenery lies near its entrance from Fort William; the forms of the hills being, not only fine, but their acclivities being diversified by rocks and precipices, in a grandeur of style extremely rare; while their beauty and variety are much enhanced by the remains of an ancient fir forest scattered over them; exhibiting magnificent examples of the Scottish fir, in its most picturesque forms, flourishing with as much luxuriance as in the wilds of Braemar. The bleached trunks of huge oaks, prove that this was once also the seat of one of those oak forests, the traces of which are still found in many parts of the Highlands.

It was in Glen Finnan that Prince Charles first raised his standard, when as yet his army was not much more than sufficient to have dethroned the two kings of Brentford. Thus Glen Finnan combines, with its natural attractions, a degree of interest, about which, were I in the humour of it, as Pistol says, I might write a page or two, even without copying from my predecessors. But that may be left for the notes to your next poem; and, therefore, to far better hands. Whenever you do undertake this task, I trust you will give all due praise to Mr. Macdonald, Glenalladale I think, who, most generously, has erected a monument to perpetuate the memory of an event, which was followed by consequences too deeply important, to permit such a spot as this to be neglected without disgrace to all of us.

But when you do write these annotations, I do beseech you to remonstrate with the architect, be he who he may, if he is yet alive, who made that monument a cake house. A cake house, without even the merit of containing cakes; and with a tower—tower, is a profanation of such a word, since the whole building resembles a carpenter's mallet with the handle uppermost. It is

said that Winstanley's Edystone was modelled after the pattern of his pastry; and, if we may reason in this manner, we should conclude that the projector of this deformity was a carpenter. I am glad that I never heard his name; as I should not like to be obliged to tell him, that I hope he will never put his hand beyond the mallet and chisel again as long as he lives. But an architect, like a poet, is a public character. His works are published for the world, and the world is his critic. No one receives praise more universal and more permanent, when it is merited; and he who labours for praise, must, if he misses it, learn to endure censure. Let him who may shrink under criticism, recollect that he is thus ranked among the finer spirits of the world, and that he has thrown his lot, not as an artisan, but for the chance of lasting reproach or permanent fame. There is a compliment, even in that blame which thus acknowledges his rank in the department of mind.

It really is very hard upon poor Scotland, that its money should be thus spent in blotting and deforming its land with such monstrosities; of which it is full from one end to the other; from Nelson's Pillar on the Calton Hill, though that is not the worst, to the genealogical tree which I have either seen or dreamt of. Are we never to acquire a decent portion of architectural taste; yes; when the Parthenon is built: I hope so. A pillar, a cairn, even an obelisk, (and let any one invent a meaner object if he can,) would have been preferable to this unlucky mallet. Surely it must be the same Ostrogoth who has covered the country with turrets, and towerlings, and turretinis, who has intermixed castles, abbeys, churches, houses, Greek, Gothic, Chinese, Flandrikan, no one knows what, all in the same building: for it is as impossible that there should be two architects of this

calibre, as that there should be two men, (as the judge wisely remarked) called Richard Tittery Gillies. Let him repent as fast as he can. The public at large has a claim over the architecture of a country. It is common property, inasmuch as it involves the national taste and character: and no man has a right to pass himself and his own barbarous inventions as a national taste, and to hand down to posterity, his own ignorance and disgrace, to be a satire and a libel on the knowledge and taste of his age. Against this, we have all an interest in entering our protests; and thus, for the present, ends the explosion of my architectural anger. Do, my dear Scott, put yourself in a passion for once, like Archilochus, and write some Iambics against these people.

Loch Ranach, which shortly follows on this road, is pleasing though small; having that miniature air, derived from the variety of its boundary within such narrow limits, which gives it the appearance of a toy; an imitation, in a model, by the hand of Nature herself, of her own more extensive works. In arriving at Loch Aylort head, the mountains, now further asunder, display their forms, even to the summit, in all that intricacy of rocky surface which is so peculiarly characteristic of this tract of country. Here too we first obtain sight of salt water, if not of the sea; as the maritime connexion of Loch Aylort is not at first visible. Its character is that of wildness and grandeur united; but its scenery is little accessible except from the sea. After passing this spot we enter on the more intricate, yet more open country of Arasaik; if that can be called open which is one entire confusion of rock and hill. But there is rarely any thing so high as to obstruct the view; and we thus acquire a general conception of that peculiar class of country which occupies so considerable a space on this coast; an idea

not to be obtained so well in any other place. There is no very accessible tract of Scotland that bears much resemblance to this last portion, consisting of eight or ten miles, which leads to the village of Arasaik: and there are few more entertaining, from its variety and beauty as well as from its singularity, than the first few miles, somewhat resembling the Trosachs and not inferior to that well-known spot. At one moment you are on the top of a rock, at the next in a deep valley, or entangled among wild woods, or in a ravine, or ascending a hill that seemed impracticable, or descending in the same manner, or crossing a bridge, or hanging over a precipice, or on the sea shore, or winding through an excavated rock; and all these varieties are repeated within the space of a few hundred yards, over and over again, throughout a considerable extent. Jumble, is a vulgar word; but I know none else that will convey a notion of this strange country. It seems as if it was a first conception, an accumulation of materials intended for another purpose; or as if some powerless hand had attempted to imitate Nature in her mountains and valleys and rocks, and had made, out of her fragments, a dwarfish blunder and a caricatured model.

The first impression which it conveys, is, that no road can possibly lead through such a labyrinth of confusion; and it is impossible to give too much praise to the ingenuity which conducted this, as well as some other of these Highland roads. But that praise has too often been bestowed on those who have little title to it. In many cases, the new roads have been traced, along, or very near to, the ancient cattle and country tracks; leaving little for the engineer to do but to make slender and obvious alterations: and, in many more, the distribution is due to the common Highlanders themselves, sometimes

contractors, and sometimes overseers; when the engineer, who has done nothing except receiving his pay for the ideas and exertions of others, carries off all the credit. But that is too common in many matters besides road-making. Only, I, for one, will lift up my voice, as the fanatics have it, in defence of the talents and ingenuity of these Highland workmen: among the lowest of whom I have found such an eye for ground, and such a quick conception of its height, and distribution, and inclination, and relations of all kinds, as even a general officer or a quarter-master might often envy. They are natural geographers: and as this has formed a part of my trade, I think, as Jock Jaboz says, I should ken something about it by this time. Whoever thinks Donald a dull fellow, never made a greater mistake in his life; and whoever thinks that he cannot be improved by attention, would probably, if he was in the same situation himself, remain in it for ever.

These roads are, however, very treacherous, in spite of all the care bestowed on them: for, against torrents, it is often impossible to calculate, and, even when foreseen, they are sometimes not to be resisted. Many a time have I found the bridge vanished, and indeed the road too; and many a time have I expected to sleep in the moors. By some means or other, however, we get out of these adventures: on foot, commonly well enough; with a horse, comparatively ill; but with a carriage, not at all. Even from day to day, there is no security. This very road was in perfect repair when I passed it first. When I returned in a few days, a foundation wall had slid away from a steep face of smooth rock, and the road was gone. We read of narrow ways along precipices, and of terrors and dangers, because perhaps the declivity beneath is a thousand or two thousand yards long or deep,

when there is no more real danger than on a high road. The three or four hundred yards of depth in this place would have served the purpose as effectually as the same number of miles; for the rock descended to the valley unobstructed and unbroken. I never made myself smaller, and never trod on ice with a lighter foot; nor did I ever hold a rein with a lighter finger.

It was here, on this very sea-shore, at Boradale, that Prince Charles landed, and not in Loch Moidart, as is sometimes said; and it was hence also that he reimbarked. From the hill above, is seen the first and the finest view of Arasaik itself; forming a landscape as singular in character as it is extensive and crowded with unexpected forms and objects. In the blue expanse of sea, and far off in the misty horizon, the romantic ridge of Egg rises, more striking, and assuming an air of greater magnitude in this position, than under any other distant view that I know. In the same place, the congregated mountains of Rum add to the richness of the distance; while the intermediate sea displays numerous rocky islands advancing into the open entrance of Lochan na nuagh, and forming many pleasing combinations with its flat rocky irregular shores and promontories. Skirting the intricate bays, are seen the scattered houses which belong to Arasaik, with their boats drawn up on the beaches and lying at anchor in the creeks; while a confusion of rock and hill and valley fills the remainder of the scene. The sea shores about the village, and most parts of the surrounding country, abound in similar scenery; nor are there many points on the west coast where a traveller in search of amusement may enjoy himself more, from the variety of the landscape, as well as from the freedom of motion in every direction, which is so seldom to be found upon these shores.

It is another reason why Arasaik should form part of a Highland tour, that it is the readiest, and, indeed, the only convenient way to Egg, as it also is to Rum. I have elsewhere said, that there is nothing in the Western islands much better worth visiting than Egg; or, at least, nothing which is, at the same time, of such easy access. It does not imply one quarter of the trouble, expense, and inconvenience, of a journey to Staffa; and a traveller can never be disappointed of landing; while the voyage is scarcely so long as that from Ulva to that celebrated place.

Hence also there is a ferry to Sky; if that is a ferry which is derived, according to the well-known rule, a non ferendo. I had been directed to Sky by this route, as the best and the most commodious, and as there was, at Arasaik, the best of all possible ferry boats. But when the enquiry came to be made, nobody knew any thing about a ferry boat. There might be one, or not: if there was, it was uncertain if it would carry a horse; whether it was on this side of the water or the other; whether it would choose to go; whether there was a ferryman; whether the wind would allow it to go; whether the tide would suffer it. The Arasaik road had been made on account of the ferry, or the ferry on account of the road; and though a carriage ferry, and a horse ferry, there was no boat that could hold a carriage, and no horse had ever dared to cross. Furthermore, the ferry-boat, if there really was one, was two miles from Arasaik, somewhere, among some rocks; and there was no road to it, nor any pier. Lastly, I at length found a ferry-boat, a mile from the sea, as fit to carry a camelopardalis as a horse, and a ferry-boat man who could not speak English.

While I was meditating on this ingenious mode of reaching Sky, I was soon surrounded by the various naval

characters, who expected to extract as many guineas out of the Sassanach as he should prove silly enough to give. One of these Vikingr, half drunk, his mouth streaming tobacco from each angle, desired to know if I was the gentleman who wished to carry a horse to Sky, and invited me to drink a glass of whiskey with him. "Had I seen the ferry-boat:" "I had seen two boats." "And which did I like best." "The one with the blue side." "Aye," said he, "that is my boat; Dugald Finlay." "Are you then the ferryman." "Na—God forbid I should tak the bread from any man; for ye see," with a leer and a whisper, "I belong to the same place; and he pays for the ferry ye ken; he pays rent; but his boat canna carry a horse: and suppose your horse was to put his foot through the boat: and he has no rigging; but I dinna want to carry you; na; my name is Dugald Finlay —ye may ask the landlord—nor tak awa any body's bread—ye may ask the landlord—and I live in the same place as he, ye see; but his boat is no worth; and ye may ask the landlord—I'm telling ye the truth—but I dinna want to tak awa any body's bread—ye may ask the landlord."

In the mean time it blew a gale of wind and was Sunday; and all those who had heard the sermon, and those who expected to get five guineas out of the stranger, collected in the public house, where, as Froissart says, "ils se saoulerent tres grandement, et s'amuserent selon la coustume de leur pays bien tristement." In the morning, the whole affair seemed to have been forgotten, and I proceeded to the rival boats. Both were high aground; they would not float till the evening; so that, to the other blessings, of a rotten boat and a drunken Celt, there was to be added a night voyage of fifteen miles on a stormy sea with a refractory horse. It was impossible also to

reach Sky without the flood tide; and the boats were so ingeniously drawn up at high-water mark, that they could not float till the ebb. The Highlanders have somewhat degenerated from their ancestors of Norway in the matter of boats, it must be allowed. At last, it was discovered that the blue boat was still drunk, and that he of the black was unwilling to go. It would be better to go to-morrow. To-morrow, the boat was found alongside a rock. Alongside;—it was not worth while to speculate how the horse was, first to jump fifty yards, then clear the back stay and the shrowds and the fore stay, and, lastly, not make his way through the bottom of the boat; because, firstly, he could not get on the rock, nor, secondly, stand on it if he had been there. It was little worth while to speculate on any thing; for the ferryman was gone, no one knew where, and there was no one to navigate the vessel but the ferryman's wife, and she was employed in whipping her children. Thus I rode my horse to Sky by the best of all possible roads and ferries.

I turned to the small ferry-boat. Still there was no ferryman; but that was of no consequence, as the boat had been lent to some men, to go somewhere or other. In the end, the men admitted me, where I ought to have admitted them; with a promise to land me somewhere in Sky; if they did not change their minds. The horse did as he liked: it is good to conform to all events in this part of the world; and I was thus accommodated, "whereby I might be thought to be accommodated," with a passage to Sky, or elsewhere, in a ferry-boat over which I had no controul: in a ferry-boat which was not a ferry-boat, and which had no ferryman. All the arrangements were of the usual fashion; no floor, no rudder, no seat aft, oars patched and spliced and nailed, no rowlocks, a

mast without stay, bolt, or haulyards; and all other things fitting, as the advertisements say.

My companions were soon tired of rowing, and, as usual, would set a sail. As it could not be hoisted, for want of haulyards, the yard was fastened to the mast, and thus it was all set up together, after much flapping and leeway. It was then found that there was neither tack nor sheet; besides which, three or four feet at the after leach were torn away. The holes in the sail were convenient; because they saved the trouble of reefing, in case of a squall. I tried to prove that it could be of no use in this state, upon a wind. That was too refined a piece of nautical philosophy. One of them made a tack of his arm, and held it over the gunwale: another pursed up the after leach with a rope's end; so that when the sail was set, it was very much of the shape of a night-cap. And then the boat began to go backwards. I did not care; it was a fine day and a long day, and an entertaining coast: they were good-natured fellows, and I was as well at sea as in Sky or Arasaik. But every now and then, the night-cap turned inside out, and then the men began to suspect that the Sassanach duine wassel was in the right, and that we should soon be at Arasaik again, or elsewhere. So the mast and the sail were first diaouled and then struck, and, by the time it was dark, I was landed, very much like a mutinous Buccaneer, on some rocks; which proved, in the end, to be Sky. As to the boat, for aught I know, it may be in Sky still. But we must return to Lochaber—you and I.

And we must also bid farewell to Lochaber; since we had passed High bridge before. Well might I, at least, hasten from Lochaber. Not merely on account of its rain, which must have been the reason why King Robert Bruce died of an universal rheumatism, but because there was a general

commotion in Lochaber. When I opened the stable door, there rushed out an army of horses, in pads and sacks and halters and bridles and all sorts of accoutrements. "This is an odd way of packing horses, my good friend."—"They're no pack horses," said the ostler; "they're a preaching yonder out bye." Which of all the dissents the orator belonged to, I know not; but the dissensions of the horses in the stable were considerable. As my horse belonged to the Established Church, I kicked the remainder of the dissenting horses out of doors, lest they should either kick him, or try to convert him; as is usual with this tribe. This is one of the uncountable mishaps which dog the heels of an unlucky traveller, to fill the vacuity left by a fair, or a visitation, or a meeting of justices, or a convocation of commissioners of taxes, or a divan of drovers, or the halt of a regiment, or the debates of a presbytery, or a bevy of excisemen, or a pack of fox-hunters, or a flight of fiddlers, or a dropping of road trustees, or a county ball. If you escape the sessions, it is but to fall on the assizes, or on the gallows which they have left in their rear: if you dodge the overture at the Warwick music meeting, it is but to light on the finale at Birmingham or the races at Shrewsbury; or, if there is not a bull-fight at Wrexham or Stamford, some squire is born, and there is a bull-feast at Grantham or Chirk. If the Highlands have not all these varieties, they have enough; while they make up in noise for what may be wanting in numbers.

When all is done, it is but a dull journey from Fort William to Inverness; compared, at least, to the other lines which belong to the fashionable tours. But what would the ghosts of Carthon, and Darthula, and Oscar, and of the Fingalian dynasty which made the Parallel roads, say, if they were to see the stage coach now travel-

ling this way, and the steam boat ploughing its fiery career over Loch Ness: or their Sassanach conquerors, the Guelphic dynasty, sailing its frigates where they chased their deer.

Low bridge has the merit of producing some little variety on this dull and uniform line of scenery; and hence, those who wish to examine the water-lines of Glen Gloy, may enter it. But that valley presents no other interest. Having passed this point, Loch Lochy is without features: the forms of the boundaries being such, that the whole valley resembles a notch in a cheese as much as any thing else. At Letter Finlay, this nakedness of character is seen in great perfection. Yet, in many parts along this road, there is an effect produced by the prolongation of vacuity, which is greater perhaps than any variety in the scenery would have yielded. While, on each hand, the mountains rise with an acclivity, alike sudden, uniform, and unbroken, bounding a valley so narrow, as to leave but a small space where they meet below, they confine the eye, and concentrate its efforts within this narrow line. Thus, whether looking backwards or forwards, it pursues the long, linear, empty vista, straining for a termination which it is not to see. The impression is almost painful; conveying the feeling as of a goal which is never to be reached, an image of the eternal future. Who has not felt this, when looking forward through a lengthened avenue, or chasing with his eye, a long line of straight road. But who can ever feel it as he may here; when, after travelling miles, the same lofty walls are on his right hand and on his left, and still no termination appears, and still nothing occurs to divert his eye from the emptiness towards which his course is directed: when still he is compelled to fix his sight on that vacuum, and when, leaving emptiness

behind him, and hoping that he is to leave it at length for ever, the coming is like the past; a hopeless nothing. There is a vague sublime, an appalling stamp of eternity, on that which has neither beginning nor end. The bridge in the vision of Mirza would lose all its effect, if we could disperse the dark clouds which hang on its extremities.

To quit our poetics, the soberer impression is, that the island is here divided into two parts, and that, at each end, we ought to discover the sea. And this is the truth. This long valley, the Glen more na Albin of the Highlanders, generally called the Great Caledonian Glen, extending for a space of nearly sixty miles, is a continuation of that valley which contains the Linnhe Loch, and its direction is accurately parallel to the stratification of the rocks which form the country. Taking the length from the angle of Morven, or from Loch Don, which may be assumed as the extreme southern point, it amounts altogether to ninety miles. The greatest elevation of its surface above the sea-level westward, is ninety feet; so that if the sea ever did communicate through it, that depth, and much more, of the materials, must be gravel, or an alluvial deposit. This is what we are never likely to know; whatever probability may attend the supposition. That, at a great depth from the surface, this is the fact, is certain; and that both Loch Lochy and Loch Ness have been thus separated from the sea, appears more than probable. There is less certainty respecting Loch Oich; nor could any thing but an examination that must ever be impracticable, settle the doubts that must naturally arise on the whole of this subject. Supposing that the whole valley, or at least the great bulk of it, were alluvial, it is not very difficult to show how these materials might have been accumulated through a long

course of time: but I shall become too geological if I enter further into this subject.

It is said that Loch Arkeig is a picturesque lake, though unknowr; which seems probable, from the forms of the hills and the nature of the country. But, on this, I must confess ignorance and plead misfortune, not guilt: the flight of what never ceases any where to fly,—time; and the fall of what seldom ceases here to fall,—rain. The latter is the great enemy of all Highland tourists, and the former is the universal enemy: the indomitable foe of the idle when it stands still, and the implacable, unappeasable one of the busy when it moves. It is easy enough to visit Loch Arkeig from Low Bridge, or from Letter Finlay.

It is not quite so easy to be satisfied with these roads; particularly after quitting such very different specimens of road-making as are found on the lines of Arasaik or Loch Laggan. The epigram on Marshal Wade is well known; but we might easily make a Marforio to it, and turn up our eyes at the manner in which the roads are made. If Fingal was a far greater hero, he was unquestionably also a much better road maker: and, really, it is somewhat marvellous how the Marshal could have imagined he had adopted the best of all possible plans, when he formed the heroic determination of pursuing straight lines, and of defying nature and wheel-carriages both, at one valiant effort of courage and science. His organ of quarter-masteriveness must have been woefully in arrear; for there is not a Highland Donald of them all, nay, not even a stot or a quey in the country, that could have selected such a line of march. Up and down, up and down, as the old catch says; it is like sailing in the Bay of Biscay. No sooner up than down, no sooner down than up. No sooner has a horse got into his pace

again, than he is called on to stop; no sooner is he out of wind, than he must begin to trot or gallop. And then the trap at the bottom, which receives the wheels at full speed. The traveller, says some sentimental tourist, is penetrated with amazement and gratitude, and so forth, at General Wade's roads. The amazement is probable enough. Pennant, who, if he is not very sentimental, is at least the very pink of good-humoured travellers, supposes the General had some valid military reasons for his hobby-horsical system: which is very kind. Yet thus we must arrive at Loch Oich.

The old castle of Glengarry offers some variety after all the preceding sameness; but else, Loch Oich is sufficiently insipid. Loch Garry, they say, is picturesque; but I have the same excuse for not having seen it. When I was here, there was nothing particular to be seen; or else, possibly, I was seized with the malady of not marking. Mr. Du Pin tells another story now; when he describes the Fountain of Heads; a monument erected in 1812, to commemorate the triumphs and the superior merits of what is called feudal justice. The pleasing spectacle of seven heads on a pyramid, is displayed, says Mr. Du Pin, to the admiring eyes of the cockneys who wander this way; that they may learn to reverence justice and law: Highland justice and Highland law; and to regret that they cannot now be hanged and beheaded, without the trouble and delay arising from counsellors in big wigs, and warrants, and habeas corpuses, and witnesses, and juries, and judges, and such like villainous drafts on a man's time and patience. The owners of these heads were supposed to have murdered the Keppoch family;—so says Mr. Du Pin:—they were beheaded without trial by an ancient Glengarry;—so says

Mr. Du Pin:—their heads were washed in this fountain that they might be presented in a decent manner to Glengarry;—so says Mr. Du Pin. And then Mr. Du Pin says,—"May my feeble voice make known this infamous monument from one end of Europe to the other." Fie! Mr. Du Pin, how can you expose your ignorance in this manner.

No one will stay an hour at Fort Augustus if he can avoid it. This garrison was established in 1716; the original design having been to build a Royal borough, out of pique, it was said, to Inverness. Anger is commonly silly enough in its projects. But many of the wild schemes for civilizing the Highlanders, had not that additional excuse. However, there was just wit enough left to abandon the project before the town was built; when it was found that it was likely to prove a town without inhabitants. It is amusing, to read the attempts to explain why Loch Ness does not freeze. We laugh at the vanity of those ambitious personages who are determined to make the reason which they cannot find; as we ridicule the ancient dealers in occult causes, those who discovered that opium was narcotic, because it possessed a "virtus dormitiva, cujus est natura sensus assoupire." Yet the lowest of the vulgar have their philosophical reasons and systems too, as well as their betters; and, in them, we ought to laud the aspiring efforts which, in their superiors, are only the contorsions of vanity and ignorance. The quarryman who accounted to me for a fissure in a rock, by the earthquake which happened at the Crucifixion, shewed a bounding and philosophical spirit worthy of a seat among the geologists of the age; and might, with a little German discipline, have produced a professor at Freyberg.

FYERS, INVERNESS, BEAULEY, MOY.

THE new roads are now valued as they deserve; yet the people still follow many of the ancient country tracks, both on foot and on horseback, from their real or apparent shortness. The roads, however, like the breeches, were originally considered the infliction of tyranny, and an innovation to be resisted; and the "turnimspike," in particular, was held in as much abhorrence as the gallows would have been. That the sumptuary statute, the parliamentary breeches, should have been galling, at first, to Gaelic feelings, we can understand: but the dislike to the roads was only the effect of that antinomianism, which induces the universal people, every where, to resist all law and regulation; or of that respect for the follies of their atavi and proavi, which is not less efficient. Even I can remember when they were yet far from welcome. "Which is the road to Aberfeldie"—there were two branching from a point. "You may gang either," said Donald.—"But the one looks better than the other." —"It is the most fashionable wi' they gentry."—"And which is the shortest."—"The narrowest is the shortest." "What is the use of two."—"They chused to mak a new ane"—with a sneer and a huff. "Then I suppose the old is bad,"—"We like the auld ane best."—"Very likely."—"It is the shortest,"—trying to defend himself. "Which will take me to Aberfeldie soonest."— "The new ane;" in a surly tone. "Then it is the shortest."—"It's three mile langer," said the advocate of antiquity. "But it is an hour shorter—some new

fashions are good." Hungh! said Donald, with a snort, and walked away.

Those who prefer a good road and their ease above all other things, will take the road to Inverness by the west side of the lake; and those who are of the contrary opinion, will follow Marshal Wade on the east; not, however, because of Donald's reasons. This is as wild a line of road as can well be: since it speedily leads up among the mountains, to a high table land which is the source of the Findhorn and the Nairn rivers. There is something unexpected in meeting with large lakes in such a situation, when we had imagined that we had surmounted the region of lakes: and we feel a surprise, as if we were in a new country, with other skies, when we find repeated what we had left a thousand feet below. With such a general view, ordinary observers must be content; as this is a very inconvenient country to traverse. There is something alike terrifying and melancholy, in the snow-poles, which lift their bleached bones at intervals, to the winds and rains of this wild region; reminding us of winter and death and abandonment, and of the figure our own bones would soon make, under the event against which they stand a warning and a speaking lesson.

We receive the first notice of the fall of Fyers, by the drizzling rain which crosses the road, and by the perpetual dripping of the birches, and the freshness of the green ferns. But there is a smaller cascade above it, which must not be overlooked; as it affords some excellent landscapes in this class of scenery, and, particularly, when viewed from the bottom of the chasm, where the bridge is seen towering over head. The Highlands do not afford many better scenes in this particular style; but even these are soon forgotten in the

overwhelming magnificence of Fyers, or of the greater fall; since the same river forms both. This celebrated cascade, not more celebrated than it deserves, may serve to prove how much of the merit of this kind of scenery belongs to the surrounding parts, and how little to the water. The river is small, and if the fall is high, we see little of it, from the impossibility of gaining a sufficient access. Yet this defect is not felt: and even were the water absent, Fyers would still be a striking scene.

From above the cascade, and near it, those who are contented with noise, and smoke, and spray, may enjoy all these things with little trouble; and it is the interest of such spectators to choose rainy weather, as, in dry seasons, the fall is trifling indeed. But the dryer weather is preferable: as, without this, it is nearly impossible to reach the really dangerous point from which alone this magnificent scene can be viewed in perfection. The fall is always sufficient to give all the character that is required to the landscape; and, when largest, it does little more, as it never bears any proportion to the magnitude of this deep and spacious chasm. Chasm is not a very correct expression; as it is rather an open cavity; the rocks rising on one hand, in complicated cliffs and perpendicular precipices, to the height of 200 feet, beautifully ornamented with scattered trees and masses of wood, and the other side presenting a mixture of rocks and of steep slopes similarly wooded.

Nothing can well exceed in beauty that combination of grandeur and of profuse ornament which is here presented. Still, the first impression is, that the scene is of no unusual magnitude, and that the trees are but bushes; so uncommon is it to find landscapes of this character, of such overwhelming dimensions. It is not till we discover that we are contemplating trees of the ordinary

size, repeated again and again in succession from the very bed of the river to the sky, that we become fully impressed with the magnitude of the whole. At the further end of this spacious cavity, is seen the cascade, descending in one stream of white foam; its origin and termination alike invisible, and thus receiving any altitude which the imagination chooses to suggest. The smoke rising from it as from a furnace, curls aloft among the woods, distinguishing the parts while it adds consequence to them; and, by diffusing a damp atmosphere throughout the whole, producing that aereal perspective and harmony of colour, which give that effect of unity and of delicacy so peculiar to cascade scenery. Soon after the first cascade is lost, it re-appears in the form of a second fall and of a boisterous torrent: thundering along in a succession of rapids and cascades, among huge fragments of rock, and amid trees, far beneath our feet, till it is finally lost to the eye by the closing of the chasm below. It is matter of much regret, that so little access is afforded to this place, and that it is impossible to attain the margin of the river; as, from the extent and intricacy of its course through the chasm, and from the variety of the forms, these landscapes must be as numerous as magnificent. It cannot be disputed that Fyers is the first in order of all our cascades: but it is as vain to attempt to compare it, in respect of beauty, with that of the Tumel or those of the Clyde, as it would be to compare a landscape of Cuyp with one of Rubens, or the bay of Naples with Glenco. Such pictures are not comparable; and, to draw comparisons, is to compare names, not things: it is only in the word cascade that there is a resemblance.

If, hence to Inverness, the country presents no picturesque scenery, there is one part of the road which may

well redeem the whole. There is none such throughout the Highlands, so that it adds novelty to beauty; a green road of shaven turf, holding its bowery course for miles, through close groves of birch and alder, with occasional glimpses of Loch Ness and of the open country. I passed it at early morning, when the branches were still spangled with drops of dew; while the sun, shooting its beams through the leaves, exhaled the sweet perfume of the birch, and filled the whole air with fragrance.

It is always fortunate for a traveller when he has arrived at a place which is known to the whole world, because it saves him a marvellous quantity of trouble. Unless, indeed he wants to make a book. Even then, who would not prefer cooking up new cookery books, like Dr. Kitchener, to manufacturing gazetteers. The man who can quietly sit down to compose Guthrie's Geographical Grammar, or even a tour in Scotland, ought to be immortal, like the steam engine which he rivals: for his arteries and nerves, like that, must be of brass and iron, and his first mover, instead of a heart, must, like the boiler, be his stomach. When I have said that Inverness is a clean town, and a good-looking town, and that it has a handsome bridge, and that its castle has vanished, and that it possesses the best, and the civilest, and the cheapest inns in Scotland, and that it has a steeple to its jail instead of to its church, there seems nothing left to say about it.

But who shall describe its beautiful situation in ten times that number of words. When I have stood in Queen street and looked towards Fife, I have sometimes wondered whether Scotland contained a finer view in its class. But I have forgotten this on my arrival at Inverness. I will not say that I forgot Inverness when I stood on the shore at Cromarty; nor do I know now

which to choose. Surely, if a comparison is to be made with Edinburgh, always excepting its own romantic disposition, the firth of Forth must yield the palm to the Moray firth, the surrounding country must yield altogether, and Inverness must take the highest rank. Every thing too is done for Inverness that can be effected by wood and by cultivation; the characters of which here, have altogether a richness, a variety, and a freedom, which we miss round Edinburgh. The mountain screens are finer, more various, and more near. Each outlet is different from the other, and each is beautiful; whether we proceed towards Fort George, or towards Moy, or enter the valley of the Ness, or skirt the shores of the Beauley firth; while a short and a commodious ferry wafts us to the lovely country opposite, rich with woods and country seats and cultivation. Inverness has been strangely under-rated. To compare the country again with Edinburgh, since it is the nearest comparison that can be made, there is an air of careless wealth of surface about it, a profusion of rurality, as the grandiloquous phrase it, which is strongly contrasted with the dry and cold economy of Edinburgh, where the trees that are seen, only serve to remind us of the millions that are wanting, and where every field and road is deformed by a stone wall, as if it was a land of thieves and law, as if the bones of a country were appearing through its meagre surface. It is also the boast of Inverness to unite two opposed qualities, and each in the greatest perfection; the characters of a rich open lowland country with those of the wildest alpine scenery: both also being close at hand, and, in many places, intermixed; while, to all this, is added a series of maritime landscape not often equalled.

The singular hill, Tom-na-heurich, and the hill of Craig Phadric, add much variety to the valley of the Ness,

which is now a noble river, broad, clear and strong: nor do the extensive sweeps of fir wood produce here that arid effect which so commonly attends them; contrasted and supported as they are, by green meadows, by woods of other form, and by the variety of the surface. Tom-na-heurich, not ill compared to a vessel with its keel uppermost, is, or rather was, a reputed haunt of fairies; and it is plainly a relic of the ancient alluvium, the remainder of which has been carried forward to the sea; and of the original depth of which, in this part, it is a standing measure and testimony. Of Craig Phadric I need take no particular notice, as I have had occasion to mention its celebrated vitrified fort already. It is by no means however so satisfactory a specimen as that of Dun Mac Sniochain, in regard to its plan, which is far more difficult to trace: nor, in its vitrification, or perfection in any respect, is it to be compared with the example on the hill of Noath.

Tom-na-heurich, however, requires another word, from some traditionary tales connected with it, that are not without their interest, in more ways than one. It is the reputed burial place of our poet, Thomas of Ercildoune, the rhymer; though by what means this happened, it would be difficult to say. It is, in itself, the tumulus that covers his body; his barrow: and it is assuredly a most respectable one, as the armies who fought at Hara Law might all lie under it, and find room withal. But this is not all. About three hundred years ago, there arrived at Inverness two itinerant fiddlers, who gave public notice of their profession, and were shortly hired by a venerable old gentleman with a long beard. By him they were conducted, in the night, to a palace, of whose previous existence they knew nothing, and the name of which they could not divine. They found there

an assembly of august personages, to whose dancing they played all night, and by whom they were well entertained. In the morning, being dismissed, they were surprised to find that it was not a palace which they were leaving, but the side of a hill. They walked, of course, back into the town, where they were also surprised to find, in so short a period, extraordinary changes: houses in ruins, faces which they did not recognise, and other marks of antiquity and decay. In vain they looked round for their former acquaintances; till, at last, an old man recollected that they must be the same persons whom his grandfather had entertained a hundred years before. They attended him to the church, it being Sunday, when, behold! at the very first word which the clergyman uttered, they fell to dust.

Here is the very story, you see, of Rip van Winkle, in another shape, and substituting Thomas Lermont for Old Hudson. But the Highlanders have not borrowed from Geoffrey Crayon. It is the same well-known German tale which is the common and remote parent of both; The two fiddlers must represent Peter Claus as well as they can; but our mountain countrymen have a far other claim to it than the excellent American poet, and a claim of a far other antiquity. Whence this community between the superstitious and fairy lore of our Highlanders and of their Celtic and Gothic progenitors, I need not tell you; but I shall have occasion hereafter to trace some of these points of resemblance more particularly. Why Thomas the Rhymer, above all men, should have been selected as the fairy king, it would be hard enough to conjecture: possibly from his imputed prophetic talents and supposed extramundane knowledge. But something similar happens in all countries. The old tale continues to be transmitted; sometimes modified by the

peculiar usages or feelings of the people to which it passes, and not unfrequently corrupted in various ways; while the popular hero of one country is substituted for him who was popular in another. Michael Scott here builds the bridges, which, elsewhere, are constructed by no less a personage than the Devil himself. Jack Hickathrift, who slays the Danes with the axle tree of his cart, and who, after all, is not a genuine Norfolkian, becomes the ploughman Hay, who destroys other Danes in other places with his yoke. The Highland wife, be her name what it may, who performs her cantrips by means of hell broth made out of a white snake or a dead man's head, is often no other than Medea in a tartan cloak, just as Conan is Theseus, or as Thor is Jupiter, or as Diana herself has a head for each region of the universe, because Siva had three heads before she was born. But enough of this kind of learning for the present.

Those who have not seen the Highland fair washing clothes in the Ness, have probably seen the same displays elsewhere; yet they have not any where seen this show in greater purity and perfection. But it has not happened to every one to see the Inverness ferry-boat launched by the same hands. Hands, to be sure, is not the right word; but it must pass, for want of a more manageable term. President Forbes, and other physiologists, have asserted that the activity of the Highlanders is owing to the use of the kilt, which renders the inferior muscles elastic. Thus also, says this great lawyer and worthy patriot, the scanty clothing of these mountaineers prevents them from suffering by the inclemency of the weather. "My wound is great because it is so small." I need not fill up the couplet; but the learned Judge has left his own conclusions incomplete. How much better

would it be for the Highlanders to wear no clothes at all; and thus study, like the Scythian of old, to be "all face." Face is not the word either; but that also must pass. From the same cause, doubtless, must arise the elasticity of the nymphs of Inverness. The winds of heaven visit them quite as roughly, in launching ferry-boats and in washing in the Ness; and thus their—faces—assume the same Scythian insensibility.

It was Inverness fair. The streets were crowded with little Highland carts and little Highland ponies and stots and gingerbread and ribbons and fishwives; and when the fair was over, the great ferry-boat was aground. Twenty damsels, and more, besieged the ferryman, and the ferryman vowed that the boat would not float for two hours. They might launch her if they were in a hurry for a passage. No sooner said than done. To lift her out of the mud by force of hands, was impossible: but, in an instant, a dozen or more ranged themselves on each side, and, at the word of command, two lines of native fairness were displayed in contrasting contact with her tarry sides, when, with one noble effort, they bore her on their backs, (that is an incomplete word too) and launched her into the sable flood. O for the pencil of Wilkie. I thought that my English friend would have died on the spot: so bad a philosopher was he, as not to know that it was easier to wash the tar out of the other place than out of the clothes.

The Caledonian canal is finished: at last. What shall I say about the Caledonian canal. What, except that I wish, since the object was to spend money, that it had been built on arches, like the Pont du Gard; that posterity too might have some enjoyment for its expense, that Britain might hand down to futurity some testimonial of its wealth and magnificence, that he who, two thousand

years hence, shall seek for its public works, its aqueducts, or its Coliseums perchance, may not be condemned to labour for them, he knows not where, in vain, or, as here, to seek them in the doubtful ruins of a ditch. But its public wealth flows in mouldering canals and ploughs the sea in perishable ships, its bridges are of rotting iron and its houses of crumbling gingerbread; "and when time with his stealing steps shall have clawed us into his clutch," our public works shall be "as if they had never been such," and the future artist and unborn antiquary shall ask in vain for what their fathers did, shall labour to account for evaporated millions, and, weary of the search, turn to the still youthful remains of Egypt, and determine, perchance, that it flourished at a day when the history of Britain was that of some unknown people of the ages of the flood. Rome too thought otherwise: else the rivers which art brought to purify and adorn her towns, would have tended to, "rumpere plumbum," and have sought their way, like moles, beneath the ground, unseen and unknown. Yet we too have wrought for posterity. Long yet shall Conway and Carnarvon stand, the records of energetic Britain; but, alas, that her ecclesiastical splendour should be subject to the fate of all beauty. But fashions change; and the strong-built castle, the rival of the rock on which it stands, the temple that aspires in airy magnificence to heaven, is superseded by the workhouse, the hospital, the bedlam, and the jail. These are the buildings which are to descend to posterity, the records of our diseases and our crimes; which now adorn the entrances of our towns and greet us at every avenue, as if our miseries were our pride and our vices our boast. The posterity that contemplates the ruins of agricultural Egypt, of philosophical Greece, and of warlike Rome, finds the records of their religion, their arts, their splendour,

their pleasures, and their triumphs: the posterity that shall seek, two thousand years hence, for the character of Britain in her works, if indeed it finds aught, will conclude that she had outlived her religion, that her art was commerce, her pleasures, disease and misery, and her triumphs, the triumphs of executive justice.

But, you will ask if this is all that can be said on the Caledonian canal. No; it is not. It is a splendid work. Is it not more: who shall answer that question. Opinions differ: I have no opinion; and why should I thrust my fingers among the contending parties. It is enough that I have had to fight my way through Glen Roy, to besiege Berigonium and attack Inverlothæa, to draw the sword in defence of Mr. Williams, to bring down on my midnight dreams the grim and angry ghosts of Boece and Maule and Moniepennie and Lesley, and to rouse the Fingalian dynasty in their airy halls of mist. I have had my share of fighting windmills: let whoever chuses, kill the next Percy himself. Besides, like Old Jack, I only war with the dead. It shall stagnate in peace for me.

There are not many rides of a more various and animating character than that from Inverness to Beauley. The road runs along the border of the firth, which is generally enlivened by boats and by shipping; and there is an air of comfort and opulence, rarely seen in Scotland, in the cottages and farms by which it is skirted. The opposite side is singularly rich and picturesque; sloping gently down to the water's edge, and covered with cultivation and trees, among which are scattered the country houses of the opulent proprietors. Advancing to the west, the blue mountains of Rossshire continue to open in endless variety: leading the eye along into numerous wild and rocky valleys, at the entrance of which are seen plantations of fir, and the cultivated grounds of the

Frasers, Chisholms, and others, who are the ancient inhabitants of this district. A handsome new bridge renders easy the access to the miserable town of Beauley and to the ruins of its abbey. Little of this establishment remains; and the church, which is the principal part, is neither picturesque nor interesting; being built of a dark red sandstone, and without any features of architecture to atone for its disagreeable raw colour. It is a ruin without even those hues of age and other accessories, which so often render, even more shapeless masses picturesque or pleasing. The floor is covered with tombstones, but evidently of very different dates. On those which appear the most ancient, are sculptured crosses with the usual accompaniments of flowery patterns, swords, animals, and other obscure symbols. On a few, dated in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, are inscriptions in the Saxon character, which I need not detail, as this piece of antiquity is well known, and has been sufficiently described.

Much wild and entertaining scenery is found in the neighbouring valleys which lead into the Highlands; but he who has arrived thus far, will scarcely open his eyes to look at it. It is the sugar plums, which are first enticing, which at length become insipid, and which end in being maukish. There is little attraction in the road to Dingwall. Nor is there aught on the wild roads which branch hence to Loch Broom, Loch Ewe, Loch Carron, and Loch Duich, to compensate for their inconveniences, or to entice a traveller whose sole object is the gratification of ordinary curiosity. In general, it is wildness and rudeness without beauty or grandeur; and if a casual scene occurs worthy of attention, it is overwhelmed in the surrounding waste, and neglected amid the weariness and toil and disappointment by which it is sought. I need not occupy pages in describing what none will visit: in

repeating, I may add, descriptions which can have no value except to those who have seen, or are to see, the objects themselves. For other reasons, I may pass over Fort George, often described; a strong place, though neither built by Tielke nor Vauban, yet without any interest but that which arises from its military strength. For similar ones, I may omit all else that lies in this direction between Inverness and the Highland border; even Castle Stewart and its pepper boxes. The country is every where uninteresting: and of Calder Castle, and Tarnaway, and other well-known objects, I could tell nothing that has not often been told before. As to Nairn, what can I say. They build ships in ditches in the sand, and cut them out when ready. Part of the people speak Gaelic, and the rest English, because it is the Highland boundary. The baker and the brewer are not so rich as at Inverness, and the attorney, being poorer, is probably a greater rogue. Those who trust to the apothecary, die of him, here as elsewhere; the old maids abuse their neighbours; and those who have the misfortune to come into the town, get out of it again as fast as they can. It is otherwise in proceeding to the southward, whither we may now bend our steps.

After quitting the brilliant shores of Inverness and losing sight of its magnificent firth, there is little beauty till we reach Aviemore. This country appears too the more dreary, from the scenery which we have just quitted; nor is it much otherwise when, having taken the contrary course, we recollect that we have so recently parted with the romantic Spey at Rothiemurchus and Kinrara. Those who know that they shall not pass in vain over the scenes of great or noted deeds, those who flatter themselves that they may feel what is reserved but for the chosen few, and those whose highest ambition is to purchase or pick

up a bullet as a memorial of Culloden, will, all equally, turn aside to seek for its green graves; and the particular gentleman, who fancies that he can amuse and instruct the world, as we all do, good and bad, will leave a blank in his memorandum book, that he may hereafter fill it, in peace and opportunity, from the pages of John Home and the Chevalier Johnstone. But this is the business of the apothecaries, as Old Burton calls them. The plain of Marathon itself, is not a much more trodden subject.

In any country, less empty and less dull, the rocky ravine of the Nairn would be unnoticed: such is the good fortune of the borgnes dans le pays des aveugles. It is not much otherwise for Moy; which is like a pearl in a hog's nose, and no great pearl either, looking as if it had mistaken its way to come and sit down in this hopeless country. Its lake, and its trees, and its island, are a gleam of sunshine in a cloudy day: yet one that makes all the surrounding brown browner, and all the wide waste that encloses it, more dreary. Moy, however, as the seat of the ancient and powerful Clan Chattan, has its historical interest as well as its beauty. At what remote period it possessed a castle, is unknown; but the island where that was situated, is said to have been garrisoned in 1420, or thereabouts, by 400 men. Thus, it is probable, this structure must have resembled Chisamil, and was not merely the strong house of the chief: while the strength of such a standing force bespeaks, what scarcely require such testimony, the opulence and power of this long-independent dynasty. The marks of the ruins are in themselves sufficient to prove the magnitude of this building; but the date which remains, indicates a later erection, or later additions; since it only reaches to 1665. Lauchlan, said to be the twentieth Chief, is the recorded founder of at least this part. A smaller island, which is

thought to be artificial, is related to have been used as a prison. Its name is Eilan na Clach; and the tale is, that it was so kindly contrived, that its inmates were compelled to stand up to their middles in the water. It must be presumed that those who could remain long here, must have been amphibious animals, but that, less dexterous than frogs, they could not swim. The sword of James the fifth, a present from Leo the tenth, is still preserved at Moy.

As I was about to quit the ruins of Moy, I observed that a very smart gentleman, not a gentleman rider I assure you, but a gentleman in a barouche, who happened to be investigating them at the same time, slipped a large card, together with his shilling, into the Cicerone's hand. Being a printed one, my curiosity could not be improper. It was the trade card of a certain noted Baronet, &c. &c. "as above:" in which the dignified manufacturer assured the good people all wherever they be, that he would serve them, and so forth, on the lowest terms. The young Squire, in the true spirit of trade, had filled his pockets with these warnings, that, amid the pursuit of pleasure, he might not forget the main chance. Sic fortis Britannia crevit. Two and two make four.

Many a tale of feud and battle is related about Moy, and many times have most of them been told. I shall only notice one, a familiar one, because it has also been related of the Forbeses and the Gordons, and because I suspect that it is not the only one which, like many other pointed tales, and many pointed sayings, has been applied to whomever it will fit. To appropriate such an action, or to claim the exclusive right to it, would not now appear an object of ambition or pride: but when treachery was a virtue, and when cruelty and revenge stood high in the scale of morality, a Cumin and a Forbes

might laudably have disputed the priority of the invention and the right to the praise. In a great battle between Cumin and Macintosh, the former was defeated, and being unable or unwilling to renew the war, a peace was proposed and accepted. To celebrate it, the Cumins invited the Macintoshes to a feast; the hospitable design of these hospitable and honourable personages, being to seat a guest alternately among themselves, as a distinguished mark of friendship, and, at a concerted signal, to murder them; each stabbing his neighbour. The signal was the introduction of a bull's head: but its purpose having been revealed by the treachery of a Cumin, (for thus do words change their significations,) the tables were turned on the hosts, and all the Cumins were killed.

SPEY, KINRARA, GLENMORE, CAIRN GORM, BALVENIE.

"LET no man say,—come, I will write a duodecimo." Take up your pen, says Dr. Johnson, and if there is any thing in, it will come out. The pen is indeed the key or the picklock, the "open sesame" that is to give access to all the trash which has contrived, in the process of time, to get itself crammed and crowded into the cells and nooks of a man's brain. But, unluckily, when the dyke is perforated and the water begins to flow, who knows where the current will stop, whether the duodecimo may not prove a quarto, whether an inundation of ink and ideas may not follow; till some lump of mud, or a dead rat, comes, fortunately for the reader, across the aperture, and stops the breach. Mr. Locke says that the animal spirits walk up and down in a sort of garden walk: but they have an unlucky trick, at the same time, of diverging into the several bye-paths which lead to fish-ponds and hog-sties and other such things, and so on from one ramification to another, till a great deal "comes out" that had better staid within, and the reader is in danger of becoming distanced by the vagaries of the writer. Let him who feels the disease of concatenation stealing on him, concatenate his own legs, like the hero in the fairy tale, lest he overrun his game or vanish from the reader's sight. But surely a walk among fir trees may be allowed, even in Mr. Locke's garden; and a writer's hands are not to be tied up from gathering such flowers as grow by the margin of his great gravel walk.

Near the Dulnain river there are the remains of an extensive fir forest, stretching far up the valley, which still gives employment to a few saw mills; and similar woods are still remaining on the Findhorn, here utterly without beauty, to its very source. This mountainous tract indeed, included between the great Caledonian valley and Strathspey, and reaching to the sources of the Nairn, the Findhorn, the Spey, and the Roy, is, though high, the least interesting and the least marked of all the Highland mountain land. The fir woods, however, to which I here allude, bear no resemblance to those magnificent remains still found in Braemar, in Glen Finnan, and elsewhere; the far greater number of the trees being of comparatively modern date, and many of them less than a century old. As they still propagate by means of the winds, we have an opportunity of seeing the Scottish fir in its natural state at all ages, and of remarking the striking difference between its character and that of the artificially planted wood. Where the latter produces only tall poles with few lateral branches, and those of no dimensions, the former throws out strong ramifications at short distances from the ground, which proceed to enlarge with the growth of the tree, finally producing a form which is often as broad as it is tall; while, in the planted wood, all the lateral shoots decay in succession towards the summit, leaving at length a scraggy and scanty foliage on the top of the mast-like trunk. This also remains slender to the end of its existence; almost ceasing, after a certain time, to increase in its lateral dimensions; when, in the natural tree, the trunk and the branches enlarge alike, so as to produce those magnificent and picturesque objects which scarcely have a rival, even in the oak. The timber partakes, in the same manner, in both cases, of the general character: being feeble

in the planted tree, and bearing the lowest possible price of fir wood, while the natural wood is nearly equal in value to the best timber of this nature. Lastly, it is necessary to remark, after the age of seventy or eighty years, or within a century, the planted wood ceases to grow, and very often wastes till it dies; when, in the natural forests, trees of three or four centuries are found flourishing with all the luxuriance of youth.

So striking are these differences, that it has become an opinion among some planters, that the natural and the planted fir were distinct species; and this has even been maintained by botanists and professional nurserymen, whose duty it was to have known their art better. Other persons have attributed the difference to the practice of transplantation: and thus remedies have been sought in sowing the seed where it was to remain, and in sowing the seeds of the natural instead of the cultivated tree. It might be thought surprising that experience should never have taught planters the real reason, and that opportunities of observation, prolonged through centuries, had produced no fruit, did we not know that experience is as nothing without capacity to profit by it, and that to see facts daily displayed before the eyes, does not constitute observation. It may be thought more surprising, that those whose scientific or practical pretensions ought to have enabled them to apply one of the simplest principles of botanical physiology, should have thus gone on in this error, and should so long have overlooked a solution so perfectly simple.

It is by the agency of the leaves, not of the roots, that all the matter of vegetables is formed; the wood and the bark, as well as the blossom, the fruit, and the leaves themselves. The roots supply the simple elements; but, without the leaves, these cannot be converted to their

destined purposes. The leaves may be considered the stomach of the plant, as the root is its mouth. Thus, a tree possessed of all the leaves which nature has allotted to it, proceeds through its destined stages and performs its natural functions; its produce in wood, being in a certain sense, proportional to the bulk or quantity of its leaves, because, on their actions, that production depends. Whatever therefore is taken from the leaves, is taken ultimately from the wood: for every leaf which is destroyed, a proportional quantity of wood is not formed; if the whole are destroyed, the growth is suspended. This principle, therefore, explains the apparent mystery. Excluded from the light by close planting, leaves are not produced where they otherwise would be. Thus the branches which depended on their actions, first cease to grow and then die. Hence the trunk also is robbed of its organs of nutrition, and the tree is checked throughout; and as the evil proceeds upwards, from the increased operation of the cause, the branches and leaves disappear in succession, till, the few remaining leaves at the summit being now incapable of maintaining the vital actions, the whole tree dies. Hence also becomes evident, the folly of removing the lateral branches of trees, for the purpose of increasing the quantity of timber in the trunk. That operation may modify its form, but it diminishes the total weight and bulk, as it sometimes does the good quality of the wood. In this way are the trimmed elms of England destroyed; and in this way, I am sorry to observe, are some recent planters of spruce ruining their trees, with the notion of forcing them up into mast timber. That tree, left to its own resources, will produce better masts, with all its lateral branches in vigour, than when thus trimmed: and if this system is to be pursued, or if the Norway spruce is to be planted in

this country as close as the Scottish fir has been, with the hope of producing Norway timber, the event, under the former practice, will be little better than it has proved in the case of our native tree; although it is a property of the spruce to preserve its leaves and lateral branches, even in woods, when not excessively crowded.

It is also a leading error in planting, a consequence of the same ignorance of principles, to set the trees at short distances, whether these be fir or larch; hoping to make profit of the thinnings first, and to obtain valuable forest timber afterwards. The planter must learn to be content with one of these; for it is certain that he cannot obtain both. It is far too late to remove the superfluous plants, when those which are to remain have lost their lateral branches. These cannot be replaced; and though the upper ones may perform a portion of the necessary duty, that will always be imperfectly done, and the best of such trees will for ever be comparatively feeble. If planters will not be convinced by this reasoning, they have only to examine their own forests, where they will find that the outermost trees are the largest, and that, in every situation, that is the largest trunk which possesses the most branches, or, what is the essential fact, the most leaves. That they have here mistaken cause for effect, is also certain: conceiving that it was the vigorous trunk that produced the full foliage and the healthy tree, when the full foliage is the parent and cause of the healthy and thriving trunk.

As soon as we approach Aviemore, we become sensible that we have entered on a new country: a wide and open space now intervening, between the hills that we have quitted and the distant and blue ridge of Cairn Gorm. Through this lies the course of the Spey; and

here, principally, are concentrated such beauties as that river has to show. I have traced it from its mountain-well to the sea: and, whatever the Strathspey men may boast, it would be a profanation to compare it, in point of beauty, with almost any one of the great branches of the Tay; as it would equally be to name it as a rival to the Forth, and, I must add, to the Dee, and to the Isla, and to the Earn. In point of magnitude, I believe it must follow the Tay: and in beauty, it may be allowed to follow the Earn; preceding alike the Tweed, and the Clyde, and the Don, but being still inferior to many of our larger rivers, in the important particular of not being navigable, and in being therefore nearly useless. The small lake, or rather pool, whence it originates, is its most unquestionable head; since, unlike the Tay, none of its subsidiary streams, not even the Truim, can pretend to compete with this primary one. It is one decided Spey from its very spring; receiving numerous accessions, but no rival. Its course is almost every where rapid; nor does it shew any still water till near the very sea. It is also the wildest and most capricious of our large rivers; its alternations of emptiness and flood being more complete and more sudden than those of any of the streams which I have named. The causes of this are obvious, in considering the origin and courses of its tributary waters; while the elevation of its source, amounting to more than 1200 feet, accounts for the rapidity of its flow. Though inferior, both to the Tweed and the Tay, in its produce of salmon, it must be allowed the third rank in this respect; and the single fishery at its mouth, belonging to the Duke of Gordon, is rented for more than £6000 a year.

From the spring, its course displays little beauty till it reaches Clunie and Spey bridge. Hence, nearly, it increases in interest as it approaches Kinrara; whence,

for a few miles, it is attended by a series of landscapes, alike various, singular, and magnificent. If, after this, there are some efforts at beauty, these are rare, and offer little that is new or striking: while, near its exit from the mountainous country, it loses all character, and continues, from Fochabers to the sea, a wide and insipid sheet of water.

Though many splendid landscapes are obtained along the road side between Aviemore and Kinrara, constituted by the far-extended fir woods of Rothiemurchus, the ridge of Cairngorm, the birch-clad hill of Kinrara, and by the variety of the broken, bold, and woody banks of the Spey, no one can form an adequate idea of the beauties of this tract, without spending days in investigating what is concealed from an ordinary and passing view. By far the larger proportion of this scenery also, is found near to the river, and far from the road; and the most singular portions of it lie on the east side of the water, and far beyond it, in places seldom trodden and scarcely known. This too is a country hitherto undescribed, and therefore unseen by the mass of travellers; though among the most engaging parts of the Highlands, as it is the most singular: since there is nothing with which it can be compared, or to which indeed it can be said to bear the slightest resemblance. Much of this depends on the peculiar forms and distribution of the ground and of the mountains, and still more on the character of the wood, which is always fir and birch; the latter, in particular, assuming a consequence in the landscape, which renders the absence of all other trees insensible; and which is seen no where in the same perfection, except at Blair, and for a short space along the course of the Tumel.

Of this particular class of beauty, Kinrara is itself the chief seat; yielding to very few situations in Scot-

land for that species of ornament, which, while it is the produce of Nature, seems to have been guided by art, and being utterly distinguished from the wohle in character. A succession of continuous birch forest, covering its rocky hill and its lower grounds, intermixed with open glades, irregular clumps, and scattered trees, produces a scene at once alpine and dressed; combining the discordant characters of wild mountain landscape and of ornamental park scenery. To this it adds an air of perpetual spring, and a feeling of comfort and of seclusion, which can no where be seen in such perfection: while the range of scenery is, at the same time, such as is only found in the most extended domains. If the home grounds are thus full of beauties, not less varied and beautiful is the prospect around: the Spey, here a quick and clear stream, being ornamented by trees in every possible combination, and the banks beyond, rising into irregular, rocky, and wooded hills, every where rich with an endless profusion of objects, and, as they gradually ascend, displaying the dark sweeping forests of fir that skirt the bases of the further mountains, which terminate the view by their bold outlines on the sky. A week spent at Kinrara had not exhausted the half of its charms; and when a second week had passed, all seemed still new. But time flew, never to return:—for I had scarcely taken my leave of its lovely scenes, when the mind that inspired it was fled, and the hand that had tended and decked it was cold. That was a loss indeed. But these matters must not be thought on thus.

To wander along the opposite banks, is to riot in a profusion of landscape, always various and always new: river scenery, of a character unknown elsewhere, and a spacious valley crowded with objects and profuse of

wood, displaying every where a luxuriance of variety, as well in the disposition of its parts, as in the arrangements of its trees and forests and the versatility of its mountain boundary. Advancing further into the interior, we are soon lost amidst the woods of Rothiemurchus, which, for many miles, cover the ground, extending far away to the great and noble Glenmore. Here we may imagine ourselves wandering in an American forest: while this impression is aided by the saw mills, the log-houses, the dams for floating the timber into the Spey, and the trees in all the stages of preparation, which are lying in the various open glades which the woodman's axe has made. Nor must it be supposed that these woods exhibit that wearisome and interminable uniformity which is found in the great plantations about Fochabers, or in the other forests of planted fir. Nature, who performed this work, has avoided that error. Where art has not, by levelling portions of them, introduced avenues and glades and roads, the variety of the soil and surface have produced the same effects. Here a stream holds its course through them, or a small lake, or a morass, or a portion of rocky ground, repels the growth of the trees; while, elsewhere some huge rock serves to contrast, by its grey faces, with the dark green above, and with the bright splendour, below, of the arbutus and the vaccinium, whose vivid green is also embellished by their profusion of scarlet berries.

But even this is but a small part of the variety which prevails throughout this wide forest. In many places, it rises high up the rocky sides of the mountains, or sweeps down into the valleys, or is seen following the course of a ravine; while the broken margin where the growth of the wood becomes gradually checked, or the outstanding and irregular clumps which have chosen for themselves

some favourable position, with the single and separated trees, stationed like out-posts on its borders, by which the forest fades gradually into the mountain, produce effects as beautiful as they are unexpected by him who has contemplated at a distance its wide extended sweep of heavy and solid green. More entertaining and unexpected still, are the rocky hills that shoot suddenly up in the middle of the forest; lifting their grey crags high above the surrounding wood, and crowned with ranks and masses of trees, the very formality of whose long rows of trunks, as they range along the edge of the precipice, is characteristic and ornamental. Here too, some solitary fir, taking advantage of a fissure, or perched on an occasional shelf, and throwing far out its wide arms and dark foliage, serves to embellish the broad tints of grey, and to soften the harsher masses which crown the summit or spread in one broad body of green beneath.

Of the lakes which are here found, adding also much to the variety and beauty of this forest, I need only notice Loch-an-eilan. A fir lake, if I may use such a term, is a rare occurrence; and indeed this is the only very perfect example in the country. No other tree is seen; yet, from the variety of the shores, there is not that monotony which might be expected from such limited materials. In some parts of it, the rocky precipices rise immediately from the deep water, crowned with the dark woods, that fling a profound shadow over it: in others, the solid masses of the trees advance to its edge; while elsewhere, open green shores, or low rocky points, or gravelly beaches, are seen; the scattered groups, or single trees, which, springing from some bank, wash their roots in the waves that curl against them, adding to the general variety of this wild and singular scene. This lake is much embellished by an ancient

castle, standing on an island within it, and, even yet, entire, though roofless. As a Highland castle, it is of considerable dimensions; and the island being scarcely larger than its foundation, it appears in some places to rise immediately out of the water. Its ancient celebrity is considerable, since it was one of the strong holds of the Cumins; the particular individual whose name is attached to it, being the ferocious personage known by the name of the Wolf of Badenoch. It has passed now to a tenant not more ferocious, who is an apt emblem and representative of the red-handed Highland chief. The eagle has built his eyrie on the walls. I counted the sticks of his nest, but had too much respect for this worthy successor to an ancient Highland dynasty, even to displace one twig. His progeny, it must be admitted, have but a hard bed: but the Red Cumin did not probably lie much more at his ease. It would not be easy to imagine a wilder position than this for a den of thieves and robbers, nor one more thoroughly romantic; it is more like the things of which we read in the novels of the Otranto school, than like a scene of real life. If ever you should propose to rival the author of Waverley in that line of art, I recommend you to choose part of your scene here. As I lay on its topmost tower amid the universal silence, while the bright sun exhaled the perfume from the woods around and all the old world visions and romances seemed to flit about its grey and solitary ruins, I too felt as if I could have written a chapter that might hereafter be worthy of the protection of Minerva; the Minerva of Leadenhall-street. But, for these things, we must have the licence of speech which belongs to those cases. Such is the necessity of acting in character. We may perform any antics we please, if we choose to put on Harlequin's jacket, to wear the whole purple cloak;

but there is no mercy for him who tacks two or three rags of the purpureus pannus to his dingy cassock or his amice of sober grey.

I must therefore "jog on the foot-path way," in the old matter of fact pace, to Glen More; though it was not quite merrily that I passed "the stile a." I have passed many stiles, but never one like the entrance into Glen More, I vow. There is the clamber stile, where you find yourself astride on a knife edge, like a dragoon on the wooden horse; and there is the in and out stile, which reminds you of what philosophers call the vis inertia; and the turn-stile, where you either break your behind or your before; and the squeeze stile, where you stick like the weasel in the fable; and the gate stile where you break, first your shins and then your heels; and the ladder stile, which if you escape without breaking your neck, it is well; and the Cornish stile, where you slip your foot, crack your tibia, the bone protrudes, the apothecary saws it off, and you die of a lock jaw. When I had scrambled to the top of the Glen More stile, among cross branches, and brambles, and thorns, plumb beneath me was a deep and wide river roaring along, with a bridge formed of a single fir tree, which nature, or the water-kelpie more probably, had kindly thrown across the torrent to entice gentlemen to drown themselves. Perpendicularity of conduct and character is of many other uses in life besides that of hitting on the axis of a fir tree and on your own axis at the same time, across a deep river in Glen More. Spite of these mathematics, I might have remained balancing yet; but all the chivalry of Kinrara was on the other side, and I—oh how deep and strong did the water seem, and how narrow did the smaller end of the tree become.

What a fearful sight is Glen More. But it will not

do to begin in this violent manner. It had long been known that the timber of these ancient fir woods was very valuable; and, of all Scotland, the trees of Glen More were the finest. The Duke of Gordon still preserves one plank from near the root, which is six feet wide. But so backward in science was our dear country, that it was esteemed impossible to transfer this wood to the sea at such a price as could be repaid. The engineer employed by the York Buildings Company, however, thought otherwise; and it was accordingly purchased for £10,000. How it was carried off, partly by aid of the Spey, is well known; and the profits are said to have been £70,000. Of such value is the old maxim in our spelling books: the learning was more valuable than the land, in this case at least.

Without any picturesque features, Glen More is a magnificent scene, from its open, basin-like form, rising at once up the lofty acclivities of the high and unbroken mountains which surround it, from its wide extent, and from its simple grandeur of character. High above all, towers the summit of Cairn Gorm; and, in the valley, Loch Morlich adds the variety of its black, still, shining waters to the whole. Every where is seen rising, young wood of various ages, promising, when centuries shall have passed away, to restore to the valley its former honours. But it is the wreck of the ancient forest which arrests all the attention, and which renders Glen More a melancholy, more than a melancholy, a terrific spectacle. Trees, of enormous height, which have escaped, alike, the axe and the tempest, are still standing, stripped by the winds, even of their bark, and, like gigantic skeletons, throwing far and wide their white and bleached bones to the storms and rains of heaven; while others, broken by the violence of the gales, lift their split and fractured

trunks in a thousand shapes of resistance and of destruction, or still display some knotted and tortuous branches, stretched out, in sturdy and fantastic forms of defiance, to the whirlwind and the winter. Noble trunks also, which had long resisted, but resisted in vain, strew the ground; some hanging on the declivity where they have fallen, others still adhering to the precipice where they were rooted, many upturned, with their twisted and entangled roots high in air; while a few, prostrated with all their branches still entire, astonish us by the space which they cover, and by dimensions which we could not otherwise have estimated. It is one wide image of death: as if the angel of destruction had passed over the valley. The sight, even of a felled tree, is painful: still more is that of the fallen forest, with all its green branches on the ground, withering, silent, and at rest, where once they glittered in the dew and the sun, and trembled in the breeze. Yet this is but an image of vegetable death: it is familiar, and the impression passes away. It is the naked skeleton bleaching in the winds, the gigantic bones of the forest still erect, the speaking records of former life, and of strength still unsubdued, vigorous even in death, which render Glen More one enormous charnel house.

The ascent of Cairn Gorm is easy, with little variety from protruding rocks or water courses. Yet, though among the highest of the Scottish mountains, the views from it are very uninteresting. One smooth and undulating surface of granite mountain, without the variety of bold precipice or deep ravine, follows another, so far and so wide, that when other objects appear, they are beyond the reach and power of the eye, and produce no effect. It is even less interesting than Ben Nevis while, to the botanist, it is almost a blank; its dry stony soil produc-

ing few alpine plants, and none, except the Lichen nivalis, of any peculiar rarity.

But the sunshine that slept on Cairn Gorm, gave beauty, even to its barren and torrid surface, and the waste and vacant expanse smiled to the wide azure of a cloudless sky. Still brighter was that sun and bluer were those skies beneath the influence of other smiles; and even the arid rock and the misty desert seemed to breathe of loveliness and spring. A single mind animated all the landscape; that mind which animated all it reached, which diffused happiness around, the joy and delight of all.

Yet the happiest, like the most wretched hours, must end. That day fled fast indeed. But I did not then foresee, that, for Her, that blooming and youthful, that intellectual and lovely being, who seemed born to be a light and a blessing to all around her, the record which this useless hand is now writing, would be written in vain. We ascended the hill together, we looked together for Craig Elachie and Tor Alvie. Often have I seen Tor Alvie since; but She can see it no more.

Hence it is easy to descend into Loch Avon; a scene which Nature seems nearly to have buried beyond human resort; as, though accessible also from Mar, the distance from any habitation is, on that side also, such, that it is scarcely possible to go and return within the longest summer day.

The surface of Cairn Gorm is strewed in some places with fragments of the well-known brown crystals, which are generally named from this mountain, from whatever place they may be procured. But they are by no means peculiar to this spot, since they occur on Ben-na-Chie, in Braemar, in St. Kilda, in Arran, at Loch Etive, in Morrer, and in many other situations. They are the ob-

jects of a petty and poor trade among the country people and the shepherds, and of a much more profitable one among the jewellers of Edinburgh, who sell Brazil crystal under this pretence, at twenty times its value; thus wisely making a profit out of a silly modification of patriotism. Of the brown crystal indeed, which is thus sold, Cairn Gorm, or even all Scotland, does not produce the fiftieth part; and of the bright yellow, and only beautiful kind, it never furnished a single specimen. These stones, in fact, are almost all imported from Brazil, of whatever colour they may be, and often ready cut, at a price of a few shillings, which, by elevating them to the dignity of Scottish crystals, become converted into as many pounds. Such is one of the varieties of vanity. Even on the spot, the shepherds demand guineas for what pence will purchase in London: and if they can find purchasers, I know no good reason why they should not. I cannot defend in the same manner the harpy whose horse I rode for a hundred yards, and who could not have been more master of his art if he had been educated at Oban or in Mull. The ingenuity of the plea indeed almost deserved the money. One of the party had hired the horse, and, wishing to walk over some particular spot, requested me to mount in his place. The hour of reckoning being come, the knave insisted that I should pay a day's hire also, as his pony had thus been let to two persons. Is it wonderful that a late traveller calls the Highlanders "the most impudent extortioners on the face of the earth." One remark, however, I must offer, for the consolation of those whose anger may be roused, not by the quantity of the fraud but by its spirit, as is the fact in all these cases. Did they know how well the gains are applied, to compensate for the wrong by which they are obtained, they would probably often give freely, that which they

indignantly withhold when thus claimed. The Highlander is an economist, and a good and generous one. The money thus obtained will not be wasted in riot and drink, but laid by to pay his rent, or better his farm, or maintain his poor relations. There is a balance of good in Donald's extortion, unknown to most of those who suffer from it.

If the Spey presents little beauty henceforward to the sea, there is equally little interest in the remaining tract of the Highlands to the northwards. The vale of the Spey itself, those of the Avon and the Fiddich, and a few other small tracts which are traversed by rivers, are the only accessible parts; the rest being a mass of rude uninteresting mountains. Indeed nearly the whole mountain tract to the northward of the great central granite mass of Aberdeenshire, including Cairn Gorm and the hills of Mar, is without distinguishing features; Bell Rinnes, the great ridge of the Cabrach, and that of Bennachie, forming almost the only exceptions; while, with little exception also, the rivers and valleys are very deficient in picturesque beauty. It would be unjust however to the Spey, not to say that the rides along its banks, northward from Aviemore, are, in many parts, pleasing, if not striking; while, of some, I am bound to plead such imperfect knowledge as I could obtain by the light of a comet; not an usual lantern to travel by.

Balvenie is perhaps the most interesting object in this tract of country. The valley is pleasing, and the situation of this castle on an independent knoll, is such as to display its effect to great advantage; while its magnitude aids in rendering it one of the most striking of our ancient buildings. It is apparently an erection of different periods; though we cannot be sure that any of it is of so old a date as the eleventh century, when there

was a castle of some kind here. There is a tradition that Malcolm the second defeated the Norwegians in an action at this place; and, to confirm the possibility at least of this being the actual spot, there are traces of ancient monuments sufficient to indicate some field of battle. The tower at the south-west angle is strong and large, and appears to be the oldest part of the building, but those at the other angles are ruined. The histories attached to this castle are far longer than I have time to relate; and it seems to have undergone the singular fortune of having been as effectually as it was often assailed, so as to have passed in succession into many different hands. Cumins, Douglases, Stewarts, and others, seem to have been in turn its masters; and, among many other cognizances, the "Furth fortune and fill the fetters" of the Atholl family, is still visible over the gateway. But I must return with you to the southward.

The pearl muscle is found in the Spey, as in all these rivers; but this fishing is rather a trade than a general pursuit. And wisely: since, at Conway and Bangor, this lottery produces universal poverty among the people who pursue it. It is there the remains of the Roman commerce in pearls; one of the apparent inducements to the invasion of Britain. Hollinshed, a motive monger by trade, is very metaphysical on this subject. "Doubtlesse, they have as it were a natural carefullnesse of their commoditie, as not ignorant how great estimation we mortall men make of the same amongst us; and therefore so soon as the fishermen do catch them, they binde their shells together." The cunning of the Welsh muscle, like much other cunning, outwits itself; since he is boiled and made into soup for his pains.

LOCH ALVIE, PITMAIN, DALWHINNIE, LOCH LAGGAN, BLAIR.

The little lake of Alvie, which lies at the gates of Kinrara, is a jewel in this barren road; nor is Loch Inch without its merits. I cannot indeed say that they have much picturesque beauty. Yet there is, in the least of all these Highland lakes, a charm, which depends, not on their boundaries or their magnitude, their variety or their grandeur; a beauty which even the cloud and the mist, that conceal their mountain summits and destroy the landscape, can scarcely obliterate. This lies in their foregrounds; in their local colouring and minuter forms. It is the pellucid water murmuring on the pebbly shore, the dark rock reflected on the glassy surface or dancing on the undulating wave, the wild water-plants, the broken bank, the bending ash, the fern, the bright flowers, and all the poetry of the "margent green," which give to these scenes a feeling that painting cannot reach; a beauty that belongs to nature alone, because it is the beauty of life; a beauty that flies with the vital principle which was its soul and its all. If I cannot give much praise to the elegant town of Kingusie, I cannot admit that this portion of the Inverness road, as far at least as Spey bridge, is so detestable as it is commonly reputed. Pitmain is far from being an ugly spot; and to those who do not enquire too minutely, Ruthven may still pass for an ancient castle; thus deceiving them into the enjoyment of a vision quite as good as the reality. It was indeed an

ancient castle once, belonging to the Cumins; but that metaphysical entity commonly called Government, which is no more free from Gothicism than Alaric and Attila, thought proper to pull it down and replace it with the barrack, which may, in its turn, be an object of antiquarian admiration to our posterity. Doubtless, it will be then a record of events somewhat more important than the squabbles of savage Highland chiefs, and not so easily forgotten. It was built in 1718, assaulted by the Highland army in 1745, and burnt in 1746; having been defended by twelve men under the command of Sergeant Mulloy; a hero, doubtless; but what is a hero with three chevrons on his arm.

Who shall praise Dalwhinnie. No one, surely, but the commissioners who built it, and who desire you to be very thankful that you have a place to put your head in. But these thanks can be paid only by the gentlemen who have not forgotten what they acquired at school; for, like the inscription on Tay bridge, it is a Latin tablet. That bridge might better have stridden over Tay in its own tongue; and, pardon the pun again, I cannot help thinking this an insult to our own language, spite of the opinion of Dr. Johnson. Is not this vile pedantry. As if the English language will not last as long as that of ancient Rome, as if we are to descend to posterity, a nation without a tongue of its own, or as writing what we can neither read nor speak, or as despising a language which, in a few brief years, has produced more valuable literature, and conveyed more instruction to posterity, than all which Rome effected from the time of Romulus to that of Constantine. Thus, we have epitaphs which the very owners could not read, were they alive again; inscriptions, which, if they record any thing, it is that a pagan people erected a Christian church, and a Roman king, unknown in the

annals of that city, called Georgius tertius; nay, a whole series of Gothic Tudors, and Plantagenets, and Stuarts, and Guelphs, all Roman Kings. Why is not all this done in Greek: it is a more enduring and a nobler language; it would confer still more of the honours of pedantry; and, as to the story which is to be told, the Latin itself is but Greek to the million. But the days of logic are passed, and those of other pedantries must pass too; whenever the Sçavans ep us shall have discovered that education means something more than a knowledge of as in præsenti, or a memory for all the overwhelming learning enclosed in the treasures of the Gradus ad Parnassum.

In spite of this learned tablet, and though the "tellus calva benignum monstrat viatori signum," no one will ever wish to enter Dalwhinnie a second time; and no one who has crossed its hideous, cold, desolate, naked, starved, melancholy, moors, will ever willingly cross them again. The vicissitudes of human life are strange enough. Yesterday I was in a Highland cottage, with an assemblage of three Duchesses and a Comet, with many minor stars of no small note and bearing; and, to-day, at Dalwhinnie, in company with three travelling haberdashers and a farthing candle. But we must bear this and much more, in our transit, whether through the Highlands or through life: we must even endure the wet peat of Dalwhinnie, which, since fire and water are ever at variance, as Ovid and Milton assure us, chooses to send forth nothing but indignant smoke. Hence you may go by the way of Garvie More, and across Coryaraick, to Fort Augustus; but it is probable that this road will now be deserted in favour of the new line by Loch Laggan. By Garvie More also, lies a road into Glen Roy, if road *it* can be called; and, to study Glen Roy as a philoso-

pher, this is the most useful method of proceeding. There is much wild and rocky scenery about Garvie More; but it is scarcely such as to tempt an ordinary traveller from the main road. All that I need say of Loch Laggan, is, that the eastern extremity is somewhat picturesque, but that it does not afford much variety of scenery. The most remarkable feature is a rocky hill, split by a fissure of great magnitude, and conveying a strong impression of recent and sudden violence.

With the slight exception of Loch Garry, of which a glimpse is afforded in proceeding from Dalwhinnie southwards, and which, any where else, would be unnoticed, it is all a Dalwhinnie, not only to Dalnacardoch, but even to the bridge of Erochie; houseless, treeless, lifeless; wanting in every thing but barrenness and deformity, while there is not even an object so much worse than another, as to attract a moment's attention. Like life itself in the same circumstances, it is as tedious in the passage as it is disagreeable; but, when passed, leaving no impressions of time or space. But it forms an admirable introduction to Blair, which shortly breaks on the eye like sun-rise after a stormy night. The first view of this magnificent and rich valley is obtained near the bridge of the Bruar, but it is still an imperfect one; and it is one of the chief boasts of this place, that it proceeds increasing in beauty till the moment at which we part with it entirely. Those who may visit it from the south, will not enjoy the same effect of contrast; but, fortunately, it is sufficient in itself to disdain all such adventitious aids.

A book might be written about Blair and its neighbourhood, without exhausting the subject; as I ought to know, since I have written one. Nothing less than the art which squeezed the fairy's tent into a thimble, could,

cram this country into a letter; and therefore I pray you not to expect it. Read my book, as those dexterous persons say, who write one work to puff off another, and then you will know all about it. But I must say something: or it would be ingratitude to a place, of which I know each dingle, bush, and alley green; ingratitude to its lovely scenes and to its hospitable towers; to the Noble Owner of which, this country owes a deep debt, for the unwearied activity of his exertions and his example, and of whom it is praise enough to say, that he is the pattern of a truly British Country Gentleman.

The well-known cascades of the Bruar, are the first objects which meet those who arrive from the north. But he who has that eye for scenery, without which travelling loses half its value, will see here something more, in a fine landscape of the valley, and in some very pleasing pictures of close scenery, about the mills beneath the bridge. Hence to Blair itself, different views occur by the road-side; the elegant conical form of Ben Vrackie constituting the termination of the picture. He to whom landscape is a leading object, ought also to diverge into a spacious park on the left of the road; remarkable, not only for the beautiful disposition of its own ground, but as affording some of the finest views of the vale of Blair. Similar views, but under considerable variations, will be found in the same direction, at higher elevations: and, at a still higher stage, upon Craig Urrard, the same materials are displayed: but assuming now a far different character, from the altitude of the position, and affording a view of the valley, splendid and rich in the extreme, though somewhat approaching to a bird's-eye view. The interior grounds, or the park, of Blair, abound in beautiful scenery in various styles; nor is it too much to say that, excepting Dunkeld, it has no rival in Scotland:

while the difference of character in the latter is, at the same time, such, that the two will not admit of a comparison. Indeed, if all that lies within the immediate reach of this spot be included, it may justly be said to contain a greater quantity of landscape than any tract of equal dimensions in Britain. Besides this, it presents a greater variety; the objects being as different as the styles, each scene having a decided character, and the compositions being remarkable for their integrity and perfection. But an ordinary eye will not at first suspect all this; and thus the first impression made by Blair, is far different from what will be found by industry and attention, and by that power of discovering natural beauty under all its combinations, which only belongs to taste, experience, and education.

Such appearance of artifice as occurs in these grounds, belongs to the period of 1742, at which they were laid out. But it scarcely any where offends; being overwhelmed by the majesty and extent of the scene, and by the careless or felicitous arrangements of the principal objects: while it is also proper to observe, that the artifice which chiefly catches the eye, is that which belongs to Lude, ornamented on the clumping system: though it may be doubted whether this is not, on the whole, an advantage to the general scenery, rather than a blemish. The house is a conspicuous object, from its magnitude and extent; but it is to be regretted that it is not the grey castle which it anciently was; and still more, that its castellated character has been destroyed. Its ancient outline was irregular, and it was much more lofty. But having been besieged by the Highlanders in 1745, when it held out for a month under Sir Andrew Agnew, and until it was relieved, the two upper stories were afterwards removed, with the design of preventing

its ever being used again in a similar manner. It is a building of great strength; and although the date of its erection is not known, it is supposed to have been built by John of Strathbogie, a Cumin, who became Earl of Atholl in right of his wife. His name is still preserved in Cumin's tower, now an inconspicuous part of the building, in consequence of the loss of its summit. As a Highland castle, it has shared, on other occasions, in the casualties of domestic warfare; having been also occupied by Montrose in 1644, and taken by Daniel in 1653, on the part of Cromwell. Subsequently, it was taken possession of by an officer of Dundee's army: and being then threatened by Lord Murray, Dundee marched to its relief: that event being followed by the well-known battle of Killicrankie.

It was necessarily an important military post, from its commanding one of the main communications with the northern Highlands; while it also derived importance from the same cause that rendered it necessary, namely, the position of this district towards the low country. Atholl was thus a sort of border land: and from this cause also it arose, that the Atholl men were among the most celebrated of the Highland soldiers: their habits of warfare and depredation rendering them, like the other borderers elsewhere, always prepared for war. I know not, however, that they were ever noted as marauders, like the Liddisdale men, of whom Maitland says, "They plainly throw the country rydis, I trow the mekil devil them gydis;" carrying off "hors nolt and scheip, and all the laif, quhatever they haif." As soldiers, on the other hand, the esteem in which they were held, appears in the histories of Montrose, to whom, it is said, they displayed an extraordinary attachment. Dundee also is reputed to have had 1500 of them in his army. The

proverb of the Atholl tinkers arose, as you doubtless know, from the circumstance of Alister Mac Colla, your friend Colkitto, having been relieved by an Atholl tinker, in one of Montrose's actions, when he had been surrounded in a sheep-fold by a body of Covenanters.

Of the scenery immediately at hand, the cascades of the Fender are peculiarly worthy of notice: as well from their differences of character, as for the beauty which each, in its several way, exhibits. Though the stream is not large, the accompaniments of the whole are such, that no additional force of water could improve them. If the uppermost is the most singular, the middle one is the most picturesque and the most ornamental. The lowest depends more for its interest on the scenery of the Tilt, into which it falls. There are few scenes in this class of landscape more novel and more striking than this last; from the depth and narrowness of the rocky chasm which conveys the Tilt, the wild and deep basin into which its thundering waters are first received, the prolonged narrow tunnel which affords it an exit, and the variety and ornament of the trees which overshadow it, leading the eye up along the overhanging and romantic landscape to the sky.

The beauties of Blair extend along the whole valley into the pass of Killicrankie; but they will be imperfectly seen by those who are contented to pursue the ordinary road, attractive as that is throughout. On the opposite side of the water, the hill of Tulloch affords a magnificent display of the grounds and the valley; offering a totally distinct picture from those on the eastern bank, and introducing a view of the mountains of Glen Tilt and Ben y Gloe, before invisible. On the summit of the hill, this view is as splendid as it is extensive: admitting, together with the whole valley, the surround-

ing mountains to a wide and far range. Below, and near the river, a new style of landscape appears; continuing for two or three miles, and displaying some of the most perfect compositions in river scenery that can well be imagined: uniting also the richness of cultivation and wood, with the grandeur and variety of an alpine country. There is one spot on the river in particular, marked by a deep and wide pool surrounded by rocks, where, on both sides of the water, the views are peculiarly fine, and where, from the variety and perfection of the foregrounds, nothing is wanting to render the picture complete. The character of the rocks are in themselves studies; and the water presents every variety, from the dark silent pool sleeping under the shadowy banks and under the trees and bushes which spring up around, to the smooth flowing stream, the rushing torrent, and the clear waves rippling over the pebbly shore. Ash trees of the most elegant forms, in groups, or scattered along the banks, assist, with the farms and the cultivation, and with all the splendour of woods and trees diminishing as they retire in gay confusion, to produce the luxuriant middle grounds; while the distances are formed by the richly covered hills which rise high on each hand, closed, far off, by the elegant conical outline and rocky surface of Ben Vrackie, and by the bold and woody mountains that impend over the pass of Killicrankie.

On the east side of the Garry, or along the high road, the whole valley offers a continued and unremitting succession of new landscapes, among which Alt Girneg is a place to dwell on. Even along the road, it cannot fail to attract attention; from the striking and strong characters of its landscapes. The lofty precipice on the opposite side of the river, the noble and picturesque ash trees, the

splendid confusion of bold and varied ground, the bridge, the river, the wooded banks, the mills, and the houses, form altogether a group of objects condensed into a small space, seldom equalled for romantic beauty, and of a character as peculiar as it is beautiful. It is a spot which, like others in the dazzling course of the Tay and its branches, reminds us of Barnaby's description; "Pontes, fontes, montes, valles, Caulas cellas, colles, calles, Vias, villas, vicos, vices." Nor is it a small part of the merit of this singular collection of marked and striking objects, that it is impossible to move, even for the shortest distance, without entirely varying the composition; so that within the small space of a few yards, Alt Girneg presents numerous landscapes of distinct and decided characters, and of such equal, though different, merits, as to render a choice among them difficult.

The cascade of Urrard, little known, but not often excelled, lies on the same stream. The breadth of the river is inconsiderable, nor is the fall high. But why should I say again, that the beauty of these Highland cascades does not consist, either in the bulk, the breadth, the violence, or the height of the fall. The beauty at Urrard lies where it must exist every where; in the receptacle and course of the water, in its boundary, and in the including landscape. It consists in the deep, shadowy, and wooded chasm out of which the river appears to flow, as from some magical and unknown source, in the exquisite disposition of the falling and departing water, in the forms of the rocks which surround and divide the stream below it, in the overshadowing woods which receive it into depths as unknown as its source, and in the ornaments of plants, and shrubs, and stones, and the no less beautiful colouring which harmonizes the whole into such

a scene of mixed reality and deception as is seen in the dark mirror or the camera obscura.

To pass over endless scenes on which I dare not dwell, Killicrankie is, among others, a place too well known to require more than a bare mention. That remark must however be limited to the views from the high road; as it possesses much fine scenery, hitherto unknown. The site of the chapel, whence it probably derived its name, recently existed here. Its military history is almost as familiar as that of Culloden or Marston Moor; but the stone commonly shown as a monument erected to Lord Dundee, appears to have been a far more ancient mark. Nor was that the spot where he fell, which was in the grounds of Urrard far above: while he was interred in the burying ground of Blair church. Omitting such scenery belonging to this romantic and magnificent pass as is visible from the high road, the most detailed and perfect conception of its general form must be sought from an elevated spot in the grounds of Coilivrochan: a scene well detailed in Robson's popular and accurate work. A totally different style of landscape will be found by descending into the bed of the river, generally supposed inaccessible, and consequently unknown. The bridge of the Garry here affords a striking object from below, as it does from above: but the most interesting part is that where the river is seen from the high road, struggling through rocks and forming a dark pool. At this part, and for a considerable space, its course is under high cliffs and banks and amid obstructing rocks; sometimes forming cascades and rapids, at others a rippling and gentle stream; now breaking like a miniature lake on a pebbly shore, and, in another place, a silent pool sleeping beneath the shadow of overhanging trees. Dense woods tower aloft on one side, and, on the other,

noble ashes and oaks, perched high above, throw their arms wide over the water; while, springing from the chasms of the rocks below, the silvery branches and the pale trembling foliage of the aspen, serve to contrast with their dark recesses; aiding, with the bright green of the woodrush, the feathering ferns, and the wild roses, to relieve the broad masses of rock, and adding ornament of detail to grandeur of forms. Nor is it a small cause of the peculiarly striking effect of this scenery, that almost in an instant, after leaving a village and a frequented road, we find ourselves in a spot which human foot has never trod, where all traces of the world without have vanished, and where no sound breaks the silence but the murmuring of the stream and the whispering of the leaves. It is as if we were suddenly transported into the deepest wilds of unknown mountains, amid masses of ruin and marks of violence, strangely contrasting and enhancing the profound stillness, while they speak the devastations of past ages, which seem as if they could never again return to disturb the calm repose of this solitude.

Even yet the unknown scenery of Killicrankie is not exhausted. On the west side of the Garry, access may be obtained to the summit of that dark and steep woody hill, which, almost overhanging the river, forms the most conspicuous feature of the pass. The river is here invisible, intercepted by the woods beneath, which, like a precipice of forest, sweep down to a fearful and unknown depth; an interminable surface of trees and rocks. On the opposite side, rises, steep and sudden, the mountain face; bare and rocky above, its light birch groves below, scattering as they ascend, then skirting a ravine or a mountain torrent, till at length they disappear; while a single tree, perched here and there on some solitary

rock, stands like a centinel on the brink of the sky. It is difficult at first to feel the full effect of this scene: it seems as if we could almost touch the opposite side, or discern the minutest objects below. It is with difficulty, however, that we perceive the road, undulating, like a white thread, along the side of the hill; and it is only when a carriage chances to pass, when we see it an almost invisible point, advancing with almost imperceptible motion, that the whole magnitude of the landscape breaks on us in all its overwhelming depth and dimensions.

Such is the closer landscape here: but the same place affords views more general of the valley of Blair and of the hills which surround the pass, equally grand, but in a far different style. Let the spectator, if he can, choose the evening for these views; when the western precipices are under deep shadow and the pass seems a bottomless chasm; and when the sun, shining full on all the splendour of wood and water and cultivation below, gilds the whole valley upwards to Blair; glistening on every reach of its bright river, and tinging the sides of the noble mountains, which, rising from beneath his feet, and towering high aloft in all their variety of rock and wood and ravine, retire in a long and bold perspective till they vanish in the conical and airy summits of Ben-y-gloe. Nor must he quit this place till he has ascended to the Cairn above, commanding a view all round this majestic country; ranging down the vale of the Tumel, and adding to that of the Garry, the wild forest of Atholl, with all the long succession of moorland and mountain that stretches away to the rude ridge of Ferrogon, the elegant cone of Schihallien, and far beyond it, to the wild lands of Glenco. But if I have eaten of lotus at Blair, that is no reason why I should serve it all up again to you, recoctus: let us shift our ground to the Tumel.

TUMEL, LOCH TUMEL, SCHIHALIJEN, RANNOCH.

If the course of the Tumel is not extensive, it is still a very considerable stream; receiving, among many minor tributaries, the united and powerful aid of the Tilt and the Garry. With a total course not exceeding twenty-five miles, it is thus, at its termination, the rival of many Scottish rivers of a far longer career. But the Tumel has no infancy; no period of weakness and uncertainty struggling through moss and moor, and claiming, rather from caprice than right, the honours of dominion over contesting streamlets. It rises in its vigour from Loch Rannoch, already a river; yet a vassal, and owing feudal service to the all-devouring Tay, in which its name and its waters are alike swallowed up at Logierait. The fate of the Tumel is too often that of human life; for if merit and beauty could have rescued it from a violent and premature death, it would have borne its name to the latest hour, and only have terminated its existence in that emblem of eternity where, sooner or later, all must end.

There are no rivers in Scotland that possess more beauties; there are few that possess greater: but there is not one which presents so few blanks, and there is not therefore one which, through an equal course, displays the same proportion of landscape, the same number of scenes so brilliant, so various, and so perfect. Yet, with the exception of its splendid cascade, the Tumel is, to the world at large, as if it had never been; unpraised, nay, unrecorded and unknown.

The northern division of the beautiful road between Dunkeld and Blair, as far as from Moulinearn to Garry bridge, owes all its charms to the vale of the Tumel, in which it lies; following the river so as nearly to keep it in sight the whole way. At that inn, better known from its interior merits and the colour of Mrs. Pennicuik's nose, than for its picturesque situation, ungratefully overlooked, the beauties of the Tumel commence. On the opposite side of the river, there is also a good road, displaying the scenery of this romantic valley under totally different characters, and finally conducting to Loch Tumel. The ordinary high road presents a succession of beauty too obvious to require detail: and by diverging a mile or more from Pitlochrie to the village of Moulin, much beautiful and unexpected scenery will also be found. It would be difficult to point out a village more picturesque: an irregular mixture of houses, and mills, and bridges, and falling waters, and noble trees; a careless profusion of the elements of rustic landscape, to which is added a rich and singular surrounding country, offering all the characters of ancient wealth and cultivation, backed on one hand by the beautiful declivity of Ben Vrackie, and extending its views over the magnificent expanded vale of the Tay. Edradour presents a cascade far too important and striking to be overlooked; and hence also there is a very pleasing mountain ride into Strath Airdle, and thus into Braemar or Strathmore.

The closing of the road, by the hills on one hand, and by the woods of Fascally on the other, render a considerable space, after passing Pitlochrie, a sort of forest side, always romantic and full of character: but, near Fascally, the scenery opens again, to display the singularly wild hills which enclose this part of the valley. This too is well known; but all the beauty of Fascally is

exhausted at the first view; for, from the lower grounds and near the house, the forms of the mountains become rather distasteful than otherwise, nor does the greater proximity of the river offer any compensation. Hence, however, the peculiar and most characteristic beauties of the Tumel commence; occupying, first, a space of five miles or more, included between the exit of the lake and the junction of the Garry. Here the river runs through a close and woody valley, with a lofty and various boundary; so narrow throughout, that, with very little exception, the mountain acclivities rise immediately from the water, leaving no flat land or space of any kind on its margin. While this range of scenery, with the exception of the cascade, is nearly unknown, and, through a very large part, utterly so, there is no exaggeration in saying that no equal space can any where be selected in Scotland, so full of beauties in so grand and romantic a style, and, at the same time, so thoroughly distinguished from all other Scottish landscape. To say that it is a woody valley, is to use terms applicable to a hundred places. The distinguishing characters of this one, consist in its narrowness and prolongation, in the sudden rise and loftiness of the boundaries, in the great variety of their rocky outline, in the wonderful intricacy of their surfaces, and of the woods, rocks, and ravines, which cover and intersect them, in the highly ornamented and varied course of the river, and in the exquisite forms and arrangements of the forested and scattered birches which here constitute the only wood. So large and so perfect are these trees, that, where they form continuous woods, their effect in the landscape is equal in richness to that of oak forest; round, full, and swelling, and, from the shape of the land, thrown into broad masses of endless variety; while, where they are disposed in groups or in scattered

clumps, or where they stand as solitary trees, their effects are even more beautiful; more airy, and more in character with that general lightness which, here, as at Loch Cateran, forms so essential a part of the effect of the scenery. To see all this, however, it is necessary to take three distinct lines, each having its separate kind of beauty and style of landscape; nor can any one duly appreciate the high merits of the Tumel, who does not bestow this labour on it. These are, the two roads which conduct to Loch Tumel, and that which follows the margin of the water.

There is a great difference of character between the scenery along the southern road and that on the other two lines; while it is in a grander style; lying also rather above the woods than among them. There is here a constant succession of new pictures through a space of four or five miles; every angle of the road producing a different one, and almost every one being such as to make us forget the preceding. The termination of this road, as far as our purposes are concerned, is at Loch Tumel: of which beautiful lake it exhibits views quite distinct from those which are obtained from any other quarter. There is no generally known scenery by which this can so well be illustrated as the skirt of Ben Venu at Loch Cateran, to which it does not yield in variety or grandeur. In taking the northern and best road, the views from Garry bridge, both upwards, and down the stream, are striking: and they are still more so within the gate of Coilivrochan, where the bridge itself forms an important object: the deep vista of the Garry and of Killicrankie, terminating in the finely conical form of Cairn Gower. But among these endless landscapes, the most splendid are to be obtained from various positions near the house of Coilivrochan. Some of these cannot fail to arrest the

most superficial attention; others will be readily discovered by the experienced student of nature; but, to the multitude, they are a sealed book. Nor let the multitude be surprised at hearing this; for as well might the spectacled crone who can read every word in her Crook in the Lot, or the attorney whose literature never wandered beyond the magical regions of a Qui tam or a Quo minus, expect to appreciate the differences between John Gilpin and John Milton, as he who has not studied for that end, hope that, without an effort of his own mind, the trees and mountains and rocks and rivers of Nature, will arrange themselves into a landscape on his sensorium. In almost every thing, she gives us little more than the materials which it is our business to appropriate and to work up; and though liberal in her landscape, there is much also that she offers in vain to him who has not learnt to administer to himself.

By a singular felicity of accident, the casual building here mentioned, has been run out into a long line; and, by an accident no less fortunate, having been rudely crenellated, and being entangled among trees, it assumes, in the landscape, an air of castellated antiquity, particularly appropriate to the scenery, and completing that romantic character which so peculiarly belongs to this spot. There is a fulness, a luxuriance of ornament, and a minuteness of subdivision here, combined with the rudeness, the breadth, and the grandeur of alpine scenery, which is exceedingly rare, and which forms the peculiar and distinctive character of this place. While the lateral mountains display all that richness of outline, all that irregularity of surface which is the produce of precipices and hollows and ravines, and all that wildness of scattered and intermingled wood and rock which belongs especially to the rudest and grandest mountain scenery, the distant boundary is the simple and single broad form of Ben

Vrackie, finely pyramidal, and deeply ploughed by one dark ravine, which descends, skirted with trees, till it is lost in the lower woods of the valley. But the intricate ornaments of the lateral boundaries do not detract from the breadth and grandeur of their forms; rather, serving to embellish them; so that there is thus produced a basis of landscape, the simplicity and consequent repose of which, no profusion of ornament could afterwards destroy. This is a valuable lesson which Nature teaches to art, and no where more than in this very place; not, according to the current practice of indolence, or ignorance, or system, to sacrifice every thing to breadth, and to what is called repose, but to adopt every embellishment which the character admits, rendering these subservient to the unity and effect of the picture. If excess of ornament be an error, it is when that is allowed to distract the eye; when, in contemplating the parts, we are unable to comprehend a whole. But this is an error in excess: in art, it is the error of inexperience, or of wantonness, or juvenility, and it admits of easy correctives: for the error which, ambitious to deal only in generalities, produces nothing but emptiness, there is no remedy.

You may imagine that my comparison resembles that of the blind man who likened scarlet to the sound of a trumpet; but this landscape always reminds me of some of the symphonies of that great master of his art, Beethoven. Listen to the violin part alone, and you will imagine it to be a fantastical chaos of endless subdivision and extravagance, without a connecting medium or a possible harmony. Turn your attention to the orchestra, and you have a composition, of the most magnificent repose and simplicity, and with a continuous series of melodies which would almost render the absence of the violin imperceptible. United, you trace the power and the dexterity of art; an excess of ornament, an extravagance

of embellishment, restrained within the bounds of the general design, and, like the innumerable stars in the blue expanse, adding splendour to tranquillity and breadth. This is a simile "a longue queue," I admit. If you prefer a metaphysical to a musical comparison, it resembles a well-conducted argument; where, however a luxuriant mind may wanton in illustration and ornament, may riot amid the flowery fields of rhetoric, it still keeps hold of the severer logic by which its end is to be obtained; playing like the wanton cat, with her fated prey, but never suffering it to escape from its grasp.

Such is here the character of the landscape. On the basis just described, is engrafted a profusion of ornamental detail that seems absolutely overwhelming, but which leaves all the great features of the picture to produce their full effect. As the southern mountain descends into the deep and shadowy ravine which conducts the river, it receives a broad mass of shade from its position and depth, which supports the whole splendour of the valley and of the opposed hill; where woods on woods in endless succession, rise up the acclivities, subdivided into a thousand forms by the knolls which they crown, by the dark hollows and ravines which they fill, by the strangely irregular shape of the valley, and by the intricate course of the river beneath: while, to add to this unexampled profusion, naked rocks are dispersed throughout the whole, and single and scattered trees, clambering the mountain and perched on the margin of the sky, add to the lightness and grace which ever attends the scenery of birch forests, and which is increased by the pale green and grey that forms the harmonious and tender colouring of all this valley.

The little green glen of Fincastle offers a momentary and pleasing relief to this continuous woody scenery; and

hence, of two roads, the lower conducts to the river. The upper proceeds with a similar character, still through woods which seem never about to end, and hemmed in by a towering and now narrow mountain pass which appears interminable. When, in an instant, in the space of one yard, the whole, wood, mountain, and valley, vanish as if they had never been, and there opens on our dazzled sight, the spacious and splendid green vale of the Tumel, glittering with trees and cultivation and houses, and backed by the noble form of Schihallien, from which the breaks of its bright river are seen wandering along till they reach the brilliant lake beneath; a splendid mirror, reflecting the blue sky and the trees which adorn its lovely pastoral banks. From a lofty and wooded precipitous rock at the left hand, this view, under some variation, may be contemplated at leisure. The lake is now far beneath our feet, and we look down upon its exit where it is yet a contest between the character of a river and that of a lake; a fine and bold wooded rock throwing its shadow over the water, which here, black and silent, and reflecting the subdued colours of the rocks and the trees which overhang it, gradually unites with the more distant blue expanse. Here also we trace the progress of the vale, from the broad green meadows chequered by the luxuriant ash trees which are sprinkled all over it in gay profusion, to the more remote plain, where, as they retire from the eye, the forms become more grouped and more indistinct; at length mixing in one scene of rich and miniature confusion, which vanishes at last in the accumulating haze of the distance, without permitting us to define its termination. On each side, the hills slope gently upwards; the woods and the cultivation still attending them, till, becoming brown and rocky, they terminate in a varied outline on the sky.

The left hand range, particularly marked, displays the long serrated and irregular ridge of Ferrogon, rising gradually up into the blue and elegant cone of Schihallien, the most graceful of mountains; while, far in the distance, is seen the triple mountain which separates Loch Etive from Glenco.

In the opposite direction, we look back through the close valley we have quitted, so that no contrast can well be greater than that of these opposed landscapes; each equally magnificent, but in styles thoroughly contrasted to each other. The valley has now, however, a character entirely different from that which it presented near Coilivrochan: more grand and more simple, but closing at the bottom, and still guiding the eye along a profusion of alpine ornament of rocks and woods, till the long vista terminates, as before, in Ben Vrackie; that mountain which we are doomed never to lose through all the surrounding country, which forms the leading feature at Blair, as here, but which is always graceful and always grand. It is a remarkable part of the character of this spot, that an impression resembling that produced by close scenery, is excited amidst magnitude and space. We feel as if in and among the objects we are contemplating: the valley is under our feet, the mountains are over our heads; it seems as if every tree was near and about us. Yet all is overwhelming by its extent: and even when the first confusion of mind produced by magnitude and multiplicity subsides, we cannot well explain to ourselves how this compound effect is produced.

Tracing, lastly, the line of the river, the character of the scenery is still distinct, while the landscapes are scarcely less numerous, or less rapid in their succession. But I dare not dwell on them, or I should never quit this fascinating spot. The great cascade of the Tumel, the

chief of these, may be seen from the southern bank of the river, under a point of view little known, as well as from the northern. Every where it is fine; though, as I have already said, it cannot be compared with that of Fyers. They are both first in rank, of the Scottish cascades, each in its distinct character: and though the altitude of the present bears no comparison to those of the Clyde, no one can hesitate an instant as to the preference. Except those, I ought to say, whose sole notions of beauty, in this matter, are regulated by the noise, the bulk, and the turbulence; who find nothing in a waterfall but an object of wonder, who are most contented where they are most deafened, and to whom the criterion of merit is to depart as far as possible from the soft gliding of the New River, and the sleep of the canal in St. James's Park. It is a peculiar and a rare merit in the cascade of the Tumel, that it is beautiful in itself, and almost without the aid of its accompaniments. Though the water breaks white, almost throughout, the forms are so graceful, so varied, and so well marked, that we can look at it long, without being wearied with monotony, and without attending to the surrounding landscape. Whether low or full, whether the river glides transparent over the rocks, to burst in foam below, or whether it descends like a torrent of snow from the very edge, this fall is always various and always graceful. The immediate accompaniments are, however, no less beautiful and appropriate; and the general landscape is, at the same time, rich and romantic; nothing being left to desire, to render this one of the most brilliant scenes which our country produces.

I know not where the effects of cascade scenery can be more enjoyed, the impression which it produces can be more felt, than here. If the principle of life, a principle that seems to animate all around, is one of the great

causes of the effect which the cascade produces on the mind, not a little also is owing to that image of eternity, which its never beginning, never ending, flow conveys. Nor is that the eternity of the river alone, which flows and will flow on, till time is no more: but every moment is a moment of power and effort, and every succeeding effort is, like the former, unwearied, unabated. It is a tempest and a fury that never cease. The other wars of the elements are transient: the ocean billows subside in peace, the thunder rolls away, and the leaves that sounded to the tempest, soon glitter again with all their bright drops in the sun-beam. But the cascade is eternal; every instant is a storm and a tempest, and the storm and the tempest are for ever. It is a similar feeling which overwhelms the mind in contemplating the grander efforts of machinery; the steam engine and the tilt hammer. It is not only the power, the noise, the fire, and the magnitude and brilliancy of these operations, which dazzle and astonish us. Every moment is a moment of violence and effort, every instant seems the crisis of some grand operation; but every succeeding one is like the former, and the unwearied storm of machinery is, like the cascade, the emblem of eternity and of eternal power.

You will think that I never intend to quit the Tumel. In truth, I am very sorry to part with it; because I know that when I do, I must shortly bid adieu to hill and dale, forest and mead, to banks whereon the nodding violet grows, and liquid lapse of murmuring streams. These indeed are the pleasures to which there is no alloy. Let who will, possess the lands, their beauties are the property of all; and even to the Lord of these wide domains, the "laif," as old Dunbar says, is but "a sight." But if I have often hastened over scenes long known, it was to

dwell on those which have been neglected. To make them known, is equally to do that justice to our native scenery which it has never yet received, and, to add to the pleasures of those who may follow me; while I cannot help feeling a sort of parental affection for what I could almost fancy myself to have discovered; with less of folly, at least, than the young gentleman who imagined that he had made the discovery of Dryden's Ode to Music. After all, the term discovery, in matters of this nature, is rather of precarious application; and, occasionally, perhaps, not less ludicrous than the finding of Alexander's Feast or the vale of the Tumel. If we deify Columbus, who discovered a country known to ten millions of people, we should laugh at Jack Sacheuse, or the Little Weasel chief of the Crees, should they return to Greenland or the Great Slave lake, to announce to their nations the discovery of Europe. He who makes known to the fine gentlemen and ladies of England, what was known before but to a few Highland shepherds, may erect his pole and display his flag. 'Tis true, he cannot take possession in the name of King George: and there's the rub. Yet had his lot been cast in the days of James "the first and sixth," he might even have done that.

The valley of the Tumel continues splendid, even in its expansion; a bright vale of rich wood and green meadows, united to that magnificence of the mountain boundary, of which Schihallien always forms the principal feature. Every where, Loch Tumel is the same bright mriror: and, we might almost imagine that the hand of art had been employed in forming and decorating what we know to be beyond its powers. Thus it has a character of its own, utterly distinct from that of all our lakes. The mountain boundaries do not press on it; and the landscape, therefore, is rather formed by the

beautiful trees which adorn it, by the low banks, and by the windings of the river, than by what we expect to find in a Highland lake. Loch Tumel, on its banks, might, like the whole of its valley, be imagined a scene in the rich plains of England.

To pass over much on which I dare not dwell, the Tumel assumes a new character above Tumel bridge, appearing in a succession of broken rapids and cascades, often very picturesque; foaming among rocks whence spring ancient and picturesque firs, and producing a variety of romantic scenes resembling the Norwegian landscapes of Ruysdael. At Mount Alexander, its character is once more changed; forcing its way through a narrow and romantic pass under the foot of Schihallien, and being ornamented by the woods of this picturesque spot on one side, and of Crossmount on the other. The whole of this space is exceedingly rich in that mixture of wood and rock which is so characteristic of this skirt of Schihallien; and the various wider landscapes which are found about this place, yield to few in extent of scope, and in splendour of romantic and ornamented mountain character.

Mount Alexander derives some historic celebrity from its poet, Struan; whose printed works, whatever their poetical merit may be, display a disgusting mixture of profligacy and religion. But I need not tell you what they are. I looked for his argentine spring in vain; it appears to have been forgotten in the revolutions of time. He, as all the world knows, was out in 1715. But his estate, after having been restored, was forfeited again, and annexed in 1745. He returned nevertheless, and resided on it; a poet and a sot. This was a somewhat extensive clan, known by the name of Clan Donachie, and supposed to be a ramification of Mac Donald. This

extensive estate, including a large portion of Rannoch, was granted, it is said, as a reward for apprehending Graham, the murderer of James the first. I know not when this district belonged to the Mac Gregors, nor how much of it they possessed. But the whole tract was a long continued scene of their persecutions; and many a spot is now pointed out by the country people, where some act of petty warfare or murder took place; a precipice whence some one was thrown, a rock where a desperate leap was made, or a cave in which some of this proscribed clan were concealed. What supereminent demerits the Mac Gregors possessed, it is almost too late to ask: but they could not have been much worse than the celebrated Mac Robert in James the fifth's time, a noted specimen of the Clan Donachie banditti, nor than that "last of all the Romans," Donald Bean Lean; whose conceptions of the nature of international justice do not seem to have been very clear, when he imagined that he had a right to any man's cow, but that no one had a right to hang him in return.

It is easy to ascend Schihallien from Kinloch, as the distance is not great. Its mathematical celebrity offers a natural temptation to this attempt; but, in other respects, it will produce disappointment. Viewed from this elevation, the valley of the Tumel appears trifling as it is remote; and Loch Rannoch affords no beauty to compensate for it. With little exception, all else is a heap of mountains, among which the eye traces few striking forms; while the great elevation of Ben Lawers excludes the southern horizon, where the most beauty would be expected. In a similar manner, Glen Lyon is shut out, by the breadth and altitude of the interposed mountains. It was in vain that I sought for the remains of Dr. Maskelyne's observatories; for time seems to have performed

its appointed duty towards them. But I discovered what I had long before suspected: the error of this celebrated experiment, and the consequent wreck of its conclusions. Nor did our late friend Playfair succeed in effectually correcting them by his geological investigation; since that itself was insufficiently conducted; having proceeded on an incorrect and superficial view of the structure of the mountain. A fundamental element in this problem remains therefore yet unassigned: that, namely, which implies the specific gravity of Schihallien. Still, his correction forms a much nearer approximation to the true density of the earth than the original computation; while both the attempts prove the importance of geology, even in questions of astronomy, and serve to draw a strong line between that science, when judiciously pursued, and that which is too often dignified by this name among the collectors of cockleshells and specimens. But all is vanity alike. While the very words are falling from my pen, Dr. Hutton is gone where, we trust, all the labyrinths of the universe will be revealed to him; leaving, to mathematicians, a name seldom equalled for science, for utility, never; and, to his friends, the memory of a character adding to that science an unwearied fund of knowledge and conversation, a cheerful and kind disposition, and the simplicity of a child. Smeaton, Maskelyne, Burrowes, Playfair, all are gone. My turn is next. While I write, my pen threatens to stop for ever. It will remain for another to determine the attractions of Schihallien. He too must follow: but the mountain will remain; a monument to its mathematicians, to terminate only with the great globe itself.

Time too has clutched the knavish Donachie who erected himself to the post of my guide; uninvited. There was some ingenuity in this particular Vulture, en-

titling him to a distinction among that new class of Cearnachs, now to be found wherever a Saxon traveller is seen or expected. Why he concluded that I was an astronomer or a mathematician I know not; unless he saw the mark of a parabola, or a sinister aspect, in the third house of my face. But he talked of zenith distances, and of Dr. Maskelyne, and was, I doubt not, very profound when he was in proper company. He should be happy to accompany me if I would permit him; he would meet me on the morrow, and explain every thing. I wanted no explanation. I suppose he thought otherwise; for, the next day, he was at my elbow. I thought this somewhat too much; however, for the honour of astronomy, I gave him a crown. I found that he had expected a guinea: which, assuredly, was perfectly mathematical; because if the former was a proper fee for two hours of hire, what reward could be sufficient for him who had generously volunteered his services. As he turned off, grumbling, I prepared for my own departure; when I discovered that this scientific scion of Clan Donachie had taken care to arrive at the inn the night before, where he had regaled himself with all the delicacies he could procure, repeating the same process in the morning, and, for the third time, having ordered a dinner, to be registered in the astronomical bill. This was the very cube of Highland knavery; but unless he and the landlord solved the equation between them, it remains undetermined to this day.

The beauties of the Tumel cease at Mount Alexander. There is none at Kinloch Rannoch, and the general view of this lake is insipid; as its boundaries have no marked character, and as the hills of Glenco, which form the remote distance, are lost in that very distance. But the south side of Loch Rannoch offers a very beautiful ride through-

out its whole length of nine miles; yet if it presents any decided landscapes, they are unknown to me. To discern landscape where it is not very obvious, and, sometimes, even to see it where it is, requires an undivided attention, even from those who have made this subject their study. Often have I passed through the Highlands, thinking of their agriculture or their economy, or watching the people, or the rocks, or the plants, or perchance dreaming, and, when the journey was over, have noted it as void of beauty. On another occasion, and in another season, I have almost wondered if it was the same scenery. Never yet was it a land of pictures when there were angles to be measured or a mountain of trap to entrap my attention. Such are the ups and downs of our observation; while it is the fault of the hobby horse of the day, that he is very apt to kick his rivals out of the paddock. This is often the real excuse of travellers, when they are accused of inattention. If there be a man who can see every thing, it is certain that there is no one who, like Argus, can see every thing at the same time. Of simultaneous objects, some will not be seen at all; and of simultaneous impressions, some will not adhere. Among the herd, he who grubs in beetles and botany, will never raise his eye to the beauty of the temple or the sublimity of the mountain; and if he whose object is to study and delineate the drift of states and men, can also descend to material nature, it is very certain that it will often pass before his eyes, imageless, unimpressive.

The leading character of this shore of Loch Rannoch, lies in the fir wood which skirts it, rising high up the hills: a forest destroyed; but still containing many trees, and even more picturesque than if it had been entire. It presents also much beautifully wild cultivation, and many farms of a rural and singular character: while the open-

ings in the wood, and the dispersed trees, produce a variety of fir scenery quite distinct from that which occurs at Rothiemurchus or in Mar. The north side of the lake possesses also a good road, but with far less of character, and presenting nothing remarkable except the extremely ancient and decrepit, yet picturesque remains of a birch forest, which appears once to have contained trees of unusual size. Unfortunately, it has been discovered that birch will make casks for the herring trade; and Scotland is thus fast losing the most picturesque of its trees; and that too which could least be spared, because nothing can ever grow again in the same situations.

The traveller or the artist who writes a book of indignation at the sight of a coppice or felled tree, forgets that we must build ships and houses, and wear boots and shoes, and that there are some other uses for a tree than ornament; that its proprietor did not plant for the public amusement. But in this case of the birch, the miserable profit bears no proportion to the general injury, nor even to that by which the owner himself suffers; as this destruction is often committed on his own ornamental grounds. That it should ever be replaced is impossible, for want of enclosures; while it is a loss even to the proprietors themselves, by depriving the cattle of a shelter which is often much wanted.

HIGHLAND GENEROSITY AND EXTORTION. DISTINCTIONS AND EXCEPTIONS. LOCH ERICHT.

Thus, in the revolution of things, I have brought you once more to the end of Loch Rannoch, as I brought you to it before, from Glenco; and, to the very field itself of the battle of Rannoch. But I should be very sorry indeed to think that either Sandy Mac Donald, or my astronomical friend, was a specimen of his countrymen. They are in truth, exceptions, or, at least, specimens of exceptions: and that justice may be rendered where it is due, I shall demand your patience on this point a little longer. Generalization is no less the fault of the vulgar than of philosophers. Thus all the world agrees that the Highlanders are the most hospitable and generous people in the creation. Another party, which is, of course, out of the world, asserts that they are the greatest extortioners on the face of the earth. I need not say of whom the first party consists; and, as to the latter, the extramundanes, they are only travellers, and may be despised. So much for hypotheses on national character. There is a third party, consisting of I know not whom, that believes neither the one nor the other. The Baconian philosophy directs us to make experiments and observations, instead of building up theories out of nothing. A few of these, judiciously selected, are, as all philosophers know, as good as a thousand.

I once came to anchor in the roadstead of Iona, and

there were shirts to be washed: a base conclusion, you will say, to a paragraph that begins on Columba's sacred isle; but such vulgar events will happen in every state of life. The shirts returned in due time; and, as they always do in the Highlands, not much whiter than before; unironed, unstarched, unannealed; but not unsmoked. A seaman was sent on shore to pay the bill, but a violent dispute arose between Mrs. Mac Phail and her maid; the former determining to charge two shillings each, and the maid maintaining that one was enough. But this, and many similar events, are matters of commerce: Englishmen call it Highland extortion. I have paid worse bills than this one; though Mrs. Mac Phail's conscience was among the most capacious: a true example of Adoniram Byfield's definition; who says that it is a catskin pouch to put money in.

A year had scarcely elapsed, and I found myself in Isla. I had walked, as I thought, enough; but I had yet ten miles before me. I had lost my comb. I went into a shop of all wares, the usual Highland storehouse, and took up a sixpenny horn utensil of this kind. How much?—eighteen pence. I knew I must pay a triple price, in this country, and therefore was determined to work the extraordinary shilling out of my chapman in talk. How else should we learn any thing about the people and the country. Of course, I was obliged to give an account of myself in return. "And was I determined to walk?—I seemed tired;—I should have his horse." I not only got his horse for nothing, but was treated in his house with three times the overcharged value of the comb: and, when I returned some time afterwards, was domiciliated in it for two days, and might have staid twice as many more. Here is the spirit of commerce, the artificial graft, vegetating on the radical

generosity of the species. If I had walked out of the shop straightway, with my comb in my pocket, I should have ranked Mr. Mac Arthur with Mrs. Mac Phail.

I was on an expedition to Sky. Loch Cateran lay in my way; two young countrymen were in a boat: I asked them to row me across; and this was done. I offered them half a crown, which was repulsed, with some indignation, but politely expressed: "They did not put me over for the like of that." I imagine, however, that English communication has improved their manners of late; as this was not an adventure of yesterday. I arrived in due time in Sky. I asked the same question on the shore of a strait of the same breadth. "Aye, aye, we'll put ye across, but it's two guineas for the boat." A Portsmouth wherry would have done as much for a shilling. Am I to say that a Highlander is generous, or must I call him an extortioner; here are irreconcilable facts for an hypothesis on national character. Montesquieu would say that it was because the climate of Sky differed from that of Loch Cateran.

In Arran, I was encumbered with minerals; and meeting an idle lout of a boy half asleep on the common, with an old jade of a pony, offered him two shillings to carry them two or three miles to a place pointed out. No; he would have four. But this is invariable: had I offered ten it would have been the same: and the boy, and his horse both would have been a bad purchase at twenty. When I arrived at the place of destination by another road, he was not there; he had repented perhaps that he had not asked more, and preferred lounging in the old way, to gaining four shillings by an hour's exertion. This is common everywhere. Not three hours after, I hired a boat for three shillings, to cross a piece of water which a London waterman would have undertaken

for sixpence. The boat was to be launched, as was obvious: and indeed never could, at any period of its existence, have been used without launching. Yet when the account was to be settled, there was an additional demand of three shillings for launching the boat.

Then, to balance all this, I have had my watch repaired in Cromarty by an artist whom I could not induce to name a price or take a fee; my shoes have been mended on the same terms at Comrie, and my nether garments by the Shemus-na-snahdt who keeps the inn at Kinloch Rannoch. But what is this to Greenock; where your baggage is pulled and hauled and carried about by boys and men, who seem never to trouble themselves whether they get a reward or not. Being somewhat bewildered once with trunks and such-like things, one man with a knot on his shoulder, said, "it is a pity to carry them to the inn, only to bring them down again; it is putting you to expense for nothing." We should listen long for such a speech in London. But this is partly Highland and partly Lowland: and as I have now and then thrown a stone at your countrymen south of the "Grampian chain," it is but fair to give them the praise which is amply their due. There is a high point of honour among them, as among the Highlanders, which it is quite delightful to see; putting out of question the petty economy of our purses which it may favour: for it is not the paltry loss of a few miserable shillings which is the evil from which we ever suffer, but the odious and fraudulent spirit which accompanies the imposture.

At Pluscardine, but Pluscardine is not in the Highlands, I gave my horse to a woman to hold, who, besides this, very goodnaturedly supplied me with a chair, and was abounding in all kinds of civility and attentions. She was poor enough too: but when I offered her a shil-

ling, she said—No; that it was a great deal too much, as she could only earn twopence-halfpenny a day, and she had only held my horse an hour. As the twelfth part of twopence-halfpenny was a problem too deep for either of us to solve, she insisted on threshing out some barley for him; and, in the end, I was obliged to compound the superfluity of the shilling, by consenting to take a "spark" of juniper whisky out of her bottle: "vital spark of heavenly flame." Shillings are seldom so well bestowed any where, and certainly rarely better earned in the Highlands; but it is due to the virtue of Moray and Aberdeenshire to say that they are utterly free of the propensity to extortion, and, if I mistake not, form the civilest portion of the Scottish population.

There was a rigidity of virtue in the arithmetical conscientiousness of my old dame of Pluscardine, which is excellently amusing. And again, what are we to conclude about the national character on this point. What, but to take the amiable side, and allot them the palm of virtue; as the noted jockey determined that crop-eared horses were the best trotters, his own having been thus ornamented.

As to the hiring of boats in the Highlands, it is at their weight in gold nearly. Putting aside hyperbole, however, three days' freight will pay the value of any boat that swims, if swimming it can be called, half full of water, as is the fashion, on the west coast. The half of a board, shoved into the angle of the sharp stern, serves to remind you that there is no seat. As there is no floor, your feet are in the water to the ancles; the remains of the fish that were caught on the day it was first launched, are there still; odorous, but not of violets. A man without a coat and a boy without breeches, pull upon a couple of oars hung on pins: pretty hard, I admit, if

the machinery is new; but if old, as is more likely, there is danger of their breaking, and you sit in terror; for what is a two-oared boat with only one oar. If, unfortunately, there is wind, and a sail, that sail is a blanket, without sheet, haulyard, or tack, and you must steer as well as you can, yourself, with one of the oars. If the wind is short, you go all to leeward and nothing forward: if baffling, you are taken aback and overset: if aft, you cannot scud, and are pooped and swamped; or else your sail gibes beyond the power of art to prevent it, and down you go like cormorants before a musket. Supposing you escape, you must pay a guinea, or two, as it happens; that is, if you have made such a bargain. If not, and you are sulky, and of true English blood, you go before the justice: like a travelling poet whom I once met. The justice was the landlord, and he said, "Ah! poor fellow—it is hard work:"—and the two guineas served to pay the rent when term day came round. Such at least was this poet's conclusion. But the poet reasoned like the jockey. The fares are often regulated. And there are boatmen too whom I have paid with pleasure.

If boats are thus, what shall we say about horses. The value of the beast is five pounds: his annual grass, possibly, as many shillings; commonly, nothing. If he has any shoes, there are but two, and he is not, perhaps, much accustomed, even to these. Halter or bridle, it is tolerably indifferent which; but the halter is the softest in your hand. I have ridden on a quadrupled sack, and the stirrups were two nooses of rope. This is perhaps better than a saddle with the flaps curled upwards, which has undergone all the vicissitudes of rain and fire for twenty years; an application which neither man nor horse can bear long. This Bucephalus was hired for the day, and you rose to mount him at six. He was in the

hill, however; was chased for a dozen or two of miles, before he could be caught; arrived at two o'clock, blown, and more ready to lie down than go on; and you pay half a guinea, or a guinea, as it may be, for crawling out the remainder of a rainy day on him. The guide, who earns a shilling if he stays at home, that is, if he can find one to earn, will not walk by your side to bring him back, without another half guinea; and, for less than all this, you might have ridden one of Mr. Fozard's best hunters to Epsom races.

But these are all matters of commerce again; and your commerce is a sad enemy to your generosity. A man, as Dr. Johnson said of Mr. Thrale, never gives what he can sell.

It must be owned that the novelty of commercial profit will cover, or at least mollify some of these sins. A young trader does not know what to ask, according to the usual phrase: or, in common parlance, does not know how to ask enough. The infant tiger is quiet enough till he has tasted blood. I have tried to excuse my Highland friends as far as I can; but I do not find that my English acquaintances, who have been half drowned, and have flayed, and altogether cheated, will back me in this: but that is from their imperfect experience. They have only seen the worst side, because they are themselves a principal cause of the evil. As to the Highland Lairds themselves, they are no judges in this case. Perhaps they know nothing about this laudable spoiling of the Egyptians: possibly they do: and it is not wonderful if, in the former case, they deny it: in the latter, the sound policy would be to admit the exceptions, and to claim for their countrymen, only that general character which they really deserve.

The narrow line that divides this generosity from this

commerce, is at times amusing enough. I have sent a sailor on shore for a bottle of milk for breakfast. It has been a penny—twopence—sixpence—nay, a shilling. I have drank many a gallon; it has been forced on me; for love. I have eaten, and drank, and slept, and ridden, and been rowed, for pure love, often; and I have done all this at the expense of those who were ten thousand times poorer than myself, and to whom I could make no return; who scarcely thought they were doing a favour. And I have praised their generosity; and hereby it is praised again. But I have been made to pay, and to some purpose, for every one of these things; and all that I say, is—These individuals are extortionate dogs; but it is new to them to get money at all, and they know not yet how to do it with grace and moderation.

But they think too that an Englishman is made of guineas: and who does not, wherever an Englishman goes. "Ah! you are all so rich in England," a Highlander said to me once; "there is nobody poor in your country." If he raises the market on his own countrymen, let them complain of each other. A Highlander in Sky, not long ago, asked me a guinea for a crystal. I offered him sixpence. "Ach! now, it's just a guinea—it's all the same to you, a guinea or a saxpence." The following ingenious reasoning was well worth something, but not what it cost. The captain wanted a sheep. The sheep was brought in; a candle would have shone through his flanks. "How much."—"Twenty-five shillings."—"Twenty-five shillings! why, I could buy a fat sheep for this in Falkirk market."—"Aye, so ye would, but this 'ill be fat too some day, and I canna tak less." One must not starve for the sake of twenty-five shillings, which the rogue well knew; and the sheep produced ten pounds of uneatable mutton. Within a week after

this, a little farmer, of whom I knew no more than that I had gone into his house for shelter and had eaten his dinner, sent me a present of a better sheep.

And now I leave you to draw your own conclusions; for I only undertook to furnish you the materials. But you will say, not only in this case, but in many others, that you are puzzled with the irreconcileable features of the Highlanders, that they have no steady feature, that their properties are contradictory to each other, and that your Highland acquaintances differ from me. That is not unlikely: but you may enquire first how far your friends are agreed among each other on any of these points. I have heard no censure on them so severe as that of their own countrymen: while others again say, that a Highlander combines all the possible and impossible virtues that belong to civilized and uncivilized society together. That they have a large and an enviable share of good, I verily believe: but we must learn to be reasonable. Perhaps the truth is not very difficult to hit: the obscurity all arises from setting out on a false theory; no unusual source of difficult judgment.

It is necessary, first, for us all to forget that we have ever read a word on the Highlands: or, if that cannot be, to recollect, that "tis" more than "sixty years since" the battle of Culloden, that it is about fifty since Pennant and Johnson wrote, and that what was fading then is nearly vanished now: there is much of it indeed that is vanished altogether. In the next place, the term Highlands is now, scarcely even a geographical distinction: the shade by which it unites with the Lowlands, is evanescent and undefinable; and, every year, the colours blend more, and the neutral tint widens around the border that once separated them. The term Highlander is still less definite: the metaphysical gradation is nearly imper-

ceptible; the political condition of Scotland is identical in theory, and nearly so in practice; and the Highlands have long ceased to form a nation and a people. The country preserves many peculiarities, it is true; fostered by language, occupation, residence, and a little, perhaps, by ancient recollections: but they are fast melting away into the misty shadows of realities that were once as striking as their own rocks and mountains.

But these changes are, also, neither simultaneous nor equal everywhere. According to the natural and necessary progress of civilization, or change, if that term offends you, they cannot be so; and thus, what is true of some parts of the country, is false of others. This is one of the great sources of all the difficulties in question. Nothing more is proved by the dissatisfaction of those who are displeased: and their own discordance, when narrowly questioned, proves this to be the real cause. Every one judges by the district which he knows best: no one thinks of examining the whole: there are few who know the country in general, even among the Highlanders themselves; and why then should we be surprised if we find a discordance in the reports that we read and hear. The genus is the same, if you please, but the species differs everywhere. We cannot easily trace, on the borders of the Lowlands, or in the vicinity of towns, fisheries, manufactures, and improvements, any very violent character of difference between a Scot and a Gael: but, take a wide interval, and the differences are still strongly marked. Mixture of breed has done something: language, example, industry, agricultural improvements, have done more: every day the differences diminish, and, at some day, distant though it assuredly must be, it will be still less perceptible.

But this is as true of England and of Wales: it is the

term Highlands that always misleads us; because it is a term of history. Let me carry you to St. Kilda. It is as little like the St. Kilda of Martin, as it is to Owhyhee; though so remote a part of the country. The Gannets build as they did, and they are caught and eaten pretty much in the same manner: but, for any thing else, neither Martin, nor even Macaulay, would know their old friends again could they rise from the dead. St. Kilda and the generality of the Long Island may now rank together pretty nearly: but what resemblance does the Barra where the Macneil could once muster a thousand men within the walls of Chisamil castle, bear to the Barra which sends a dozen or two of boats full of salt ling to Greenock, every summer; bringing back, in return, Greenock manners and the Greenock tongue. If the Danes who occupy the Butt of the Lewis, still comb their heads as little as their ancestors did, yet, where the Mackenzie once led bare-legged clans to battle behind the braying of a bagpipe, the ladies of Stornaway are forming nightly coteries of cards and scandal.

Perhaps the wild Mac Raws, as they are called by courtesy, are now the most genuine pictures that remain of the ancient Highlander; and the superficial view is not a very flattering one. Contrast them with the opulent agriculturists of Isla, once the centre of power, the focus of the Macdonald dynasty, the seat of piracy and plunder, and virtue and valour. Go to the slate quarries of Seil and Luing, and there ask for Highland manners: or to the salmon fisheries of Pol Ewe and Laxford, and find them in the hands of Berwickers; heteroclite dogs, neither Scots nor English. Follow the kelp manufacture and the fisheries; tread in the steps of the excisemen and justices; ride on a turnpike road, finer and better than any in England, from Fort William to Sky, and then ask

for Highland manners, and expect that he who can wear breeches, dig in the Caledonian canal, go to Glasgow and weave cotton, or has returned from a Spanish campaign with a leg less and a shilling a day more, will not be a corrupt dog and no Highlander. If you would see him in a state as rude as heart can wish, explore the wilds of Sutherland: but what will you find; a starving melancholy wretch, half clothed, living in a dunghill, paying no rent, stealing a sheep when he can catch him, cutting down his landlord's trees, defying all laws, and preferring rather to starve than work. Thus, at least, it was lately. Pursue the same creature to the sea-shore where Lord Stafford has driven him, to the great annoyance of all romantic gentlemen, and find him in a comfortable cottage, with a boat, a cow, and a few acres of oats, active, industrious, and happy; and then ask why travellers do not give a consistent character of the Highlanders. Nothing was ever more unlike himself; except Horace's friend: and, in some places, the savage even elbows the neophyte. Bute and Arran for example: but Arran has changed under my very pen; thanks to the excise, the steam boats, and the Duke of Hamilton. What with sheep, and ribbands, and excisemen, and shoes, and muslin, and rents, and taxes, and absentees, and kelp, and English, and cod, and herring, and lobster smacks, and justices of peace, and breeches, and shops of all wares, and schools, and roads, and cockneys travelling in gigs, and innkeepers who have learnt little from their instructors but the art of making them pay for what they do not get, Donald or Dougal himself, were they alive again, the great fathers of all the Donalds and Dougals of the day, would wonder as much what was become of their own dear country as Owen Glendwr or Jorwerth ap Drwndwn would do if they were to see a bridge over Bangor straits,

or as the votaries of Mr. Sams do, that a modern traveller in the Highlands does not make them appear the thing which they are not. The Mac Raws are one thing, and the Mac Kenzies are another, and the Campbells are a third; and as to the Mac Intoshes, and the Mac Phersons and the Grants, and the Frasers, and the Mac Raes, and the Mac Kays, and the Camerons, and the Mac Donalds, and the Mac Leans, and the Mac Callums, and the Mac Farlanes, and the Mac Gregors, and the Mac Neils, Mac Nabs, Mac Arthurs, Mac Alisters, Mac Phails, Mac Naughtons, and so forth, they are all worthy descendants of worthy and ancient stocks: but, of nine tenths of them, it would be difficult to discover in what respect they belonged to the bold names which they have inherited from their warlike ancestors.

The romance is pretty nearly expiring: and to those who have found it much otherwise in their books, I can only say, travel, look, enquire. Let them travel the country where they please, if they will but take care to wipe the Highland mist well off from their eyes, they shall see as various a people, and puzzle themselves as much to reconcile the facts and their theories, as they may perchance be puzzled by my lucubrations, or as wiser politicians have often puzzled themselves before in their speculations on a national character.

It is not very easy to separate ideas of beauty and of picturesque scenery from that of a lake; particularly, after an intimacy with those of Perthshire and Dumbarton, or in the minds of those, to whom the word lake recalls all the bright remembrances connected with Cumberland and Westmoreland. Yet lakes, like ladies, are not necessarily beautiful: and after laking it for some years through all the Scottish ones, I have come to the conclusion that nearly half of my labour has been thrown away.

Still, the very name lake is something: and it is something to have pursued Loch Ericht, over moor and mountain, through bog and heath, though the result should have proved but an enormous gutter, or a huge cess-pool. The half of our pleasures are no better. You meet a pack of ferocious barking curs galloping across a country, and, by and bye, comes another pack, of auxiliary hounds, as Butler calls them, mounted and mad, bloody with spurring, fiery red with haste, supposing that they are pursuing a miserable hare or a stinking long-tailed fox. In time, it is reported that the prey is taken, pulled to pieces, and swallowed; and the arrival and the death of the supposed joy are one: the imagined happiness is realized in another supposition, and it is gone. It might be an improvement in this case to suppose the dogs and horses too: for the one supposition would be as valid as the other.

But he who is bogged to his saddle bows first, and his own neck afterwards, in attempting to reach Loch Ericht, will not at least suppose himself wandering through flowery meads of asphodel. He who wishes to see this lake must seek it. A walk indeed from Dalwhinnie will shew its northern extremity: but, certainly, he who sees that, will not desire to see more. However, it is not all so bad: for though, like Loch Shin and Loch Ness, its margin is without variety, and that the hills descend plumb to the water, so as to give it that ditch-like character which these display, the loftiness of the boundaries, and the extreme steepness of the acclivities in some places, confer a striking air of wildness on it. Moreover, these declivities are, in many parts, rocky, and marked by huge precipices; while the scattered and perishing remains of the ancient birch forests on its eastern margin, serve to add some kind of ornament to

its general air of desolation and solitude. If the western bank presents no great attractions, it enjoys imperishable fame in its Tober na phaisaic at least: an Ἀθηνών not less celebrated than that of Eleusis, and bidding fair to be somewhat longer remembered by all honest Highlandmen.

At the southern extremity, Loch Ericht terminates in flat meadows, vanishing by degrees in the moor of Rannoch, and in that wild and hideous country which extends to Glen Spean along the eastern side of Ben Nevis. This is indeed the wilderness of all Scotland. The wildest wilds of Rossshire and Sutherland are accessible and lively, compared to this. They might, at least, contain people though they do not; which this tract never could have done, and never will nor can. I know not where else we can travel for two days without seeing a human trace: a human trace,—a trace, a recollection, of animal life; and with the dreary conviction that such a thing is impossible. It is indeed an inconceivable solitude; a dreary and joyless land of bogs, a land of desolation and grey darkness, of fogs ever hanging on Auster's drizzly beard, a land of winter and death and oblivion. Let him who is unworthy of the Moor of Rannoch be banished hither: where he can go next, I know not; unless it be to New South Shetland. Everywhere else in Scotland, wild as it may be, (and assuredly it is often wild enough,) if we do not see the marks of a living world, of something that speaks of man or beast or insect, we can yet conceive that such things might have been, or that they may be at some future time. If even there is not much expectation of life, there is still the hope left. But, here, to live, is impossible: and if there are any trout in its waters, doubtless they escape to Loch Ericht, or elsewhere, as fast as they can.

Certainly, if a traveller has nothing to do but to hunt

after scenery, he may spare himself the toil of a journey to Loch Ericht; it is to toil without reward. There are persons, however, who have thought it worth their labour to come here, for no other purpose than to see one of the hundred places where Prince Charles was concealed between the periods of his defeat and escape. It is lucky that I have met with a Prince, to elevate the dignity of my travels a little, after all the previous base and beggarly account of shillings and sixpences, fitted only for "the reckoning of a tapster." But life will have its ups and downs; and travelling too: and if I owed my Highland friends the best defence I could make for them, how could I have pleaded their cause without bringing all the parties into court. Details are a sad drawback on dignity: but I have the example of Demosthenes to back me; and even the veracious historian who relates the fall of empires and the devouring march of armies, is condemned to notice that his armies were without shoes and that their shirts were in rags. This particular spot was certainly as well chosen for concealment as was the wild country itself in which it is situated. The place, such as the Highland shepherd pointed it out, though called a cave, was merely the interval between two huge masses of rock, that had so fallen as to meet somewhat like the roof of a house; and these were but two masses out of many hundreds that were scattered for miles along the face of the mountain. This cavity would with difficulty have held three people; but it is said that they had erected a wicker hut, called the cage, at the opening, so as to have rendered it somewhat more spacious and commodious.

I have an excellent opportunity now of gaining such praise for my historical, topographical, and antiquarian accuracy, as I much fear will never come to my share;

for, in the very inn at Kinloch Rannoch, I read the whole story in John Home: a very unusual piece of good luck. Let him who would acquire this kind of fame, take care to have his books at his elbow: he who chooses to leave that glory to his predecessors, and to his successors as it may chance, must submit to be called names as well as he can. Let him at least take care of his little red book and of his daily entries; lest, trusting to the tablet of his brain, he finds that, like the colour of his mistress's cheek, the impression is faded, or that he has wandered, like Christian, into bye-path meadow, and has lost his track before he is aware of his deviations. After all, which is worst; a little original blundering, or the tenth transmitted copy of a foolish tale. I doubt, as the Lord Chancellor says. Let John Home, however, sleep in peace at present: or seek him, if you please, where he is to be found; in his own pages: or else, what will do quite as well, in your own head, Sir Walter.

My landlord's library at Kinloch Rannoch had one prime merit, at least in the eyes of the Roxburghe club: for it was very black. Nothing is much more amusing at times, than the libraries of these Highland inns: and I need scarcely say how creditable to the people it is, to find these unexpected books in these unexpected places. To be sure, they are often "neither new nor rare;" still you "wonder how the devil they got there." I have met with Adam Smith's Wealth of Nations in a house of dyvots and thatch; if that is a phenomenon, what will you say of Lempriere's Dictionary, and of Montaigne; Montaigne, himself, in his own egotistical amusing native dress. On the same shelves, I have seen Pope's Odyssey, Virgil, not Dr. Trapp's I assure you, but the genuine Mantuan, in his own cloak, a Treatise of Mensuration, Grotius de Veritate, Quin's Book-keeping by

double entry, Clarke's Ovid, Guthrie's Grammar, the Spectator; and far more, and more strange mixtures. As to the good books, such as Hervey and Boston, and countless more, and countless worse and more unintelligible, always excepting John, the great John Bunyan, there is always store of them. What most of these good books, as they are politely termed, are good for, it would be somewhat hard to say; particularly when they deal in "experiences" and other such confessional exposés. Lord Shaftesbury calls this "taking physic in public;" and, truly, they are often medicinal enough. But we are in danger of losing sight of Prince Charles amid these concatenations.

In examining this unfortunate personage's different hiding places, as I have done, and in tracing his migrations, we cannot help wondering at the necessity of such frequent and, as happened more than once, injudicious, not to say perilous, changes. The reward was unquestionably great; but unless Highlanders themselves had been his blood-hounds, he could scarcely have been discovered in any one of the places where he took refuge. English soldiers might have hunted him in vain till now. Of the fidelity of his immediate attendants, no one seems to have doubted; and that some splendid and heroic examples of attachment were displayed, is well known. Yet we can scarcely help thinking that he must have been betrayed, or at least followed and hunted, on some occasions, by those who knew both him and the country well; having finally been saved, only by the zeal, attachment, and resources, of the few true hearts who never forgot him.

This virtue of fidelity is one for which, among many others, the Highlanders have been praised, and justly. To repeat the noted story of Kennedy, or others of the same

date, or of the rewards offered for this unlucky Prince, would be to take the trouble of writing what every one knows. The most extraordinary instance of fidelity, however, on record, is that which occurred in the reign of James V; when the Earl of Moray, who had made some prisoners in a battle with Macintosh, in which the chief had escaped, proposed terms of pardon to any one who would discover his retreat; which the whole refusing, even at the gallows, an hundred and thirty were hanged. If this tale has even been exaggerated, it will bear a little, without losing its value. Like Virgil, however, I fancy we must consider this as a kind of prisca fides; though, to lament over its loss, would be quite as silly as Virgil himself; who might as well have grieved that his kitten had grown to a cat. The truth is, that this extreme fidelity, like many other extreme virtues, belongs to periods of imperfect civilization; and, thus far only, was it ever a national character, or will it ever be. It was as much the virtue of the whole race as of Kennedy; and I doubt not that hundreds might have been found who would have acted in a similar manner. But, in the same way, it was the virtue of the æra rather than of the people. Not that I mean to detract from the merit of the Highlanders in this respect. They possessed the virtue in question, whatever the cause may have been; and it is far from unlikely that there are many who possess it still. Virtue is a good thing, arise from what it may.

I may say the same of their honesty with regard to exposed property, which has been, foolishly, ridiculed; and I might do so, were it necessary, of many other things. But the fact in general, is a fact with regard to the race of man; not the characteristic of this or of any other single people. Neither you, nor I, nor deeper moralists than either of us, can explain why civilization

refines away these extremes of virtue, great and small; for it happens in both: as if the perfections of a rude people were, like their faults, asperities that necessarily wore off in polishing. Wherever we find a barbarous people, we find something of a similar character: virtues, refinements, even etiquettes, that would shame all the civilization of all Europe. The bread and salt, the oath of an Arab to his guest, even were it his enemy, is a noted example. The American Indian provides a house for the stranger: his name is not asked; it might be that of a hostile tribe. It was formerly the same in the Highlands: precisely; and has often been told of them as an exclusive merit. The taboo of the South Seas is but one of many things which we might in vain strive to establish among ourselves. But indeed all the etiquettes of these singular people are as singular as they are rigidly observed. Such barbarous refinements leave even those of the ages of chivalry far behind; and I doubt not that the very same causes aided in producing the same effects; giving rise to those specimens of superfine and romantic politeness, those ultra observances, about which we have all either written or read romances. Who is it that tells us, that, in Africa, a mere mat placed at the door, is sufficient to prevent the entrance of any one; nay, even that of the husband who knows that the gallant is present with his wife. In other places a pair of slippers is a taboo fully as efficacious. Commerce is carried on among many people, of nearly the same standing in civilization, in a manner in which the gentlemen of Lombard-street would not be long of outwitting each other. But the instances are endless; and in fact, when an uncivilized race does possess any of these virtues, small or great, they are always more perfect than among their refined neighbours. Law and order, which take from us the

charge of our own personal security and defence, seem to take care for our virtues also. They make machines of us: or, if not machines, calculators. In such a case as this, in a people of law and order and commerce, of regulation and system and quid pro quo, fidelity is a commodity of no price; because, from its very nature, it can have no reward. The application of this principle to the virtue of hospitality, is too trite: but you will see that it also assists in explaining the politeness so characteristic of the Highlanders. This mode of that virtue, is, as a logician might say, inherent: that which follows refinement is adherent; and, unluckily, when the original surface is ground off, the new varnish is apt not to stick at all. I shall leave you to spin this out into a system.

It is absolutely necessary, in all tours, outlandish or domestic, insular or continental, to abuse inns and postillions, and all else, be it what it may, in which the country ad quem differ from the country a quo; most particularly, if that latter be England. How else should a traveller fill up his pages, and make two or three octavos; or six quartos; as it may happen. If you doubt, consult Twiss, or—but why fill a page with names; the rule is established. And in conformity to it, while the very dinner at Kinloch Rannoch still crowds, in all its vacuity of substances, on my soul, I am going to abuse a Highland dinner: of which I thus give you due notice, that you may skip the next page if you please. Different philosophers, you know, each according to his own trade, say that the civilization of a country is best known by the state of its roads, or its women, or its police, or its postillions, or its theatres, or its literature, or its sign posts. The French say it is all in the Cuisine. I hope, by the bye, that you have not dined; for it makes a wonderful difference whether these things are discussed on an

empty or a full stomach. Hic impransi mecum disquirite: the authority is classical; and I quote it, that I may prove to you that I could read the tablet at Dalwhinnie. If the French hypothesis be the true one, then are the Highlands—what must not be told: always excepting the exceptions; as in duty bound. The west is worse than the east; that is true; and the middle worse than the circumference. Always the same never-ending dinner: no attempt at variation in the nutritive art. Boiled mutton and roasted mutton, roasted mutton and boiled mutton: without even the meritorious variety of the Curate's rabbits. And then, a fowl whose progress you have traced from the midden to the table, who was making "tyrannic love" as Purcell calls it, "stoutly strutting" to his wives, an hour before; crowing defiance from his dunghill of vantage, and now about to crow in your crop. If you see a fish, it is one swimming in the lake or the river at the door; unless you chance to fall on a shoal of herrings by good luck. As to beef or veal, you might as well expect to meet them in Hindostan. A hog indeed is not an object of worship, like a calf: but then he is tabooed for other reasons, and therefore no hams hang from the black ceiling, brighter to a hungry guest than pearls would be in an Æthiop's ear, nor does the catenated and goodly pudding dangle in lovely festoons from the rafters. If the Muse turns to sing of vegetables, what does she find: a potatoe. A potatoe, if potatoes are ripe: if not, nothing. Long you may long for some of the leeks and onions which the masons devoured at the pyramids: but why talk of such superfluities as these, when you might as well seek for a banana, as for carrot, turnip, pea, bean, celery, thyme, parsley,—and small herbs, as Mrs. Glasse says. Kale;—is not kale Scottish, par excellence; yet who ever saw kale, cabbage, or brocoli, or any one of

the whole tribe of sauer kraut. You may look too till you are weary, for pudding and pye and all their hosts: you will not here be troubled to determine the physical and metaphysical difference between a pudding and a pye. Dr. Johnson said, half a century ago, that the Highlanders had eggs and milk, but had not learned to compound them into a custard: perhaps it is from their anger at him, that they have not learnt it yet. Moreover, as misfortunes never come "by single files, but in battalions," where the meat is bad, the cookery is bad, the fire is bad, the bell is broke, the salt is black, and the mutton is cold before the potatoes are warm. What would Catius say to all this. You probably will say—enough! But you must bear a little more; for I have Horace himself for authority, as well as Le Sage. I shall not, however, treat you with as many dinners as Gil Blas, or even Homer, has done: content with telling you how you may dine; as I fear that, in spite of these examples, you would find more than one of these dinners rather indigestible.

For indeed the gastronomy of this country is not commendable: nor aught that is connected with it. A dumb waiter is but a substitute, at best; but what is that to a deaf one. At Callander, you may ring the bell forty times in a quarter of an hour, or else for a quarter of an hour at one time: it is pretty much the same. At Luss you wait four hours for your dinner, the cloth being laid; and if there be any bread, you have devoured it all before the dinner arrives. When it does, it consists of herrings which might have been cooked in ten minutes, and of mutton which was cooked yesterday. Unless indeed the time has been more justifiably expended in killing the sheep. At Broadford there is a picturesque dish of milk set on the table at four o'clock, with salt, mustard, and knives and forks. The problem is how to eat milk with a knife and fork; but, at five, a shoulder of mutton

enters to apologize for them. In half an hour more, you have a plate full of potatoes and the cheese; and when you have eaten the cheese and said grace, you receive a dish of fish. At this very Kinloch Rannoch, you are promised kale, good mutton kale: you mistake kale for cabbage, foolishly enough; and find a species of barley water, spangled with the glittering drops elicited from a few mutton bones, in which it is difficult to discover whether the meat or the bone is hardest.

Supposing also that you travel in the mutton time of the year:—for if you do not—: the mutton is placed on the table. Do you prefer it roasted or boiled. Only wish, and the thing is before you. If roasted, it has been so begravied with hot water that it is boiled: if boiled, it has been kept so long at the fire, to wait for the salt, or the mustard, or Peggy, that it is roasted. Then, what with dry potatoes, dry oatcakes, and the water of the Tay and the Tumel and of all the rivers of the Highlands, of which you cannot procure one drop, you are shortly in the condition of Pantagruel when he had breakfasted on Euphorbium. Whatever you do, beware of that thing called a mutton chop. Boiled fowls you may know by the impossibility of eating them, any more than as you might eat oakham; and roasted ones, by the blackness of their skins. Eggs, there are none, in mutton time; because then the hens are confined, as the phrase is here: and the effect of confinement on hens is just the reverse of what it is upon our own females. If the salt is black, however, the table cloth is white. Thus censure delights in many words, and praise in few. Eat your dinner, prepare for it with Spartan sauce, drink your whisky, and above all keep your good humour; for after all, what is a dinner when it is eaten. Would that life had nothing worse than the worst Highland dinner you and I shall ever be condemned to eat.

GLEN TILT, MAR, THE DEE.

If Ben Nevis were to tumble down, or Loch Lomond to be evaporated to-morrow, the printers' demons who construct the tour books, would still, like Eustace, go on describing their height, and length, and depth, and breadth, and beauties. You and I take another course, in seeking for something new; and if we do no more, we shall at least furnish them with some fresh plunder. But I must premise that you cannot travel from Blair to Braemar in a gig: indeed you must often reverse the plan of Master Robert Hewitt, and use two legs when four are weary, or puzzled. Lovers of ease must enter by the Spital of Glenshee, or else from the eastward.

Glen Tilt itself belongs to the scenery of Blair; of which indeed it forms an important part. The Tilt, flowing from a small lake in the hills, holds its way through a valley so narrow as seldom to give room for more than the river; while, in many places, its channel is only a ravine, made by its own corroding action, through the solid rocks. This valley, throughout its whole course, is of a character purely its own; distinguished from every other Highland glen, no less by its extreme depth, narrowness, and prolongation, than by the wildness of its upper extremity and the highly ornamented beauty of that part which approaches to Blair. A very magnificent landscape occurs immediately on entering the glen, where the river is just seen, rushing deep through its dark chasm overshadowed by the graceful birches, whose

silvery trunks, springing from the rocks, hang their light and transparent foliage above the water. There is no place, not even the Tumel, where the character of the birch is more perfect and more beautiful than at Blair; tall, graceful, and full in foliage, generally erect, but often drooping in elegant forms, while, in the forest, it has all the beauty that arises from roundness and fulness of outline. The landscape never wants wood where there is birch; and there is none that would suit so well the style and colouring of the scenery. In this spot, the hills on each side rise to a great height; green, or cultivated, or densely wooded, or covered with wild groups and single trees of oak and ash as well as of birch; while, on one side, high above, larch and fir continue the forest to the sky, and, on the other, the mountain outline is formed by the lofty and finely flowing lines of Ben-y-gloe, contrasting, by their nakedness, the splendid richness of the valley and the variety of the lower declivities.

The farm offices here form a highly ornamental and appropriate object; similar in design to those at Dunkeld, and to those which occur, very unexpectedly, in the remote island of Rasay. It would be unjust not to point out the merits of their architect, Stewart, when others have been here shown up for punishment. Here, there is elegance without expense, and ornament without ornaments. All the beauty lies in the proportions; in the purity of the taste; and, on the same uncostly terms, may all the beauty required of rural architecture be everywhere obtained. "Something there is, more needful than expense;" and indeed I know not where the principles of that art which has here so often come under review, are better laid down than in Pope's epistle to Lord Burlington. The artist has the command and

choice of form and colour; and, on the good and the bad in these, every thing depends. Such buildings are necessary, and it is a grievous error that does not render what is necessary, ornamental. It is a still greater act of folly to conceal them. They belong to the character of British landscape: and it is not by Greek temples and Follies that we are to embellish our rural scenery, but by the structures which appertain to its nature and essence. We are, especially, a rural people; and it is to our houses, our lodges, our farms, our stables, and even our dog kennels, that we should look for our ornamental architecture, since the numbers of our churches and our bridges must be limited. If proprietors knew, and artists would reflect, how much could be done for this end, without unnecessary expense, how little depends on mere expenditure, our landscape would assume a far different character from what it does at present, and we should everywhere trace, not only the occupations of our country, but its taste; instead of being pained, sometimes by deformity and sometimes by desertion.

For some miles along the course of the Tilt, the scenery continues equally rich and still more various; the road passing through dense groves, or skirting the margin of this picturesque and wild stream, or opening into green meadows where the woods are sometimes seen towering in a continuous sheet to the sky, and, at others, scattered over the sides of the hills in a thousand intricate forms. Innumerable torrents and cascades fall along their declivities, adding, with the numerous bridges which cross them, much to the beauty of the scenes; as do the roads, which, winding about the hills in various directions, display those traces of human life, the want of which is so often felt in Highland scenery. Thus there are formed numerous landscapes, all distinguished by peculiarity of

character, as they are by their wild beauty. But these characters are even better seen from the two roads which are conducted above the glen at a high level. Each of these displays many striking landscapes of this valley, as they do also of the valley of Blair; often including, in the distance, the long and varied ridge of Ferrogon and Schihallien, and the more remote Highland mountains of Loch Ericht. On these several scenes I cannot pretend to dwell; as Glen Tilt might, in itself, afford amusement for many days.

Though the height of Cairn Gower, the highest summit of Ben-y-gloe, is estimated at 3700 feet, it nowhere, at hand, appears so high, from the great height of the land in which it is entangled. It is only when viewed from the distant eminences, from Schihallien or Ben Lawers, that it is seen towering above all the rest. The ascent is easy, particularly from the south; but the view is quite uninteresting; presenting but one continued sea of mountains, among which, nearly all are so equally marked, that the particular characters of any one pass unnoticed. From this remark, however, must be exempted the mountains that lie about the sources of the Dee; their bold and broken precipices of granite being strongly distinguished, no less by their wild forms and savage aspect, than by the snow which never melts in their deep recesses.

On this mountain is found, in abundance, one of our rarest and most elegant of alpine plants, the Azalea procumbens, as it also is on the range of hills opposite. The neighbourhood of Blair is, indeed, a tempting field for the botanist. Near the dense and trailing cushions of this delicate shrub, and even among its bright crimson flowers, it is not unusual to find the rare Rubus arctica with its elegant berry, and the still rarer Cornus suecica.

The Rubus chamæmorus, and the more ordinary alpine plants, are found in profusion; and, in one place, there is a miniature forest of the Betula nana; a plant almost limited to this spot. The rare Lichen nivalis occurs all over Ben-y-gloe, as it does on Cairn Gorm; and, on Ben Derig, the Lichen islandicus almost covers the ground in some places; while the more ordinary alpine, shrubby and imbricated plants of this tribe, abound everywhere upon the higher hills. On the calcareous skirts of Glen Tilt, the Dryas, with the Satyrium viride and hircinum and some other rare Orchideæ are seen everywhere; and here, even in the bed of the stream, at a lower elevation than I have ever elsewhere seen it, the rocks are covered with the long trailing stems and brilliant crimson flowers of the Saxifraga oppositifolia. Here also, as in Shetland, the cushioned Silene acaulis grows at a low level; while there are few of the alpine Saxifrages which are not found somewhere: the golden flowers of the Autumnalis decorating every rill and cascade, a treasure in itself when all the plants of the summer have vanished. In the wet grounds above, the Anthericum calyculatum occurs in profusion, as does the Trollius, a plant far from common in Scotland. About Blair, the delicate starry flower of the Trientalis is the daisy of the heaths and woods; as the two commoner Pyrolæ emulate the lily of the valley in profusion, as they do in odour. In the fir woods also, the very rare Pyrola secunda abounds; and, near the Fender, I found the most rare of our plants, the Convallaria verticillata, only known as yet in one other place, near Dunkeld. Of the Fungi, the parks and woods of Blair are a perfect magazine; containing almost every Agaricus that exists, together with a great number of species in all the other genera.

From Ben y gloe towards the Bruar and the Geonly, lies the extensive forest of Atholl, a portion of this district, the Adtheodle and Gouerin of some ancient geographers, the Athochlach of the Colbertine manuscript. It is a wild mountain range; a forest, only in the sense of the chace; containing about an hundred thousand English acres, and allotted to deer. Till lately, it contained the chief, indeed almost the sole remains of these animals, now extending over the contiguous estates of the Duke of Gordon, Lord Fife, and Invercauld; and it is estimated to possess about six thousand. Here is a surviving specimen of the taste and occupation, I may almost say of the population, of ancient Scotland; producing amusement instead of profit, and occupying the room of nearly 20,000 sheep. But that concerns not us who fatten on the well-fed haunch, and who rouse the noble stag from his wild lair in the mountain. Taylor, the waterman and pedestrian, has told the world his adventures; and Pennant, among many more, has transcribed Pitscottie's account of the Earl of Atholl's magnificent hunting party. Such huntings cannot now befall; but the deer do not rest in peace, nor does the hospitable board of the modern Duke ever cease to smoke, beneath venison as abundant and wine as profuse, as ever the ancient Earl placed upon it. Four lodges, situated in different parts of this forest, afford convenient stations for the hunters, and not a day throughout the whole season passes in repose. It is a noble sight to watch the army as it advances over the brow of the hill, with all its forest of horns, like a winter wood, on the sky, to see it smoke along the face of the declivity, with its long train of vapour, ascending, as from a furnace, to mix with the mists of the mountain. It is a noble sight too, to uncouple the rough deer hounds, to bring the lofty animal to bay, to see him with his back to

the precipice, or perched on a rock in the midst of the foaming torrent, looking disdainfully at the dogs, who, afraid to advance on him, make the hills and valleys ring with the echoes of their long and deep baying. Nor is the last scene of all to be disdained; when, after the mist and the moor, the hot sun, the wild shower, and the keen blast of the hills, the white towers of Blair are seen gleaming in the last rays of the twilight, and when, amidst splendour and plenty, surrounded by elegance and beauty, the triumphant haunch is placed on the welcome table.

Thus much of the philosophy of Glen Tilt can be appreciated by all the world. What remains, belongs to those who seek their pleasures in other quarries than the quarry of a wounded deer. The geology of Glen Tilt is far too abstruse for you and me; partners as we are in the present adventure; you to read, and I to write; your duty to read all that I do write, and mine to take care that I write nothing which you may be tempted, most ungratefully, to skip. He who would not be skipped, must take care that he writes nothing skippable. But beautiful marbles and beautiful specimens are every one's business; and in these Glen Tilt abounds. The quarries that have been opened, render them visible to all. Is it not odd that in this country of ours, the land of philosophers and ologists of all kinds, the land of Huttonian theories, and of disputes as fierce as ever were the homoiousian and the homoousian squabbles, Glen Tilt should have been made of marble, that it should have had bridges of marble, and that its marbles should have remained unknown, though the scenes of geological examinations and dissertations without end, till I, even I, thought fit to fire at an enormous stag three yards off and missed him. Such, says the philosopher whose optical range is limited to his nose, is the history of all discovery: we look for a

mouse and we find a mountain. But such, says the seaman, a truer philosopher, is the consequence of keeping a bright eye to windward. Yet thus I missed the deer. While the green marble of Glen Tilt is exceeded by few foreign kinds in beauty, its minerals are also numerous and beautiful; including, among many more, huge rocks of that rare substance Salite, and the largest, the most splendid, and the most numerous varieties of that most brilliant of minerals, Tremolite, which the world has ever produced.

If Glen Tilt displays, in its mountain torrents, the power of water in cutting through solid rocks, these also preserve some histories of past days, which, but for that aid, might have slept in peace. Did I wish to preserve my name for posterity, I would as lieve lose my puddings at Alt na marag, as be the incendiary of Ephesus. "That is the pudding burn," said Mac Intyre the forester. I thought of plum puddings or black puddings; I ought to have been thinking perhaps of plum pudding stone; but each way I should have been wrong. Cumin, (they were all alike,) thinking it proper to envy Mac Intosh of Tirinie, attacked him in his castle of Tomafuir, murdered the family, and took possession of his estates. This is what the admirers of the Highland Libitina call honourable warfare. But one child was saved by a tenant called the Bigstone Carle, and placed under the care of Campbell of Achnabreck in Argyllshire. It is pleasing to find some good among all this bad. When Owen had grown up, he proved to be an expert bowman, and proceeded to Blair to revenge his father's death. Cumin was routed and chased up Glen Tilt; where, in the pursuit, one of his followers, blowing his nose, (thus minute and Homeric are the particulars,) it was shot off and fell into a stream, now called Alt an sroin, the brook of the nose. "The puddings of another," said Mac Intyre, were "let out" at

Alt na marag. As to the Cumin himself, his hand was nailed to his head by an arrow, as he was wiping the sweat from his brow, and his cairn is still shewn at Loch Lochs.

At Forest Lodge, Glen Tilt becomes a bare valley, bounded on both sides by steep and lofty hills; and thus it continues for many miles, seeming almost to lengthen as we go. From the upper part of this portion, it presents an extraordinary spectacle, prolonged almost beyond reach of the eye, an uniform, deep, straight section of the country; a ditch to guard and separate a world. Some parts of the road here are sufficiently fearful to an unpractised traveller; being a mere sheep track along the side of the hill, high above the bottom of the valley, and the declivity being so steep as to appear like a precipice to the inexperienced. The ford of Tarff, who is quite as furious and uncontroulable at times as his horned namesake, will serve the purpose of drowning a man, as effectually as any ford I ever saw in my life. This seems to have been a favourite name for rivers; or a comparison at least: "sic tauriformis volvitur Aufidus." He who escapes the bogs that lie between the Tarff and the Dee, will do better than he who escapes the Tarff alone; and he who crosses all the fords of the Dee in safety, will do best of all. Why there should be so many fords on one river, I did not at first discover: a wiser man will take care that he does not cross one of these convolutions, till he is quite sure that he will not be compelled to cross the second, and as many more as shall happen; and he will also keep an account of the odd and even numbers, less, like me, he finds himself, after crossing four of them at the risk of his carcase, on the same side of the river that he commenced from.

With all my efforts, and all my Pagan love of high places, I cannot trace the springs of the Dee for you:

I never could reach the summits of these mountains. I have been about and about them, many times; but in vain. I had calculated that all Highland impediments were to consist in rain, and I never expected to find the very grass of the mountains converted into dust. Far and wide had I travelled before this, in search of Highland dust, and often as I had been in Mar, I would willingly have given gold dust, if I had had any to give, for the dust Montaigne complained of, or for the clouds which attended Lot and Belisent, "for the poudre of whose charging, no might man see sonne shining." One entire July month did I wait to see the dust of Mar. But he that travels in the Highlands must learn to "make content with his fortunes fit." At length, however, the shower ceased, or seemed to cease. I met a shepherd. "Will it rain to-day." "Na, Sir, it's a fine day,—but it rains here every day." Then you have no dust in this country."—"Dust!" said the shepherd: enough, I thought, and rode on. I arrived at Braemar. I was received by the Maid, by Peggy: the ground was streaming water through all its channels. "Pray did it rain here yesterday."—"Oh no, Sir, it has not rained here these many days."—"Why, then, are the roads so wet."—"Oh, Sir, it rained last night."—Admirable distinction. But at last Aquarius was departed and gone, to Fort William, or elsewhere; the sky was burning and blue, the grass itself was dust, the rivers had left their beds, or remained at peace in their mountain springs, and the waterfalls had ceased to roar. It is a trifle in the landscape that the waters under the firmament are all burnt up, that the long grass of the lake is bleaching on its hot shores, and the cascades mourning their fountains dry. Let the rivers and lakes cream and mantle, and the torrents run with stones. Let the Misses of Grosvenor

Square or Cranbourn Alley lament the emptiness of the waterfalls, so that we are smothered in the dusty whirlwind, and that the dogs are lolling out their tongues and running mad for want of water. Thus would I see the Highlands; and thus, at length, I saw Mar, even Mar. It was in 1819. But it was as impossible to ascend the hills as if they had been made of ice. Thus I was prevented ascending Ben Avon and Lochan na gar by the sun, as I had often before been prevented by mist and rain. But the infant Dee is a bare and wild torrent without interest. It is not till near Mar lodge, at the rapids commonly called the Linn of Dee, that it begins to assume any beauty; but hence, as far at least as Banchory, it amply compensates for all former wants; being rivalled by few of our rivers, while it resembles none. While the structure of the landscape is marked by its magnificence of design, it is no less distinguished by its peculiarity. It is like nothing else. Neither the Tay nor the Spey, in any of their numerous branches, offer the least resemblance to it. Though the glen is narrow and the mountains lofty, they are totally unlike those which bound the Tumel or the Lyon; and though the peculiarities of its character depend chiefly on the fir and the birch which form its woods, these do not here produce the same system of landscape as they do about Rothiemurchus and Kinrara. Yet the Dee is unknown, except to the citizens of Aberdeen, who come here to wash off the rust of the counter and the smoke of the shop, and who probably hold it in much the same estimation as the cockneys do a trip to Margate or an expedition to Richmond.

Before reaching Castletown from the west, the general valley presents many splendid landscapes, of what may be called vale scenery. Whatever of richness the

straths formerly described may show, no one of them displays any where that wildly alpine boundary, at once distant and lofty, which characterizes the vale scenery of the Dee. The river also, winding through green meadows, is everywhere skirted by trees of various kinds, which, whether solitary or in groups, cover the plain. As they rise up the steep acclivities of the hills, the oak and the ash give way to birch and to fir, which continue upwards to the very limits of vegetation, in all the wildness of nature; succeeded by precipices and rocks, where a few solitary stragglers are still seen, adding ornament to their grey faces and deep hollows, and lightening the outline on the sky.

Castletown is a wild, straggling village, scattered amid rocks and rapid streams, and among a confusion of all kinds, that seems as if it had been produced by the subversion and wreck of a former landscape. Those who enter it in the night, for the first time, will wonder where they are, and what is to happen next. After a house, you meet a plain, or a hillock, or a rock, or a thundering river; and then there is a house again, or a mill, or a bridge, or a sawpit. You follow some jack-a-lantern of a light, and when you think it is close at hand, you find yourself separated by a ravine: all around you are lights, you cannot conjecture where, with the roaring of water, and the noises of saw-mills and fulling mills, and when the village seems to be at an end three or four times, it begins again. I thought of Sancho and his mills more than once, and, when the day broke, was not much less surprised than I had been in the night.

If I have told you how you may dine at Kinloch Rannoch and elsewhere, I am bound in honour also to tell you, that you may dine at Castletown, of a dinner that Apicius himself might have eaten, if he had ridden through Glen Tilt hither, and forded all the crooks of Dee. I am

of a very different opinion, as you have long seen, from the old poet who says, "All wyes men will hald mé excusit, For never in land quhair Eriche was usit, To dwell had I delyte." There is abundance of "delyte" in the Highlands; even in their dinners, for those who do not carry about them that which renders all appliances vain. The amiable Peggy who performs all the functions of this place, was officious with her custards and her preserves, and was mortified that I would not eat of them. Thus it is; when we were young and delighted in custard, we were not allowed to eat it, and now that we are grown old, and custard delights no longer, we may eat till we burst. Thus, in other things than custard, by one false system or other, the age of delight is made an age of mortification, and when the period of inevitable mortification is at length arrived, we are pestered with happiness which we can no longer enjoy. There is no want of plausible pretences to restrain the enjoyments in which the happiness of childhood exclusively consists, by confinement, privation, study, punishment; what not. But we are to be tormented in early youth, that we may better bear the disappointments which are to be our lot hereafter. They will arrive soon enough: and is the well-flogged breech less sensible to a kick than that which is unprosodied, unannealed. Will not the head that ached at fourteen, ache at forty also. And will the tooth indeed live to be hollow to which the sugarcandy is forbidden. It is not a matter of indifference whether the years of childhood are spent in happiness or misery. Let the age of tops and sugar plums have its adapted enjoyments: the time will soon come when we shall say, I have no pleasure in them. Is it that life is so filled with enjoyment that our whole attention should be sedulously turned to appropriate checks. But it is the dregs of the

Ascetic system. Because we like wine we must drink water: because we prefer a soft bed we must sleep on a hard one, we must walk for exercise when we would rather sit still, and eat horse because we delight in woodcock. And this is the road to heaven, say the Franciscans and the Flagellants. And Nature fabricates pine-apples and venison and eiderdown to tempt us to our destruction. There is a better and a better tempered philosophy than this. There is—there will be a dissertation if I do not stop; and thus end my Meditations on a custard. Harvey would have made more of it.

Notwithstanding the occasional deliberation of Peggy, it is still a pleasure to find a female attendant in these Highland inns, instead of the clumsy, half sober, half dressed, male Highland animal who affects the manners of a Bath waiter,—quantum distans,—and who is now fast usurping the place so much better filled everywhere by the charming sex. This affectation of quality here, is most ludicrous: but it is amusing too to trace the progress of refinement, in this matter, as in every thing else. In the primitive hostelry, the traveller who walks in at night, wet and wearied, is received with civility and treated with kindness. If he chance to come with a horse, alacrity itself is exhausted for his reception. In the second stage of refinement, the pedestrian is received with coldness, and civility is reserved for the man who rides or drives a horse; while worship is paid to him who comes in a chaise and pair. It is not long before the innkeeper learns to scan from head to foot the man who attempts to walk into his inn: he who comes on a sole horse must call the ostler twice, and the waiter is reserved for him who drives boldly up in the sounding chaise. It must thunder with four horses, however, before it can bring the landlady and her whole establishment to the

gate. As pride and wealth increase, the pedestrian is refused admittance, the horseman, neglected, turns away elsewhere, the chaise and pair drive to the other Lion, the four horses are barely welcomed; but the dignity of the landlord is consoled by the barouche and four and the coronet. In time, his ambition rises to two mounted servants and an outrider, and the end is the Gazette and the King's Bench.

The castle of Braemar is perfectly French; a pepper-box square, with a high roof, and within a wall. It would have no analogy to the scenery if it was even much better supported than it is; and standing, bare and white, as it does, we can only wish it transported back to its native country. It was occupied for King William, burnt in Mar's rebellion, and was, I believe, afterwards a barrack, as long as barracks were supposed to be necessary. At Invercauld, the views are exceedingly fine. Among many that might be named, those in which Loch-an na gar on one hand, and Ben y bourd on the other, form the extreme distances, are perhaps the most striking. Finer mountain outlines cannot be imagined than those in which the former hill is implicated: so graceful is its pyramidal shape, and so beautifully contrasted and varied are all the lines and forms of the mountains out of which it rises, king of all; while they seem to cluster round it as the monarch of all the surrounding country. In the middle grounds, are the rich valley and the windings of the Dee; its dark fir woods sweeping along the sides of the hills, while the rocks and torrents and precipices and trees, that surround us on all hands, vary the landscape till we are almost weary of pursuing it. The character of this scenery is much changed where Ben y bourd bounds the distance; nor can we help admiring how Nature contrives to produce grandeur from

forms the most opposite. This mountain, as its name expresses, is a flat table; yet so broad and simple are its lines and its precipices, and so grand the long sweeping lines of the hills which support it, that it produces, with the valley, a landscape not less grand than the very different pyramidal composition in which Lochan na gar is the principal object. At one point, where the two-arched bridge of Dee becomes a main feature in the middle ground, the pictures are peculiarly complete and fine.

In all this part of the valley, the character of the scenery is especially stamped by that of the fir woods; and yet that character is quite different from what these confer on the scenes about the Spey. It is just what we might imagine of Norwegian landscape, and we feel as if no other tree could have suited the forms of these hills, and the details of this country. With all this, there is no air of heaviness or of formality; nothing that can for a moment remind us of the black, dingy, solid, never-green forests of planted wood, no iron outlines that assimilate with nothing on earth or sky, no murky files or clumps blotting the fair horizon. All is ease and variety and grace, all is careless and wild. Even the long ranks that are sometimes seen drawn up on the mountain outline, are in place and in character: they belong to the more extended forests below: and we are sensible, that, to want them, would be for the picture to want something; while we see too, how Nature contrives to blend them with the general landscape, and to harmonize the whole into one broken and ornamental forest, by scattered trees, evanescent edges, and a thousand delicacies which art can never hope to imitate.

In the closer scenery about this country, there is not less to admire in a different style. There is a wildness in the torrents and the rocks, that seems peculiarly appropriate

to the fantastic and bold forms of the ancient and noble firs that are everywhere scattered about; or the imagination, which is always ready with its aid, makes us think that all this is in harmony, and that we could not substitute an oak for a fir without injury to the landscape. Where the foaming stream rushes down the mountain amid huge blocks of granite, and all else around is the brown heath, towering up towards the blue and far-off precipice, some solitary tree that has stood the storms of centuries, is seen raising its rough and knotted trunk, drooping its yellow branches and dark masses of foliage over the water; and, in other places, a giant of the forest spreads wide its fantastic and twisted arms, the chief of a group which seems to have sought shelter from the winds beneath its protection. Aloft on the precipice, long yielding to the blasts, but still rooted against their utmost force, some massive trunk stretches forth its tree-like branches from the fury of the west; a dark canopy of shade, contrasted with the graceful and tall forms which rise beneath the shelter of the rock, uniting the elegance of the poplar and the cypress with the freedom and delicacy of the drooping birch. It is said, that there is no solitude where there is a tree. But it is not always thus. Neither is the maxim true. There is no perfect solitude but by a species of Bull. There must be some one present to whom it is a solitude; or it is nothing. The lone fir in the brown and bare valley of Ben Avon, where nothing else is seen but the interminable wide heath, spread far around and above, lifeless and void, is solitude itself: it is man in the desert; it is the desert, because there is a being to which it is a solitude.

It is among these hills, exclusively, that the blue topaz and the beryl are found: but the latter is extremely rare. Of this mineral, Scotland may boast if it

pleases: but under cover of its name and of that of the beryl, the jewellers of Edinburgh sell foreign stones of the same kind at fanciful prices, as they do foreign amethysts and garnets: while some have even offered the emerald as the produce of Scotland. It is not surprising if the country people sometimes waste, in this pursuit, time that might be better employed; since, as in the case of mining and fisheries, there is a mixture of idleness and hope which offers insuperable temptations to the not uncommon union of indolence and avarice. It is gambling and the lottery in another form. As to the lottery, in spite of moralists and politicians, it is a noble invention. If Hope is the great sweetener of life, how can we enough praise a contrivance by which that visionary entity is stored up in the pigeon-holes of Messrs. Bish, and Goodluck, and Hazard; to be retailed by the pound and the ounce, by the month, the day, and the hour.

To see the rest of the Dee as it deserves, it is necessary to follow both sides of the river: it is also preferable to go from the east, as the landscape then faces us, gradually improving till it terminates in the full blaze of Invercauld. Abergeldie is peculiarly interesting, as are the vale and the hill of Ballater; nor indeed do the beauties of the Dee cease till it reaches the open country. Aboyne yields to few places in the Highlands for magnificence and splendour. But I am in danger of passing my bounds. As to the northern road by Corgarth, nothing can well be more dreary, nor is there any temptation to explore that district where the Highlands vanish into the Lowlands of Aberdeenshire.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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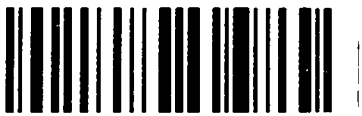
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